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THE RHINE.

THE RHINE:

OR, A

JOURNEY

FROM

UTRETCH TO FRANCFORT;

CHIEFLY BY

THE BORDERS OF THE RHINE,

AND THE

PASSAGE DOWN THE RIVER,

FROM

MENTZ TO BONN:

DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS;

Written from HOLLAND to a Friend in ENGLAND,
In the YEARS 1791 and 1792.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Embellished with Twenty-four Views in Aqua Tinta, and a Map of the RHINE from MENTZ to BONN.

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THE RHINE.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MY DEAR SIR,

IF I muſt yield to your ſolicitations, and give you an account of my late tour, you will permit me, in return, to give it preciſely in my own way. This may, perhaps, be widely different from your expectations; but it is the only chance left me of meriting your attention. The world, my good Sir, is no longer a *ſealed book*. It now lies open to univerſal inſpection, and there is ſcarcely a page of it that has not been turned over until it is become *leaf-worn*. The characters, cuſtoms, laws, governments, natural and artificial curioſities, produce, commerce, &c. &c. of moſt countries, are ſo generally known in the preſent age, that a traveller finds

it equally difficult to point out any thing *new*, at leaſt in the common walks of Europe, or even to dreſs up *old* materials in a new form. Nor can invention or exaggeration, which were formerly ſuch potent aids to barren ſubjects, or ſuperficial obſervation, eſcape immediate detection.

It is true, different perſons ſee the ſame things in different lights, and conſequently may form different or oppoſite ideas of them. This leaves conſiderable ſpace for diverſity; but it reduces the hiſtory of *travels* to the hiſtory of *opinions*; and deſcriptions given of the moſt ſtriking objects, become mere tranſcripts of the author's *conceptions* and *feelings* concerning them. The cuſtoms, manners, and ſcenes that are the moſt *oppoſite* to thoſe with which the traveller has been the moſt familiar, muſt be to *him*, the moſt ſtriking; and thus, while he imagines that he is drawing a perfect likeneſs, his pencil, being under the guidance of his particular feelings, will produce a *caricature*. Or grant to the delineator as large a portion of diſcernment as you pleaſe, yet *his* repreſentations will ſtill appear inaccurate, defective, or exaggerated, to thoſe who have long indulged their own prejudices and habits of thinking, diametrically oppoſite in their kind.

I recol-

I recollect that *Pilatti*, in his account of the Dutch nation, profeſſes to be much edified by the decent, pious, and exemplary manner in which the inhabitants paſs their Sundays; as the general gravity of the national character, and their crowded churches, afford a ſtriking contraſt to the gay *Italians*, in particular, and to the univerſal cuſtom of the Roman-catholic countries, of making that day *un jour de fête*, in which more profaneneſs and debaucheries are committed than in the other ſix united. But how you pious Britons muſt be ſcandalized at the information, that grave and venerable elders, and deacons of the church, will join in a card-party on a Sunday evening, without violating their conſciencies; that the ſervants of each ſex will hire a boat, and a fiddler, and be rowed about their canals, ſcreaming and ſinging, on Sunday evenings, with the full conſent of their principals; that moſt of their annual fairs commence on a Sunday afternoon; and that upon ſuch an occaſion, the buyers and ſellers at *Utrecht* drive the clergyman out of the *Engliſh Temple*, to vend their merchandiſe within its ſacred walls! In all theſe inſtances, real character and conduct are the ſame; but the opinions of an Engliſhman and an Italian, concerning them, are as oppoſite as the ideas of virtue and vice! Again,

Since it is not eaſy for thoſe who have reſided ſome length of time in a country, to do juſtice to its national character, what are we to think of the obſervations haſtily drawn, from incidents at an *Inn*, or accidental converſation at a *public table*, which are the common, and frequently the *only* ſources of information to us *Couriers de L'Europe?* There is alſo a ſtrong propenſity in our diſpoſitions, particularly if we be inexperienced travellers, to conſider a few individuals with whom we may have had occaſional intercourſe in paſſing through a country, as genuine ſpecimens of the whole. If we be courteouſly treated by one or two perſons, the *people* are marked in our minutes as civil and polite: If, on the contrary, our reception be with cool formality, if we obſerve that a ſurly pleat ſits upon the brow, we are prone to conclude that the *community in general* are void of urbanity.

Superficial obſervance muſt be erroneous in ten thouſand inſtances. No one is qualified to delineate national character who has not enjoyed frequent opportunities of converſing familiarly with different claſſes, and of viewing them in various circumſtances and ſituations:—who is not able to diſcriminate the diſpoſitions, paſſions and prejudices that are common to man, and are to be found in the individuals of every country, from

from the peculiarities belonging to the one he would inveſtigate:—who does not examine the good and the bad with ſtrict impartiality, that he may mark both the nature and the preponderancy of both virtues and vices, excellencies and defects. If he directs his ſole attention to their *beſt* qualities, and conceals their *worſt*, he will compoſe a *panegyric*. If he ſelects all the *bad* with malicious eagerneſs, and connects them together in ſome idle narrative, he will make every country in its turn, from *Lapland* to *Malta*, *Les Sauvages de l'Europe*.

I am writing this letter in the *Roef*, or little ſnug cabin of a *Treckſchuyt*, or draw-boat, between *Rotterdam* and *Leyden*; and in paſſing the pleaſant village of *Voer-burgh*, I have been amuſing myſelf with the mottos inſcribed, (as is the uſual cuſtom,) upon the country-houſes contiguous to the publick canal, with which this quarter abounds. *Kerk-Luſt*, literally *Church-Pleaſure*, is juſt before me. But am I to conclude from the inſcription that the poſſeſſor is particularly fond of going to church? No ſuch thing. The church is directly oppoſite to his houſe, and he loves to ſee it at a diſtance. I have known *Ruſt & Vreede*, (*Peace and Tranquility*,) inhabited by very noiſy and quarrelſome people; and a friend of mine is at laſt in poſſeſ-

ſion of *Onverwaght*, *(Unexpected,)* who has been waiting impatiently theſe ten years for the death of a maiden aunt, that he might inherit it.

In the above inſtances, the firſt impreſſion would have been erroneous, and every particular application, wrong; but from the remarkable frequency of ſuch mottos as *Ruſt en Luſt*, *(Reſt and Pleaſure,)* *Ruſt en Ruimgeſight*, *(Reſt and an extenſive Proſpect,)* *Ruſt en Vreede*, *(Reſt and Tranquility,)* *Luſt en Vreede*, *(Pleaſure and Peace,)* which are inſcribed upon the numerous country houſes, planted by their public roads and canals, we are authoriſed to conclude that Peace and Tranquility is the *Dutchman*'s chief good, and that to ſit ſtill and ſee motion, conſtitute his ſupreme delight!

You muſt perceive, my good Sir, from the above obſervations, how hard a taſk you have impoſed upon me, reſpecting either deſcription or character, the two prime objects of a traveller; and how ill prepared I am for complying with your requeſt. We travelled over a large ſpace of ground, in a comparatively ſmall ſpace of time; and as we were continually in motion, we could examine few objects with critical attention. We could only ſkim the ſurface of things, which does not always furniſh *cream*.

However,

However, accept of the following condition; permit me to intermix with the deſcriptions or narratives of my route, thoſe ſentiments or recollections to which they may have given riſe, and I am at your command. Without having been an extenſive traveller, I have rambled more than my ſituation in life demanded. Local employments were not always of ſufficient force to detain me at home. During the excurſion you wiſh me to deſcribe, both ſimilarities and contrarieties have frequently recalled other ſcenes and ideas, which I ſhall not heſitate to ſet down in the order they occurred; nor ſhall I reject any others which may occur, in the courſe of my correſpondence. By this mode a ſtrange medley, a whimſical miſcellany may poſſibly be produced, and it reſts with you to determine, whether my narratives will be the better or the worſe upon this account. If the *latter*, you have only to exclaim *báſta*, and I have done; for I am very certain that without its aid they will not merit your acceptance, whatever may be their fate with it.—Attention to my own convenience, and to various occupations, will not permit me to be a very regular correſpondent, and you are likely to receive ſome of my letters at diſtant intervals.

One circumſtance is much againſt me. As no deſign of ſpreading upon paper a particular

account of this journey was entertained by me at the time; and as my minutes were taken merely to aſſiſt my own recollection, and were confined to thoſe ſubjects which are the moſt adapted to my own taſte, I have let many opportunities of accurate information eſcape me, relative to ſubjects that might have been more intereſting to yourſelf, or your friends, than they were to me. Whoever travels with the *intention* to communicate, is often more ſolicitous to become a *conduit*, than an *abſorbent*; to *convey*, than to *drink in*; and he is obliged to pay a ſervile attention to *minutiæ*, which are acceptable, as they ſeem to *compleat* the information, although they may not anſwer any other purpoſe. As I had not this proſpect, I have not ſubmitted to the drudgery; but of conſequence I cannot lay claim to the merits of preciſion, or make ſuch a diſplay of my knowledge as might have been my object, could I have predicted your commands.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Zuyſt, &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the ſatisfaction we experience, when wearied and diſguſted with buſineſs, at the thoughts of retiring from tumultuous life; and the impatience with which we wait for the happy moment that promiſes leiſure to follow the deſires of our own hearts, and to free us from every reſtraint but thoſe we impoſe upon ourſelves; there is great danger, after this envied ſeaſon is arrived, and has been for ſome time enjoyed, of our being haunted by that dæmon of the indolent yclept ENNUI. I do aver, and will maintain, that there are few people in the world who fear this dæmon leſs than myſelf, or that have been leſs annoyed by him. The diverſity of my taſte, which I mournfully acknowledge to be too general to purſue any one object with the unremitted diligence neceſſary to render me a competent maſter of it, united with the vivacity, not to ſay, out of reſpect

ſpect to ſelf-love, the *levity* of my diſpoſition, had for years ſet the enemy at defiance. But very unuſual application to ſeverer ſtudies for ſeveral months, by which, *entre nous*, I hope that the publick will in due time be eſſentially benefitted, had ſo fatigued my eyes and my brain, that at length power was wanting to repel "the foul Fiend," when he had the effrontery to beſiege my ſtudy. Though it be true, reſpecting the *Great Devil, reſiſt him, and he will fly from you*, yet I am fully convinced that this little Urchin, and all his fraternity and followers, ſuch as diſcontent, peeviſhneſs, caprice, &c. are like gnats and gadflies; there is no beating them away; they return perpetually; and the only chance of eſcaping, is to fly from them.

My worthy friend Mr. E—— was in a ſituation ſomewhat ſimilar to my own. Proſperous in buſineſs, and being the reverſe of an avaricious diſpoſition, he became weary of accumulating wealth in the cloſe precincts of his counting-houſe; and he perceived that his bags were ſo repleniſhed, that a gentle evacuation could do no material injury. Both of us being in the ſame humour, though from different cauſes, we finally agreed to recruit our ſpirits, by a tour along the *Rhine* We were induced

to make this choice by the great ſatisfaction every traveller of our acquaintance expreſſed, who had paid a viſit to theſe quarters. As *my* friend is rather fond of travelling at his eaſe, nor has *your* friend any objection to the mode, we agreed to purchaſe a ſuitable carriage, from our joint ſtock. This was a ſtrong and commodious poſt-chaiſe, which had already ſeen ſomething of the world, without being eſſentially the worſe for it; which I humbly hope has been the caſe with thoſe who travelled in it, both in former and more recent times. After ſome altercation with the proprietor, in the uſual manner; that is, *he* advancing all that he could in praiſe of the vehicle he wiſhed to get rid of, and *we* againſt the commodity we wiſhed to purchaſe; his demand ſunk from three hundred to two hundred and fifty guilders, and the bargain was ſtruck.

Having allowed a few days for neceſſary repairs and renovations, we ſallied forth on July the 26th, in the year of the Nativity 1790. To do ample juſtice to the ſmart vampt-up appearance of our carriage, we ordered *four* horſes before it; naturally preſuming that we ſhould have it in our power at any time to diminiſh our equipage, when Fame, however loud ſhe might blow her trumpet after us, ſhould not be able to ſound

ſound forth our names. But in this we were miſtaken.

We arrived at *Utrecht* the ſame evening, and ſlept at *Oblet's*, the aged proprietor of the *Antwerp Arms*, an hotel well known in travelling hiſtory. The next morning, after a ſevere reprimand given to the poſtilion for coming an hour later than the time appointed, we directed our courſe for *Nimeguen*.

Moſt publick buſineſs of the travelling kind, is, in this country, tranſacted through the medium of commiſſaries, who are very much diſpoſed to the vices of inſolence, negligence, and impoſition. This inſtitution has the appearance of exactitude; is intended to promote expedition, and prevent fraud; and we are told of redreſs, in caſes of improper behaviour. Doubtleſs it has ſome advantages; but it is an effectual check to thoſe improvements that naturally ariſe from rivalſhips, and to that courteſy of behaviour which is prompted by ſelf-intereſt; nor is it practicable for a ſtranger to whom time is valuable and delay expenſive, to contend, where he has the utmoſt reaſon to complain, with thoſe who are too often countenanced by their principals, and always have acceſs to a thouſand ſubterfuges.

From

From *Utrecht* to *Nimeguen* is the diſtance of fourteen hours. There are no turnpikes upon this road; but each traveller is obliged to pay *paſſagie geld* (paſſage money) from three-pence, ſix-pence, to twelve-pence, according to the diſtance of the ſtage; ſo that the tax is confined to perſons; nor is it influenced by the number of horſes. The number of horſes is regulated for you according to the nature of your carriage; that is, you may exceed, but not employ fewer than a ſtipulated number. Our vanity induced us to take *four* horſes. The commiſſary of the roads could have compelled us to take *three*, as ours was a *poſt-chaiſe*. The heavy ſands render many regulations of this kind neceſſary; but, in conſequence of them, although the hire of each individual horſe may be ſomewhat cheaper, each ſtage, than it is in England, yet travelling is, upon the whole, equally, if not more expenſive; eſpecially if the larger ſpace of ground you are able to traverſe in a day, be taken into the account.

Throughout the Seven Provinces, and in thoſe parts of Germany I have viſited, diſtance is moſtly calculated by *hours*. The general idea affixed to a Dutch *hour*, and a German *ſtund*, is the diſtance of a league, or three Engliſh miles. But this mode of computing is extremely precarious;

carious; and the quantity of ground varies in every province according to the prevailing mode of travelling. In the province of *Holland*, where the paſſage is moſtly made in *boats*, an *hour* is equivalent to three miles and an half. In *Guelderland*, where there are no boats, and few carriages, the meaſure is taken from *walking on foot*. Among the peaſants, diſtance is computed by *ſmoking of their pipes*; and they tell you, that from village to village is about *a pipe and an half*, *two pipes*, *half a pipe*, &c. &c.

There is a choice of three roads from *Utrecht* towards *Nimeguen*. One leads through *Zuyſt*, which is by far the moſt agreeable, but the leaſt frequented by paſſengers during the ſummer ſeaſon, on account of the heavy ſands. *Zuyſt* is a pleaſant village, diſtant about five miles from *Utrecht*. It abounds in plantations and ſhady woods, and is greatly ornamented and improved by the ſpacious building which Count Zinzendorf appropriated to the fraternity of *Herrenhuters* or Moravians. This fraternity has been frequently deſcribed; and therefore I ſhall only obſerve that it ſeems to poſſeſs that ſpecies of happineſs which may be ſuppoſed to ariſe from from regular diſcipline, induſtry, and abſtraction from the noiſe and buſtle of the world; an happineſs, conſequently, of which the gay and the ambitious

ambitious can form no ideas. They are employed in various kinds of manufactory; and, as many of them have either been educated in England, or have worked there, their workmanſhip far exceeds that of any other part of Holland; but the articles are proportionably dearer. From the different ſhops that are ranged along the galleries, the man that has ready money may have all his wants ſupplied. As in the *Palais Royale* he may change every part of his dreſs; may enter in the guiſe of a beggar, and return equipped like a gentleman; and he may fill his houſe with elegant furniture, as faſt as he can bargain and convey home.

In the ſummer months, *Zuyſt* is much frequented by a ſubſtantial claſs of Dutch merchants, particularly from *Amſterdam*, who have not country ſeats of their own, and who love their eaſe too much to undertake a longer journey. Here they enjoy a receſs from the cares of buſineſs, breathe in freſh air, and amuſe themſelves ſometimes by ſauntering in the woods, and ſometimes by ſitting under the ſhade of trees before the doors of their lodgings, ſmoking their pipes, looking at each other and occaſional paſſengers; while their wives and daughters enjoy their coffee and their knitting. Thus they paſs away ſome weeks, with perfect contentment, without

without requiring or deſiring the aid of balls, concerts, the gaming table, or venturing their necks in rural excurſions.

The ſecond road, leading from *Utrecht* to *Nimeguen*, leaves that to *Zuyſt* on the left hand, paſſes through Upper and Lower *Langbroek* (Anglicé *Long Breeches*) and ſome other villages, by the ſide of the diminiſhed Rhine. This road is diſtinguiſhed and enlivened by the remains of ſeveral caſtles of offence and defence, which were built in the fœdal times. Some of theſe are in good repair, and are ſubſervient to the more peaceable offices of country-houſes for the gentry and ſubſtantial burghers of *Utrecht*.

With grief of heart it is, that I muſt inform you of the deplorable fate of my favourite river. Throughout the whole of this diſtrict is the mighty Rhine degenerated into an inſignificant brook, that will ſcarcely navigate a barge! Adjacent to the village of *Coote*, not far from this road, I have walked within the broad and capacious bed of the ancient Rhine, where cattle now feed, and huſbandmen plow up the ſoil; through the centre of which flows the diminutive ſtream! If floods of tears could have ſwoln this diſgraced rivulet to its priſtine ſize and importance, I would have done my very beſt to ſhed them.

There

There is ſcarcely an inſtance in all geography, in which a river of ſuch reſpectability has been ſo unfortunate, or ſo ill treated as the *Rhine*. Above *Nimeguen*, it divides into two copious and navigable ſtreams. The one flows to the right, retaining the name of the *Rhine*; the other to the left, and aſſumes that of the *Waal*, which ſignifies boundary or defence, becauſe it ſerved as a barrier to the ancient Batavians, againſt their hoſtile neighbours on the ſouthern borders. Through theſe eſſential ſervices has its title to the original name been obliterated! In proceeding towards the ſea, the *Waal* unfortunately permitted ſome of the waters of the inſignificant *Maaze* to blend themſelves with its own. This gave occaſion to the ignorance or injuſtice of men, to change the name into that of the *New Maaze*. Under this title does the identical *Waal*, an acknowledged branch of the ancient *Rhine*, paſs by *Dort*, *Rotterdam*, and other cities, into the ſea; while the *Old Maaze* is permitted to flow on uninterruptedly, in poſſeſſion of its ancient appellation. Reſpecting the other branch, which retained the name of the *Rhine*, its diſgrace began at *Wyk by Deurſtede*. An unfortunate accident was the original cauſe of it. This *Rhine*, in the days of its ſuperabundance, threw off a branch called the *Lack*, near to the

above mentioned city; and, without the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of future rivalſhip, directed its courſe towards *Utrecht*, gave the name of *Ultra-trajectum* to that municipal town, paſſed through and dignified *Woerden*, *Leyden*, and ſeveral large and populous villages, and finally emptied its accumulated maſs of water into the *German Ocean* at *Catwyk*.

Now it unfortunately happened, in one of thoſe inundations to which the Low Countries are ſo much expoſed, and which frequently threaten their total ruin, that the deluge enlarged and deepened the channel of the *Lack*, in ſuch a manner, that when the waters ſubſided, the large ſtream of the *Rhine* was directed into this other channel, and ſcarcely any thing remained of the old bed, but a miſerable brook, and the venerable name! What renders its ſtate yet more humiliating is, this remaining ſtream, deprived of its original force to bear down obſtructions, and to make its way into the ſea, is abſolutely and literally choaked up by mountains of ſand, which the tides have brought with them, and the winds accumulated; is ſtopt in its courſe near the village of *Catwyk*; and being thus obliged to regurgitate, is diſſipated and loſt amidſt the ſtagnated canals of *Holland!* What a melancholy end for one of the nobleſt rivers in Europe,

Europe, the theme of poets, and frequent barrier to the rage of warriors!

Some people think that Old *Rhinus*, the ancient river god, may fairly commence an action againſt his offspring the *Lack*, for this robbery of the beſt part of his current. Others maintain that the *Lack* was not to blame, and that he has done nothing more than what every other river would and muſt have done in his place. Some alledge that the name of the *Rhine* ought, in juſtice and in decency, to have been transferred to the *Lack*; as there is no proportion between its former and preſent volume of water. They aſk, with an air of triumph, what is it that conſtitutes a river? The channel, or the water that flows through it? Now this appears a deciſive queſtion; for, if we ſay the *channel*, or the track through which the waters *have* paſſed, it follows that a river may remain after it is dried up:—If we ſay the *waters*, then certainly the name ought to follow them. Others evade the argument by aſſerting that rivers are ſubject to the ſame laws with widows and maidens, who change their names, as oft as they change their beds.

You may imagine the diſpute to be of no moment. What is a mere appellation? you will aſk. But theſe are obviouſly republican notions. You cannot expect that they will be

countenanced by Nobles and Potentates of the earth, or any of their adherents or dependents. A contra-revolution in France is threatened upon this very principle. Yet, my good Sir, what are the names or titles of *Men*, though they live to threeſcore years and ten; or of a generation of men, ſhould they boaſt of three or four hundred years, compared with that of a noble River, that has ſeen numberleſs generations ſucceed to each other as rapidly as its own fluids; and that has a natural claim to flow on to the end of the world, if ſomething more than human does not check its current?

It ſeems to be my fate to officiate as chief mourner on the exit of this great River. Not long after my return from the excurſion, being at *Catwyk*, I could not forbear repeating my viſits to the laſt remains of flowing greatneſs. Potentates, who, in the zenith of their authority, bore down every thing before them; Monarchs, that had diffuſed peace and plenty around them, during the courſe of their longeſt reign, appear not more contracted and compreſſed in their tombs, than the impetuous and majeſtic *Rhine*, in this ſolitary and diminutive ſpot!

When ſpeaking of a *Favourite*, one is apt to be diffuſe. Since I have reſided in the United Provinces, thrice has my tent been pitched ad-

jacent to the borders of this river; and he has always been kind and friendly to me. In the journey which is to be the ſubject of my letters, I have conſtantly travelled by his ſide, or ſwam with his ſtream. He has enlivened and dignified every proſpect I enjoyed; and eager am I to embrace ſo fair an opportunity of paying him a tribute of gratitude,

LETTER III.

Wyk.
Zuyleſtein,
Betuwe.

HAVING, after the manner of *negative* and *poſitive* Divines, deſcribed to you, very particularly, the two roads we did *not* go, I ſhall briefly inform you which way we *did* go. It was along the *Clay* road, great part of which is upon the large *Dyk*, or artificial mound, that ſecures this part of the province of *Utrecht* from the inundations of the Rhine: a road that is the leaſt agreeable for the paſſengers; but, in the ſummer ſeaſon, the moſt eaſy for the horſes; and therefore neither good words nor bad words, nor moderate bribery and corruption, will induce their drivers to go any other.

This road leads near to the walls of a ſmall city, called *Wyk by Deurſtede*. *Wyk* was formerly an hamlet, as the name properly ſignifies, contiguous to the large city of *Deurſtede*; and, in proceſs of time, robbed it of all its inhabitants, as your *Saliſbury* has robbed *Old Sarum*. Nothing remains

remains of *Deurſtede*, but an antiquated tower. But it ſends no repreſentatives to the States. *Wyk* began to render itſelf famous by being the firſt city, in the late troubles, that oppoſed the newly-aſſumed power of the States of Utrecht; which, while they profeſſedly reſiſted what they called tyranny, with one hand, ſtrenuouſly employed the other to retain under their own yoke thoſe within their graſp. They manifeſted the ſtrongeſt inclinations to monopolize all the power they had wreſted from the Stadtholder, and claimed the right of appointing magiſtrates to all the inferior cities under their juriſdiction. This aſſumption was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the inhabitants of *Wyk*. But the honour acquired by the oppoſition was greatly ſullied by their ſubſequent conduct.

After much preparation, and more boaſting, the city quietly opened its gates to a ſmall reconnoitring party of the Prince's troops, and ſurrendered at diſcretion; the inhabitants propoſing of themſelves, a full reinſtatement of the Stadtholder to his former authority.

We are taught by the ſcriptures, that the righteous are the ſalt of the earth. *Ten* righteous men, we are informed, would have ſaved *Sodom* from deſtruction: therefore I think that *two* men of merit, whom I know by reputa-

tion, though not in perſon, ought in juſtice, notwithſtanding the above fact, to ſave this town from contempt. We may alſo reaſonably ſuppoſe, that of two thouſand inhabitants, ſeveral other individuals contribute ſomething to a general maſs of preſerving virtue.

One of the gentlemen I refer to, is the Rev. Mr. *Van Hamert*, who had the courage publicly to renounce the doctrines of Calviniſm, imbibed in his too credulous youth, as ſoon as he was fully convinced that they were not the doctrines of the ſcriptures, and to reſign his ſtation in the Eſtabliſhed Church; although, in this country, where the *old way* is the only reputable one, he has expoſed himſelf to the opprobrium of all his former connections. He is now aſſociated with the Remonſtrants, and employs his pen in defence of religious liberty, with an energy which proves that he *enjoys* his enlargement *.

* He has lately had a ſmart theological conteſt wih that great champion of orthodoxy, Profeſſor *Bonnet*, of *Utrecht*. It was a pitched battle, they ſay.—It was about the five points.—They ſay alſo, that the Profeſſor had tipt the horns of his ſyllogiſms with theſe ſame points, and made a bold puſh againſt his antagoniſt; but, ſomehow or other, either by ſuperior addreſs, or ſuperior force, Van Hamert blunted the edges of ſome points, and, turning others againſt the Profeſſor himſelf, has goaded him moſt terribly with his own weapons.

The

Zuylestein, a favourite hunting Seat of King William the third.

The other gentleman is the Rev. Mr. *Ockerſe*, ſucceſſor to Mr. *Van Hamert*, in the Eſtabliſhed Church. He is diſtinguiſhing himſelf by a work entitled *Algemeene Caracter-kunde*; or, the Principles of delineating Character. In this work, notwithſtanding ſome imperfections, he diſplays much reading and ſound judgment, greater knowledge of the world, and more liberality of ſentiment, than are generally found among his colleagues of the Eſtabliſhment; and he expreſſes himſelf in a ſtile that is equalled by few Belgic writers.

It was with a melancholy pleaſure that I paſſed by *Zuyleſtein*, in the pariſh of *Leerſum*, and not far from *Wyk*. This manſion was, in former days, the occaſional reſidence of King *William the Third*, and, for about three years, the conſtant habitation of your humble ſervant. It is one of the four hunting ſeats belonging to that prince, which are ſituated in theſe quarters, at ſuch convenient diſtances from each other, that, let the hare and the hounds, the fox, the partridge, the boar, and the wolf,—that, in extreme winters, viſit theſe regions,—lead him where they pleaſe, they could not lead him far from an home. The others are the palace of *Loo*, and *Soeſdyk*, alſo in the province of *Utrecht*, and

Zuylestein, a favourite hunting Seat of King William the third.

and *Dieren*, in the province of *Guelderland*.—*Zuyleſtein* is now the property of the Earl of *Rochford*, who is deſcended from the *Naſſau* family. The late Earl, on a viſit he paid ſome years ago, was ſo charmed with the rural ſituation of this palace, that he propoſed to himſelf the pleaſure of paying it frequent viſits. The deſign was not put into execution; and the reputed ſalubrity of the ſoil, was, at that period, a powerful inducement to make it my abode.

As I paſſed by its venerable Turret riſing above the lofty trees, that had ſo frequently and affectionately beckoned me home from every rural excurſion, I felt an agreeable, a diſagreeable compound ſenſation, at being at once an intimate acquaintance, and an inadmiſſible ſtranger!

It is the general opinion that Kings never ſleep! It is reported that they lie on beds of thorns, and that their brows are encircled with pungent cares, which keep them conſtantly awake. If this be the caſe, they muſt bring their thorns and their night-caps with them; for I never ſlept more comfortably in my life, than in the very bed where it is ſuppoſed his majeſty toſt and tumbled about, like (with all reſpect due

due to majeſty) a *porpoiſe* portending a ſtorm. The only thing that kept me awake the firſt nights, was the ſplendour of the furniture. I thought it was a pity to cloſe my eyes upon rich tapeſtry, ſilk damaſk curtains, chairs and ſettees of crimſon velvet, fringed with gold. *Morpheus*, however, finally ſubdued *Plutus*; and familiarity with all this grandeur, bred neglect, but not contempt.

Adjacent to *Leerſum*, in the lordſhip of *Zuyleſtein*, is the village of *Amerongen*, where Lord *Athlone* has a manſion. His lordſhip is deſcended from the celebrated General *Ginckle*, a faithful adherent to King *William*. This General diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the Iriſh wars; and by two ſucceſsful engagements, the one at *Athlone*, and the other at *Aghrim*, he was honoured with the titles of Earl of *Athlone*, and Baron of *Aghrim*. The following anecdote, which I had from the mouth of the preſent Lord, is not generally known:—When the French invaded this country, and the whole Seven Provinces trembled at the victorious arms of *Louis* the *Fourteenth*, the French General, upon entering the province of *Utrecht*, uſed every means to detach *Ginckle* from the ſervice of the States. Promiſes not being effectual to ſap his integrity, he attempted

tempted to ſtorm it by menaces; and he meanly threatened that great man, that, if he did not continue inactive, his caſtle ſhould be totally deſtroyed, ſhould the fortune of war ever throw it into the poſſeſſion of his enemies. *Ginckle* continued unſhaken; and his adverſary had the deſpicable revenge of conſuming the manſion by fire. The States, however, upon the reſtoration of peace, rebuilt it in more than priſtine grandeur.

We croſſed the Rhine at the ford of *Amerongen*, to paſs into the *Betuwe*. This road was alſo preferred to avoid the heavy ſands, although the other, leading through *Rhenen* and *Waagenen*, is by far more agreeable.

The *Betuwe* was the ancient *Batavia*, and formerly gave the name of *Bataveeren*, or *Batavians*, to the inhabitants of the Dutch Netherlands, which they have now tranſmitted to their colony in the iſland of *Java*. In this moraſs it was, that the anceſtors of the preſent race firſt ſettled, when, at different times, and from different cauſes, they emigrated from *Germany*.

The *Betuwe* is in the province of *Guelderland*. It may be conſidered as an oblong iſland, formed

formed by the bifurcation of the Rhine above *Nimeguen*, and by the union of its ſtreams under different appellations, as has been noticed and lamented, near to *Worcum*. The land between theſe rivers is low and marſhy, ſubject to inundations, both from the Rhine on the north ſide, and the *Waal* on the ſouth. From theſe, the inhabitants attempt to defend themſelves by throwing up high and maſſy dykes; and with general ſucceſs. The ground is fertile, and the induſtry of the inhabitants has made it abundantly productive. It is, in great meaſure, the granary of the province of *Utrecht*. It abounds in orchards, particularly for the growth of cherries; is prolific in every ſpecies of poultry, and ſupplies a conſiderable part of the adjacent country with hog's fleſh. In the ſpace of about forty miles by ten, it contains not leſs than eight cities of ſome note, and ſeveral hundred of villages.

It was principally from this ſpot, that the Dutch ſpread themſelves gradually over the different provinces. Were the fact to be doubted, the ſtrongeſt etymological evidence of its truth could be adduced from the names of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed families in Holland.—There is not a town or a village in the *Betuwe*, that

that has not ſent off a family of ſome diſtinction. From the *cities*, you have the Van *Theils*, Van *Burens*, Van *Bommels*, Van *Wyks*, Van *Culenburgs*, &c. and from the villages, the Van *Lindens*, the Van *Moricks*, Van *Ingens*, Van *Ecks*, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER IV.

Bettuwe.

THE great abundance iſſuing from every ſpot of the *Betuwe*, to the ſupply of other parts, is not merely to be aſcribed to its fertile ſoil, but to the diviſion of the land into ſmall parcels; by which the ſoil is not only made capable of ſuſtaining an increaſed population, but to furniſh ſuperfluities for the uſe of others. It is pleaſant to ſee with what œconomy the ground is occupied. While the trees of their orchards furniſh an abundance of the moſt luxurious fruits, hogs and ſheep in numbers are fattening under their branches. The pools adjacent to their dwellings are ſtocked with ducks and geeſe; and their corn-lands ſupport, and ſupply to the neighbouring country, an incredible number of turkeys and ſmaller fowls. Thus, by neglecting nothing, by their not being ſufficiently affluent to deſpiſe ſmall gains, the induſtrious farmer, and his frugal, attentive wife, ſupport a numerous progeny, and diffuſe plenty around them.

It is, in ſome meaſure, owing to a ſimilar cauſe, as well as to the flouriſhing ſtate of commerce, that the province of *Holland* is ſo extremely populous, and ſo amply ſupplied with every article of proviſion, at a moderate price. It is acknowledged, that there is not a ſpot in Europe, which ſupports ſuch a number of inhabitants in a given ſpace. The villages and hamlets bear a due proportion to the number of large and populous cities. I am aſſured, that, of ſeventy villages under the diſtrict of *Rhineland*, not leſs than *forty* derive all the articles of importation, or of manufacture, from the town of *Leyden*, and repay it with the neceſſaries and natural luxuries of life. The province of *Holland*, you know, is diſtinguiſhed by the richneſs of its paſturage. *South* Holland furniſhes an incredible quantity of *butter*, ſuperior to your *Epping* in flavour, which amply ſupplies the inhabitants upon reaſonable terms, and is alſo an important article of exportation. *North* Holland is chiefly renowned for its *cheeſe*. Of the abundance of this article you may form ſome idea, when I acquaint you that in the ſmall city of *Enkuyſen* is brought to market, every week, not leſs than *two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds in weight*; and at the weekly market of *Alkmaar* is ſold upwards of *three hundred thouſand*. The price

price of butter ſeldom exceeds between *ſeven-pence* or *eight-pence* per pound; that of *cheeſe*, is between *three-pence* or *four-pence*; yet many circumſtances are continually operating to render theſe articles extravagantly dear. The price of ſervice is high; the taxes upon land are enormous, alſo upon the ſtock of cattle, and upon the ſalt conſumed in making of butter. The expences of dykes to prevent inundations, and of mills innumerable, to pump out the water of overflown lands, the frequent expoſure to diſeaſes among the cattle, all have a natural tendency to enhance the price of theſe articles to an alarming height. I am well informed that theſe accumulated expences amount to not leſs than fifty per cent. of the value of their land, and that the farmer is taxed to the amount of his ſtock every five years. But the natural tendency of theſe expences is counteracted by the diligence, ſimplicity, and œconomy of the farmer, and by the land's being parcelled out into a number of ſmall farms. There are none, I am aſſured, that exceed twenty or twenty-five *Morgen*; each *Morge* being eſtimated at about two acres; and very few are of ſuch an extent. It would be reckoned a diſgrace for the moſt ſubſtantial farmer to forſake the ſphere in which his anceſtors moved, and to launch into the follies

and extravagancies of faſhionable life. They conſequently ſecure to themſelves more eſſential bleſſings, health, contentment, and abundance. Though ſatisfied with ſmall profits, they are moſt of them proſperous and independent, and are generally deemed the moſt enviable part of the community.

But to return to the *Betuwe*, and its neighbourhood.

The peaſants in this part of the world retain much of what you would term, the ancient ſimplicity of manners. They afford, in many reſpects, a ſpecimen of what we may ſuppoſe to have been the character of the Engliſh, about two hundred and fifty years ago. It is a reſpectable mark of learning, to be able to read and write. However, the riſing generation will poſſeſs an advantage over their parents, in this reſpect; as ſchools are now eſtabliſhed in almoſt every village. When I reſided at *Zuyleſtein*, moſt of their bills upon me were drawn out by the ſchool-maſter, and acquitted by the ſign of the Croſs; which I ſuppoſe had originally the ſolemnity of an oath, that the demand was duly paid. In conſequence of not being able to minute down every article, their memories become extremely accurate and tenacious. They

continue,

continue, to this day, to create and change names *ad libitum*. One countryman is diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Jan Boer*, John (the) Farmer, whoſe father was *Dirk* (the) *Miller*. A farmer contiguous to my manſion was born at *Bois le Duc*; in Dutch, *Hertogs Boſch*; Anglicé, *Duke's Wood*. He planted himſelf, upon his firſt emigration, on the north ſide of a range of hills, near to *Leerſum*, and was there knwon by the name of *Van den Boſch*, from the Wood. Upon his coming over theſe hills, and taking a farm near to my reſidence, he was known by the name of *Friz Overberg*, Frederick *Over-hill*. My reſpectable Perſonage was only known among the common people by Mynheer *op Zuyleſtein*; and had I tranſplanted myſelf to any ſpot in their neighbourhood, my family would have been termed the *Van Zuyleſtein* family.

It is common for thoſe who reſide in cities, amidſt profligate manners, to extol the ſimplicity and purity of rural characters. But they do not ſufficiently diſtinguiſh between *manners* and *morals*, or between open extravagance and ſecret depravity. When I reſided among theſe peaſants, I was not only ſeveral removes from either the poliſh or the immoralities which characterize

cities, but, as already hinted, I felt myſelf thrown more than a couple of centuries backwards in the world. I have been at ſome pains to acquaint myſelf with the originals, from whom ſuch pleaſing copies are taken, and am convinced that theſe pretended copies are, in general, ſtrong exaggerations. I have often found external ſimplicity connected with much ſlyneſs of diſpoſition. To cheat and out-wit a perſon who is in a more elevated ſtation, if they be not his immediate dependents, is the profeſſed trial of ſkill, and the perpetual boaſt of almoſt every farmer. They are externally ſubmiſſive to ſuperiors; in general, civil to ſtrangers; and, if not in a ſtate of enmity, very cordial, generous, ſympathiſing, among one another. Their enmity is implacable. It is enkindled and burns with ardour on each ſide, according to family connections; no reſpect being had to the cauſe, or the juſtice of the quarrel. They ſeem to think that the injunction to forgive an injury, is one of the ſevereſt; and it would be impoſſible to make them comprehend the dignity of ſeeking reconciliation. They are pretty regular in their attendance upon publick worſhip on the Sunday, and as regularly return home intoxicated on the market-day. The crime of adultery is ſcarcely known among them; of fornication, not very

frequent; and the *triumphs* of ſeduction, never. Their conduct towards each other, though coarſe, is ſincere. They are ſtrangers to that duplicity which the polite world is obliged to practiſe, merely to avoid giving offence, or to conciliate eſteem. But then, if they be ſincere, they are often very coarſe.

From the above ſketch, you will think with me, good Sir, that painters and moraliſts either make a ſelection of the moſt pleaſing objects with deſign and in order to embelliſh a picture; or, by contemplating rural ſcenes at a diſtance, they do not diſcover that roughneſs which would deform their landſcape. The character of the peaſant, his habitation, his employments, are all ſoftened, flattered, and embelliſhed by their pencil. They are all made to exhibit ideas of rural felicity in deſcription, which will not ſtand the teſt of cloſe inſpection. Their very *hog-ſties* and *dung-hills*, although the terms themſelves are almoſt too indelicate to be committed to paper, are ſuppoſed to be without filth, and to emit no offenſive odour: Their habitations are ſuppoſed to be proofs againſt the rudeſt blaſts, and moſt penetrating cold: — Their labours are ſuppoſed to be without anxiety or fatigue: — Diſeaſe is thought never to enter their happy dwellings, and the poſſeſſor is contemplated without vice

or guile; a complete model of innocence, ſimplicity, and hoſpitality!

There is great pleaſure in re-tracing former ideas, and recalling former ſenſations. You will therefore pardon my hovering ſo long about my quondam neighbourhood.

LETTER V.

Nimeguen,
Kraanenberg.

AFTER riding ſome miles upon the *Rhine* Dyke, we croſſed the *Betuwe*, and mounted the *Waal* Dyke on the oppoſite, or ſouthern ſide. This Dyke is very lofty; being the only barrier againſt the *Waal*; which is the largeſt ramification of the *Rhine*. On the ſide of the *Betuwe*, it is much above the trees and the cottages; and ſo narrow on the top, that, in many parts of it, two carriages cannot paſs each other without the utmoſt caution. On this left ſide, the danger, in caſe of an accident, does not appear extreme; as the trees and roofs of the cottages ſeem prepared to break the fall. But on the right ſide, towards the River, the mind hovers undecided to which kind of death we are moſt expoſed, that of being daſhed to pieces, or of drowning, as the carriage, after rolling down the ſteep declivity, muſt inevitably fall into the River. But the danger is chiefly in appearance. The roads are kept in very good order, the cattle are moſtly docile, and their drivers cautious.

From the top of this Dyke is a very extenſive proſpect. *Nimeguen*, which is ſeated on the oppoſite ſide of the *Waal*, and contiguous to its borders, appears in a pleaſing, and rather a flattered point of view. We paſſed the *Waal* by means of a *Geer-brug*, or flying-bridge, as it is termed; which is large enough to convey over ſeveral hundred perſons, and a number of carriages. There are ſeveral bridges of this kind upon the Rhine; as its rapid current, ſwoln by the ſudden thaw of ſnow and ice, or by heavy rains, would ſweep away thoſe of the common conſtruction. They ſeem to paſs and repaſs of themſelves; which gives them an air of enchantment.

The bridge is formed by two large lighters placed contiguous to each other, and covered with planks ſo as to make a plat-form. It is kept in its ſtation by means of ſeveral long ropes, proceeding from each extremity of the bridge, to an equal number of boats placed at anchor at due diſtances from each other, above and below the bridge. Its motion is directed by the helms affixed to each of theſe lighters; and this motion is rendered more ſteady by a large cable that is ſlung over a kind of gallows erected acroſs the bridge, and attached to the boats at anchor above and below it; by which a

conſiderable

The Castle & Belvidere, at Nimeguen.

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conſiderable preſſure is obtained. The principle is obvious. The ſtream acts as a force from above, and endeavours to propel the whole body down the river. This is prevented by the faſtenings. The oblique directions of the helms, make this power act diagonally. The conſequence muſt be a latteral motion; and the bridge may be made, by alternate directions of the rudder, to paſs from the right to the left ſide of the river at pleaſure.

The Dutch give it the name of *Geer-brug*; becauſe it is confined by ſhackles; or, in other words, it is put into *geers*.

You need not to be informed that *Nimeguen*, or, as we Dutch ſpell it, *Nymegen*, is ſituated in the ſouth-eaſt extremity of the province of *Guelderland*; and that it is much the largeſt town in the province, although *Arnhem* is deemed the *Capital*, from its being honoured with the Aſſembly of the States of *Guelderland*. *Nimeguen* is ſuppoſed to contain about fifty thouſand inhabitants. It is the grand emporium of the products of Germany, as Rheniſh wines, Seltzer water, iron, glaſs, ſalt, &c. for the ſurrounding towns and villages. *Nimeguen* is alſo the frontier town in the Dutch provinces, in the eaſtern

eaſtern direction. Its fortifications are very extenſive, requiring a garriſon of at leaſt thirty thouſand men to do them juſtice. They are in good preſervation. The Citadel is placed on a projection of land which gives it a great command over the ſurrounding diſtrict. From the *Belvidere* of this citadel is a moſt delightful proſpect of the Rhine, in its unity and plenitude; of its two ramifications; of the *Maaze*, and the *Yſel*, with the countries they fertilize. The fields adjacent to the city, particularly towards the Eaſt, have a pleaſing and rural aſpect. We ſaw them in their beſt attire, laden with the ripening corn, variegated with ſtreaks of blooming clover; that luxury of cattle, the veniſon and turtle ſoup of horſes and oxen!

I have not heard of any peculiarities that merit the attention of a ſtranger. If he be not in haſte, he may viſit the Town-houſe, and contemplate the chamber in which the articles of the peace concluded upon in the year 1677, were ſigned by the deputies from the belligerent powers. If this ſtranger be either a *Dutchman*, a *German*, or an *Engliſhman*, he will rejoice in an epoch which checked the turbulent ſpirit and gigantick ſtrides of *France*, and reſtored peace and liberty to Europe.

In

In the year 1788, this town was diſtinguiſhed, and greatly benefited by its becoming the occaſional reſidence of the Stadtholderian family. The Prince and his houſehold being, as it were, expelled from the *Hague* by the violence of oppoſition, waited here with patience to try the effects of negociations; which however could not be brought to any amicable concluſion. Let me juſt whiſper in your ear, that this moſt excellent *Man*, is a moſt indolent and irreſolute *Prince*. His love of peace, and pious dread of ſhedding human blood, has occaſioned the loſs of more lives than might have fallen a ſacrifice to vigorous exertions. His conſcientious fears of doing wrong, have perpetually checked him from doing right. He has been paſſive in a ſituation which a *wiſe* and good man might have improved to the proſperity of his country, and to the acquiſition of popularity honeſtly purchaſed; which a wiſe and *ambitious* man might have improved to the augmentation of his own power. Though he is neither *King* nor *Sovereign*, yet one would think that the Fable of the Frogs chuſing a King was made for this country, and for himſelf. Inactive as a log, was he driven up to this place by the tide of oppoſition; inactive as a log, was he conveyed back again by the powerful current of Pruſſian aid.

Such

Such is the placability of his temper, that, ſince his reſtoration to authority, he has greatly outſtript the precepts of Chriſtianity:—paſſed by and neglected his friends, to embrace and reward his enemies. He has often been repreſented to you as of a tyrannic diſpoſition; but, ſo far from meriting this reproach, I am fully perſuaded he wiſhes for nothing more than to enjoy with tranquillity the etiquettes of a Court, and the little buſy rounds of publick affairs: I am fully perſuaded that it was the *mildneſs* of his temper that encouraged his enemies to reprobate him ſo frequently in the publick papers as a *tyrant*; and the more exemplary his patience, the more abundant were their inſults. In ſhort, without refuſing to the Patriots their right to effectuate a reform in their Conſtitution,—the moment they can agree upon a wiſe plan; or to retrench the enormous influence given to their Stadtholders in the hours of gratitude,—the moment they can depoſit this power in better hands; I am well convinced that they ſeized the opportunity to throw off the yoke, and get rid of the burden, becauſe the yoke was eaſy, and the burden was light; and becauſe the man they oppoſed, was reluctant to gall them.

Upon

Upon our entering the city, we drove immediately to the houſe of the Commiſſary of the Poſt. As I have already mentioned, all travelling buſineſs is tranſacted through the medium of Commiſſaries; by whoſe regulations, ſtrangers, and ſtrangers only are bound; to whoſe impoſitions the ignorant are made to ſubmit, and whoſe authority and dignity of office are frequently manifeſted by a laconic inſolence of ſtile.

Our intention was to take but three horſes to *Cleves*, it being diſtant from *Nimeguen* not more than *five* hours; that is, fifteen or ſixteen miles. But having, in the thoughtleſſneſs of our heads, rather than in the vanity of our hearts, exhibited the whole of our equipage before the Commiſſary, we were obliged to continue, or at leaſt to pay for the ſame number; nor could we get ourſelves purged of this ſuperfluous horſe, until we arrived at *Mentz*;—ſo dangerous is it to ſet out wrong! The price of cattle is very dear in this town, to *Strangers*; the inhabitants are greatly favoured. We were firſt obliged to take *four* horſes; and ſecondly obliged to pay *twelve guelders* for them; which, together with the perſonal tax called *paſſagie gelt*, amounts to about twenty-pence per mile, for horſes alone. This is the more unpardonable, as great quantities of corn grow in the environs of the city, and the province

province is exempt from the heavy taxes both upon horſes and their food, with which that of *Holland* is burdened.

There are two roads from *Nimeguen* to *Cleves*. The one winds round the hills, and the other goes over them. The firſt is a *clay*, and the other a *heavy ſand*. The former is preferred in dry ſeaſons, notwithſtanding it is circuitous, and intercepted by numberleſs gates. The fall of ſome ſmart ſhowers in the morning made our driver prefer the ſand; and his will muſt always be obeyed by every Itinerant. I was well pleaſed with the determination, as this road was novel to me, and rendered much more agreeable by the extenſive proſpects which invited our attention. About half way to *Cleves*, are the boundaries of the two Governments; where their High Mightineſs yield the reins to his Majeſty of Pruſſia.

In the celebrated conteſt concerning the cauſes of national character, it appears to me that the influence of climate, ſimply conſidered, is much more partial and inconſiderable than thoſe of religion, government, and occupations. The former may render the inhabitants more or leſs active, but the latter mould the mind into particular modes of thinking, and thus affect the

ſprings

ſprings of action. The former muſt be merely ſuſceptible of ſlow gradations; the latter is immediately operative.

In paſſing from *Holland* to the *Auſtrian Netherlands*, where the affinity was formerly ſo cloſe; from theſe to *France*; from the *Dutch Netherlands* into any part of *Germany*; at the firſt barrier, or at the firſt publick houſe, where you give water to the cattle, and a dram to their driver, you perceive a conſiderable difference in dreſs and manners, as well as in language; and the Traveller often feels, from a general ſomething, which he cannot always explain, that he is not now as he was five minutes before.

This road gave us the opportunity of ſeeing *Kraanenberg*, a ſmall city built on the declivity of the hill we had paſſed. Moſt towns of any antiquity are renowned for their active or paſſive virtues; or for ſome peculiarity or other, of which the inhabitant is proud, and with which the traveller's curioſity is gratified. *Kraanenberg* derives its name, which is Anglicé *Cranehill*, from the number of *Cranes* that uſed to aſſemble about the caſtle when the adjacent plain was a moraſs. This town has frequently been made a transferable commodity; given in dowery at the marriage of a Princeſs; thrown as a ſmall make-weight into the ſcale, every time

there was an attempt nicely to balance the power of Princes; placed in the hands of a late enemy, as a pledge or hoſtage of future friendſhip; and it has ſometimes received ſmall boons, under the guiſe of great privileges, from its lordly maſters. Its principal church is celebrated for a miraculous image, whoſe hiſtory I ſhall give you when more at leiſure. But the true point of honour in my eſtimation is,—it enjoys freedom of religion. Though the Roman is the predominant Church, a ſmall ſociety of Proteſtants, conſiſting of about eight families, are neither moleſted in their publick worſhip, nor in private life ſhunned as contageous, or pointed at with the finger of diſdain. This teſtimony I have from one of thoſe Proteſtants, with whom I became acquainted in *Amſterdam*.

The City & Castle of Cleves.

LETTER VI.

Kleef, or Cleves.

CLEVES and its environs are univerſally admired for their ſituation, commanding proſpects equally beautiful and extenſive. The city is built on the eaſtern ſide of three hills, whoſe ſhape and poſition have ſome fanciful reſemblance to a leaf of clover. *Klif* is German for a ſteep hill; though we, in adopting the term, have appropriated it to the perpendicular ſide of a rock.

The city obviouſly derives its name from its ſituation. It is weſt of the Rhine, diſtant about a mile from the bed of the river. Several of the ſtreets, from their elevation, extend their views many leagues deep into the country, on the oppoſite ſhore; which is variegated with hills, woods, towns, villages, paſturage, and fields of corn. The ſituation of the houſes makes a very romantic appearance; and in many parts, the dwellings in the rear, take a peep at the enchanting proſpect, over the ſhoulders of thoſe

placed in the front ranks. The places moſt diſtinguiſhed for enjoying theſe ſcenes are the *Citadel*, and the country-houſe of the Baroneſs *Van Spaan*, which is ſo contiguous to the town, that it may be conſidered as a part of it. The ſituation of both is towards the South-Eaſt. The proſpects from theſe ſpots are ſo rich and beautiful, that they furniſh too luxurious a treat for a common meal. They ſhould be reſerved for diſtant intervals, or occaſional viſits.

You know that the city of Cleves is the capital of a duchy of the ſame name. Both town and country have ſuffered a fate ſimilar to many others placed in the vicinity of contending powers; which neceſſarily become objects of diſpute among rapacious Princes. Like the inferior city of *Kraanenberg*, Cleves and its duchy have been the ſport of intereſt or caprice. In conſequence of wars and of marriages, frequently have they changed their maſter. Sometimes they have portioned out a Princeſs; or, like a ſop to Cerberus, have ſoothed a vindictive enemy into a ſeeming friend. The town, as its Chronicles report, was almoſt deſtroyed in the year 1372, and again in the year 1528, by the devaſtations of contending parties.—The inhabitants were rudely handled by the Spaniſh in the year 1624, until the enemy was expelled by Prince

Prince *Mauritz* of *Naſſau*.—It ſuſtained a ſmart bombardment in 1635; when the Spaniards took the adjacent fort of *Schenken-Schans* by ſurpriſe.—In 1639, it was moſt heavily mulcted by Imperial troops.—In 1640, conquered by the Heſſians, and the year following, dreadfully plundered by the Imperialiſts!

Thus, O Cleves! though thou art placed as in the boſom of Paradiſe!—though thou art formed for tranquility and rural joys!—though abundance ſmiles around thee!—though thy river pours forth its ſtores of fiſh, and bears every diſtant luxury on its ſurface!—though thy fields yield their paſturage, and their corn, to the induſtrious huſbandman; thy poultry increaſes under the foſtering care of the houſewife; thy orchards abound with fruits, thy gardens with ſalutary herbs, and thy woods with a diverſity of game!—Yet, through the unrelenting ambition of Princes, is the hiſtory of thy paſt years, naught but the hiſtory of thy Calamities! The hiſtory of thy labours is like the labours of the induſtrious bee and the ſkilful ſpider, deſtined every inſtant to repair the miſchiefs which rude hands have brought upon their peaceful workmanſhip!

The chief indemnification that it has received for theſe accumulated ſufferings, is, that peace was ſigned and proclaimed within its walls by

the Deputies from the United Provinces, and the Biſhop of Munſter, in the year 1666. The town and duchy are now under the juriſdiction of Pruſſia; and as they poſſeſs many civil and religious privileges, the inhabitants appear contented and happy. Cleves enjoys ſome trade, though this is very inconſiderable. Its principal reſources are derived from its being the ſeat of the Regency.

The *reformed* religion, as we upon the Continent proudly call *Calviniſm*, is the *eſtabliſhed*. But Catholics, Lutherans, Anabaptiſts, and Jews, are allowed the full exerciſe of their reſpective *cultes*. Among the *Reformed*, there is a German, a Dutch, and a French church; there is alſo a Dutch *Anabaptiſts*, and a German *Lutheran*. But we do not hold theſe as *reformed*. However, they all give one evidence of the beſt kind of Reformation:—they live as brethren, and fall not out by the way. Nor have they any quarrel with the Roman Catholicks, who are very numerous. Theſe poſſeſs the great Collegiate Church. The fraternities of the *Minorites*, and the *Capuchins*, have each their church. There is a cloiſter of Nuns of the Auguſtine order, entitled *Mount Zion*. The Abbeſs is an agreeable and intelligent woman. In a future letter I ſhall make you better acquainted with her.

I will

I will not detain you with many other particulars reſpecting the town of Cleves. Let me however, tranſcribe for you an inſcription placed on the middle port, which ſeparates, and I think very ungenerouſly, the outward from the inward town. The object of which ſeparation is to keep the heart whole, ſhould the extremities be lopt off. The inſcription is as follows:—

Vita Viatoris quaſi tranſitus: Omnia finem
Quid quid et immundus Mundus honorat, habent.
Tranſivere patres; ſimul hic tranſibimus omnes:
In Cælo patriam; qui bene cæpit, habet.

The ſentiment forcibly engaged our attention as travellers; and, if you will excuſe the Monkiſm of *immundus Mundus*, the verſification is not bad.

Were you an antiquarian, my good Sir, I could furniſh you with ſome amuſement worthy of the name. I could prove to you, from good and ample authority, that this city took its riſe from a Roman colony under *Trajan*; and that its ancient name was *Colonia Uppia Trajani.* But its caſtle is now called *Swaanenhof*, from a ridiculous ſtory about a Ducheſs and a white Swan, invented in times of ignorance, and no longer believed; and therefore I ſhall not trouble

you with it.—This caſtle was built in the days of *Julius Cæſar*, as appears from the following inſcription on the walls:—*Anno. ab. Urbe. Romano. condita. ſexenteſſimo nonageſſimo octavo. Julius, Cæſar. Dictator. hiſce partibus in deditionem ſubactis. Arcem. Clivenſem. Ædificavit.*

I could alſo inform you, that, ſome few years ago, a large oblong veſſel of ſtone, in the ſhape of a Coffin, was dug up adjacent to this city, filled with urns containing the aſhes of the dead, ewers, ſepulchral lamp, &c. all of them unqueſtionably *Roman*. From the Citadel I could alſo point out to you the plain near to the village of *Qualburg*, where the *Roman* legions uſed to perform their exerciſe.

But, as I know that you greatly prefer the things which *are*, to thoſe which *have been*,—though I know not why you ſhould, where they do not more immediately concern you,—I ſhall not dig deeper into antiquity, but continue upon the ſurface of modern times.

Adjacent to the city, in the northern direction, and in the road leading from *Nymeguen*, is a large and pleaſant Park, richly ſtocked with deer. This Park, or *Deer-guard*, as they term it, is about ſix miles in circumference; of which ſpace nearly half is mountainous, and the other half

half is in a lovely vale. It is ſeparated from vulgar land by *palaſados*; but it benevolently gives acceſs, by four gates placed at convenient diſtances, to all, excepting the canine ſpecies,—whoſe love of veniſon might tempt them to a breach of decorum.

Within the Park, and at the foot of a hill, is a mineral ſpring; for which the publick, and ſtill more perhaps the *Sovereign*, are beholden to the chymical abilities and aſſiduous endeavours of the learned Profeſſor *Schutte*. This Phyſician, who eſtabliſhed himſelf at Cleves about the year 1740, entertained an idea, from the phyſiognomy of the ſoil, that mineral waters might be found under its ſurface; the nature of the ſoil being ſo cloſely correſpondent with that in which mineral ſprings abound. Having firſt obtained permiſſion from the late King of Pruſſia, he procured ſkilful miners from different parts of Germany; whoſe opinions coinciding with his own, they ſet themſelves in good earneſt to ſearch for the ſalubrious ſtream. After various diſappointments, and diſcouragements ariſing from the mockery ſo liberally beſtowed by the indolent upon all unſucceſsful attempts, however laudable in their deſign, and probable in their appearance, the truth of his conjectures was realized by the diſcovery of this ſpring.

Unfortunately for all concerned, it is but a a weak chalybeate. The water manifeſtly flows through a bed of pyrites; but, from a great deficiency of the fixt air, which is now diſcovered to be the diſſolving principle of ferruginous particles, the impregnation is not very conſiderable. From experiments made by the Profeſſor, it appears, that, by adding an infuſion of gall-nuts, the waters at Cleves give a deeper hue than thoſe of *Schwalbach*, or of *Spaa*; but the taſte of theſe two other minerals is much more pungent to the tongue: a clear manifeſtation that theſe contain a larger quantity of fixt air, and that the former is more impregnated with iron. The ſulphureous taſte, as I am informed by a gentleman to whom the Profeſſor revealed the ſecret, is chiefly owing to a quantity of *hepar ſulphuris*, artificially placed in the current of water.

The ſeaſon profeſſedly begins about the middle of July, and cloſes with the month of Auguſt.

Whether we ſuppoſe that the medical virtues to be derived from mineral waters, depend more upon the abundance of this kind of air, than of the ſubſtance it diſſolves; or whether we continue to imagine that the chalybeate itſelf is the chief corroborant, the medical virtues of this ſpring cannot be very great; as the deficiency of fixt air

muſt proportionably diminiſh the quantity of the ſubſtance diſſolved.

Notwithſtanding the laudable pains taken by the Profeſſor to diſcover, and the ſkill diſplayed in analyzing, and ſanguine hopes concerning its qualities, and the ſelf-deceived ideas entertained of its efficacy in the firſt eſſays; notwithſtanding the pardonable artifice uſed; notwithſtanding the aſſiſtance given to theſe efforts by the power and policy of the late Frederick; the ſpring does not riſe into high repute. The mineral taſte of the water itſelf is too weak to ſupport its credit, or to make it the bond of union between the gay and the dejected, the idly healthy, and the infirm, the young and the aged. This place muſt otherwiſe have been the principal reſort of thoſe who ſeek either health or rural delights. Its agreeable ſituation;—the extenſive and beautiful proſpects that abound in every part of its neighbourhood;—the number and variety of pleaſant walks;—its proximity to one of the fineſt rivers in Europe, and to the fineſt part of it, where the current is ſwoln to its ſummit of grandeur;—all conſpire to render it peculiarly inviting, and would certainly have given it the preference to moſt other mineral ſprings upon the Continent.

I had

I had almoſt forgotten to mention, that a ſtrict prohibition of Gaming is another conſiderable impediment to the efficacy of the waters; it being the opinion of two claſſes of perſons, who frequent theſe publick places the moſt,—the *Genteel world*, and *Sharpers*,—that no mineral ſpring can have virtue, that does not furniſh a metal much ſuperior to vulgar *iron*.

LETTER VII.

THE late King of Pruſſia, being encouraged by our Profeſſor to hope that theſe waters would prove of the greateſt utility to ſtrangers, thought it but equitable that they ſhould prove of ſome benefit to the inhabitants of Cleves, and ultimately to himſelf. He therefore endeavoured to render this place the general reſort, by ſtudying every accommodation for Invalids; nor did he ſpare any expence in ſuitable decorations, to entice ſuch to viſit theſe quarters, who wanted a pleaſanter motive than the ſimple purſuit of health.

He has built an elegant Domicilium for the ſalubrious fountain, by way of *Pump-room*. This is a well-proportioned edifice, about fourteen feet ſquare. On its wall the following teſtimony of pious gratitude is inſcribed; which indicates that pious gratitude is natural to the heart of man; and that the heart of man will yield to the pleaſing impulſe, when it is too warmly affected

by

by the accompliſhment of an ardent wiſh, to be chilled by ſophiſms:—

Creatori Deo ter optimo, maximo; omnis boni unicæ ac vivæ ſcaturigini, SACRUM.

Sub imperio Celcis. Auguſt. Princips. Fred. ſecund. Magni Boruſc. Regis. Anno 1741, tempore belli in *Sileſia* feliciter geſti, hic fons mineralis eſt detectus. Et Anno ſequente poſt binas victorias ac pacem Wratiſclavienſiam in ſalientis Aquæ formam redactus, et Dei clementia in languentium ſalutarem uſum medicum optato effectu collocatus ab Inventore Jo. Henrico Schutte, M.D.

His Majeſty has further placed two large and commodious Hotels adjacent to the fountain. The one is ſituated on a declivity of a hill within the encloſure of the park; the other, in a pleaſant vale, on the oppoſite ſide of the road. This is furniſhed with artificial warm baths.

In this vale, at the foot of the hill, and facing the hotel, is erected a Column, of the Ionic order; on the ſummit of which is placed a pedeſtrian ſtatue of iron, repreſenting a warrior in complete armour. This figure repreſents the unfortunate General *Martin Schenk*, who had revolted from the Spaniſh ſervice to that of the States. Attempting to eſcape by water from an unſucceſsful attack upon *Nymeguen*, in the year 1589, his boat overſet, and the weight of his armour precipitated

cipitated him to the bottom. We are informed by *Wagenaar*, the celebrated Dutch hiſtorian, that his enemies, prompted by implacable reſentment, fiſhed up the body, for the cruel purpoſe of ſevering the head from the trunk and of ſuſpending his mangled limbs at the different gates of the city he had beſieged. But the Spaniſh Governor *Varrabon*, more humane than his ſubjects, collected theſe ſcattered relicts together, and depoſited them in a coffin. They were afterwards buried with due honours by Prince *Mauritz*; the city having ſurrendered to his arms.

Of the two hotels, that of *Roberts*, within the park, is the moſt agreeably ſituated. As you admit of a *brow* of a hill, and the *foot* of a hill, allow me to ſuppoſe that it may alſo have a *lap*, and that this houſe of venal hoſpitality is ſnugly placed in it. The ground adjacent to it, although it exhibits a perpetual declivity, has a pleaſing irregularity of ſurface. The *tout enſemble* forms a kind of hanging garden, which is beautified with buildings, and enlivened with rivulets, caſcades, and *jets d'eau*. I have already mentioned the pump-room and column at the bottom of the hill. Towards its ſummit is an elegant Pavilion. This is called the *Amphitheatre*. It conſiſts of an octagon Cupola, about twenty-

twenty-five feet in diameter, placed in the centre; ornamented with two ſemi-circular arcades, formed by fourteen pillars on each ſide. The brow of the mountain is covered with woods. A meandering walk through them, leads the ſtranger up to the ſummit, and finally places him upon the elevated plain.

From this eminence the proſpect is extenſive and delightful. It commands the north-weſt part of the town, and projects to an immenſe diſtance beyond it. It exhibits, on the right hand, and on the oppoſite ſide of the Rhine, a view of the ancient city of *Emerick*, with the many villages in its neighbourhood. On the front, and towards the left hand, is the lofty and extenſive mount *Eltenberg*, alſo on the oppoſite ſide; with the fertile and variegated country ſurrounding it. *Eltenberg* is by far the moſt majeſtic mountain within the reach of viſion. It ſtands at the extreme point of a promontory, at about ſix miles diſtant, and is the termination of a large chain of hills, that runs parallel to the eaſtern ſhore of the Rhine, at the diſtance of eight or ten miles from its borders.

I have already obſerved that the name of *Kleef* is derived from the term *Cliff*; and I ſhould have told you that the mountains on this ſide the river are abrupt terminations of an elevated country

View of the Mountain & Castle of Ettenberg: from Cleves.

country lying towards the Weſt: conſequently, between theſe cliffs and the hills on the oppoſite ſide, is an extenſive plain, through which the Rhine has formed its courſe. Eltenberg terminates the chain of hills on the North-Eaſt; and Nymeguen the chain connected with Cleves on the North-Weſt. The Rhine is in this place extremely large. Having received the plenteous tributes of numberleſs rivers, that pour their ſtores into it, and the leſſer gifts of rivulets flowing from the contiguous mountains, it ſwells with pride as it flows to *Schenkenſchans* (literally *Schenks-fort*); where, as if unable to ſupport its volume, it ſeparates into the two large branches I have already deſcribed, and whoſe hard fate I ſo ſincerely bewail.

From the face of the country, there is great reaſon to conclude that the main Ocean once advanced as far as the two projecting points of *Eltenberg* and *Nimeguen*, and that the vale between the two ranges of hills, was a creek of the ſea; that the *Betuwe*, and the whole territory on the North and Weſt of it, was formerly the bed of the ocean. A more minute deſcription would prove tedious; but, could you obſerve and judge for yourſelf, you would conclude with me, that there are not ſtronger evidences from the appearances of nature, that the Rhine has

forſaken

forſaken his former channel, as before deſcribed, than that theſe parts were once the domains of *Neptune*.

I ſhall make no other uſe of theſe indications, than to obſerve that the idea added greatly to the magnificence and ſolemnity of the Scene! The many changes which have obviouſly taken place on the globe, while they furniſh matter for rational curioſity to the philoſopher, inſpire the moraliſt with humility not unpleaſing, nor unconnected with a certain elevation of mind!—He wonders alike at what has been, and at what is to come! Placed on this narrow iſthmus of exiſtence, he admires in ſilent adoration the *paſt*, and repoſes his confidence for the *future*, in that Agency which is as wiſe, as it is myſterious and irreſiſtable!

When tired of contemplating this proſpect, by paſſing through the wood on the ſummit of the mountain, a fine campaign country opens to your view; and, in the ſpace of a quarter of an hour, you may reſt yourſelf on one of the four ſeats placed round a large central tree; from from whence are extended, in every direction, twelve alleys of ſpacious lime-trees. This ſpot is called *Starrberg* (Star-hill). The trees were planted, it is ſaid, by Prince *Mauritz of Naſſau Siegen*. The view from each viſto is terminated by

by a caſtle, a village, or a city; and you may ſucceſſively direct your eyes towards *Cleves*, *Kranenberg*, *Rhenen*, *Arnhem*, *Doeſburg*, &c. &c. &c.

I am by no means ſingular in my admiration of the environs of Cleves. If great names be of any authority, though alas! they are now terribly upon the decline, I could ſupport my opinion by that of the Duke of *Burgundy*, who, paſſing through this country in the year 1702, exclaimed that his Sovereign, *Louis* the Fourteenth, would have given eighty millions of livres (which approaches to four millions ſterling) for ſuch a diſtrict as Cleves, could it, by any means in the world, be conveyed to the neighbourhood of *Verſailles!* Now this was ſaying much; for the ſituation of Verſailles is the reverſe of being unpleaſant, and at this period, *Louis* the Fourteenth was moſt miſerably poor.

If you be fatigued and exhauſted with this ramble, you may deſcend into the vale, and refreſh yourſelf in either of the hotels. It is of no great moment which you prefer, for the reception is civil, and the price of every article is fixed by Majeſty itſelf.

To prevent any impoſition, but thoſe ſanctioned *de part le Roi*, the late King authorized a

ſet of regulations, reſpecting the price of rooms, meals, wines, &c. According to theſe, you may ſleep comfortably for *five guilders* (about nine ſhillings) per week; breakfaſt for *ſix-pence*; dine for *ſixteen*; ſup for *twelve*; have a bottle of decent Rheniſh wine, containing three pints, for *eighteen*, and of Moſelle for *ſixteen*.

Theſe prices may appear to you very moderate; but for this duchy, the articles are eſtimated at a very high rate. As the hotels are principally frequented by my countrymen the Dutch, who come here in conſiderable numbers, to breathe a purer atmoſphere, and to form ſome ideas of a mountain; and, as *Frederick* knew that the Dutch were a wealthy people, and that his own ſubjects in theſe quarters, had not much ſpecie in circulation, he judiciouſly eſtimated the price of moſt articles according to the value of money in *Holland*; which renders the expences in theſe two privileged houſes, adjacent to the ſpring, nearly double to thoſe incurred at any other inn adjacent to, or within the city. According to the currency of Cleves, a guilder is valued at thirty-ſix *ſtubers*, or *pence*, while its value in *Holland* is not more than *twenty*. But a *ſtuber* will purchaſe as much in the unprivileged hotels, as a *ſtyver*, or a Dutch penny, in either of theſe.

The tax, however, is paid without the leaſt murmuring or repining. They are under no obligations to lodge here, and therefore there is no cauſe for complaint.—To occaſional viſitors, the ſuperior ſituation of theſe inns, is richly worth the difference of expence.—Beſides, let me tell you, my countrymen are, in general, flattered with this compliment of diſtinction; and many of them would hold it as a diſgrace to be lodged in a cheaper hotel. I aſſure you, Sir, that we Dutch are as pleaſed and elated with the ideas of comparative wealth, as the German or French Nobility are with thoſe of blood or title.—Nor are we ſuch univerſal œconomiſts as is generally imagined. It is true, that in the daily conſumption of our houſehold, we drink bad wine, and wretched tea, with coarſe ſugar, to ſave two-pence per bottle in the one, and three-pence per pound in the other article: but, in our occaſional purſuits of pleaſure, or when diſpoſed to make collections of natural or artificial curioſities, we can be very profuſe. I will alſo add, with exultation, that in our occaſional acts of generoſity, and in our frequent, very frequent acts of charity, we are extremely liberal.

Theſe rural ſcenes, and the cheapneſs of living, are ſometimes inducements for perſons

of ſmall independent fortunes to retire to Cleves. They would doubtleſs operate more powerfully, did it not ſo frequently happen, that ſpendthrifts, bankrupts, and gallants, expoſed to the laſh of the Belgic law, make a precipitate retreat to theſe quarters. Hence it is, that the natives look upon ſtrangers that ſeek a reſidence among them, with a ſuſpicious eye.

LETTER VIII.

Cleves.

MY firſt viſit to *Cleves* was made in the year 1784, with, as you Engliſh expreſs yourſelves, a *ſnug party of friends*. We ſpent ſeveral days very agreeably in rambling about the environs, viſiting the churches and monaſteries, and in collecting many of the materials which furniſhed the ſubject of my laſt letter. We lodged in the *Park*, where there was much genteel company, and an excellent publick table.

I remember that one evening, while we were at ſupper, during the ſuſpenſion of the muſick, a very pretty Nun, neatly dreſſed, entered the room, and humbly ſuppli ated a boon for the dear Lady of *Kevelaar*, that her chapel might be ſupplied with lights, to burn day and night before her. Not having the honour of a particular acquaintance with this lady, I enquired *which of the Virgin Maries ſhe might be?*

While the Nun was going round to every perſon preſent, the following account of the

Kevelaar Virgin was given me by a motherly Gentlewoman, who ſat next to me at table; of which you are welcome to believe juſt as much as you pleaſe.

" Sir," anſwered ſhe, with ſuch unaffected compoſure of countenance, as left no doubt with me, but that ſhe believed the whole, " *Kevelaar* is a village in that part of *Guelderland* that is under the dominion of *Pruſſia*. It was formerly a miſerable hamlet, conſiſting of a few decayed houſes; but it is now in ſo flouriſhing a ſtate, that it ſcarcely yields to any of your villages in *Holland*. It is indebted for this truly miraculous change, to an image of our dear Lady, that is preſerved in a chapel of ſtone, and that is viſited from all quarters.

" There are many reports reſpecting this image; but you may depend upon the following, as the moſt authentick.—A devout Maiden diſcovered, upon the ſpot where the chapel is now placed, an hillock of a ſingular elevation; and, upon approaching, ſhe found that it covered a ſmall image of a female, which ſhe immediately knew, by an inward impulſe, to be the image of the Bleſſed Virgin. She gave information of this diſcovery to the villagers, who conveyed it, with all the pomp their extreme poverty would admit, to the pariſh church. It

ſeemed,

ſeemed, however, that the image had acquired a local attachment to this particular ſpot; and, watching the opportunity while the peaſants were aſleep, it walked out of the church, and laid itſelf down as before. The religious proceſſion was repeated, and again ſhe eſcaped at midnight to the ſame beloved hillock, and buried herſelf under its ſurface. It is alſo ſaid, that an inhabitant of *Guelder*, upon paying his devotions before a Crucifix near to *Kevelaar*, heard a voice ordering him to build a Chapel upon the very ſpot. Paying little attention to it at firſt, the command was renewed. The good man now gave information of what he had heard to his wife, who confirmed his faith, and animated his pious reſolutions, by a viſion ſhe had had the preceding night. She ſaw before her a model of the projected chapel, with a figure of our Lady in paper, exactly reſembling, in ſhape and ſize, the miraculous image."—

I perceive you grow impatient, my friend, at the circumſtantial narrative of ſuch ſolemn nonſenſe; which you will ſay is ſcarcely fit for children to hear, and none but children can believe. But you are much miſtaken. The above account is believed by thouſands and tens of thouſands, who have as much a claim to rationality,

in every other reſpect, as any of us. Nothing, my good Sir, can be inſignificant that has an *Energy*; and that energy muſt be great, which influences the faith and practice of ſuch multitudes, even at the preſent moment. Therefore, by your leave, I will go on with my ſtory; or rather, I expect that you will not interrupt my female friend, in her attempt to give me a favourable impreſſion of the miraculous image.

"This wonderful event," continued ſhe, "took place in the year 1641; and the miracles wrought by our dear Lady are too many and too great to be denied by the moſt incredulous perſons. She daily performs the moſt aſtoniſhing cures. By ſimply touching of this image, not only have the more common indiſpoſitions been removed, but the dumb have been made to ſpeak, the deaf to hear, the blind to ſee, and the barren have become fruitful mothers. Wherever there has been any failure, it can only be aſcribed to the want of a due degree of faith in the ſubjects."

That this good woman is not ſingularly ſuperſtitious, is very obvious, from the numbers that viſit the *Madona* of *Kevelaar*. They are computed to be not leſs than between *two* and *three thouſand* annually. The time of their pil-

grimage is in the months of *July* and *Auguſt*; and they go in companies, from *fifty* to *an hundred*, from different diſtricts, according to certain regulations, neceſſary to prevent too great an inundation of worſhippers at once. In theſe happy months, the neighbourhood of *Kevelaar* is a perpetual fair. Tents and booths are erected around the chapel; and every ſpecies of religious toy, ſuch as Crucifixes, Roſaries, Pictures of Saints, Agni Dei, and Images of the Holy Virgin, are ſold in great abundance. Theſe are not only inſtruments of devotion, but they act alſo as charms to cure agues, and other diſorders.

Our Lady of *Kevelaar* appears ſomewhat whimſical in her taſte; for ſhe ſeems to have a great predilection for *Wax*, as well as for this particular ſpot of earth. I am aſſured that you cannot make her a more acceptable preſent, than a large ornamented wax candle; and the ſize of it is always conſidered as the moſt accurate ſtandard of your faith and devotion. Thoſe who have received any local benefit, preſent a waxen impreſſion of the part reſtored.—But how far this cuſtom may extend, I will not pretend to ſay.

When

When I ſojourned on the borders of *Guelderland*, I was not ſo deeply initiated in the myſteries of this miraculous Image, as at preſent; but I recollect being frequently amuſed in the ſummer months, with the concourſe of Pilgrims that paſſed by my manſion, from *Utrecht*, *Amersford*, and the villages adjacent. I recollect alſo, that they appeared as blind and as lame upon their return, notwithſtanding the ſatisfaction they always expreſſed at the wonders wrought. The inns in my neighbourhood were their *Caravanſeras*, where they paſſed the night. As the landlords could not furniſh all of them with beds, *clean ſtraw* was ſtrewed upon the ground of the different apartments, where they ſlept in rows; the men in one room, and the females in another. By this regulation, ſome of thoſe inconveniencies were avoided, which they ſay are incidental to the common people in *Scotland*, when they go ſeveral days journey to the Sacrament.

To return to our pretty Nun, whom I have left collecting contributions from the well-diſpoſed.

A Heretic in company thought to abaſh the innocent girl, by obſerving, that "as this Image could

could work ſo many miracles, ſhe might provide herſelf with candles, without ſoliciting contributions."

A warm bluſh of indignation flew into her cheeks. She ſuffered diſcretion, however, to reſtrain it within due bounds, and merely anſwered, in a modeſt tone, that " as the Bleſſed Virgin was occupied in doing good to others, ſhe muſt think herſelf entitled to a ſmall tribute of gratitude in return; which would finally prove more beneficial to her votaries than to herſelf."

" The good ſhe does," vociferates a fly-looking unbeliever from the oppoſite ſide of the table, " operates as ſlowly, in my opinion, as the poiſon uſed by ſome tribes of Indians; for I have known ſeveral cripples hobble to *Kevelaar* ſix years conſecutively, without deriving the leaſt advantage from their journeys."

He atoned for the ſeverity of this remark by throwing a *Guilder*, in value about twenty-pence, acroſs the table.

Compound emotions were viſible upon her countenance. She took up the money, and anſwered, with a forced ſmile, " The time will certainly come, Sir."—A liberal contribution ſent her away ſatisfied upon the whole.

But,

But, whatever may be the caſe with the Nun, *I* am by no means ſatisfied. I do not mean to arraign our Lady of *Kevelaar* as an impoſtor. I believe ſhe does ſome good, and will wager that ſhe cures an ague as well as the beſt Taliſman. But I charge her as guilty of a very indecent monopoly, by undermining the true and lawful claims of the Crucifix at *Kraanenberg*, with which I promiſed to make you acquainted. Sorry I am to bring it out of obſcurity, to the diſhonour of this Madona of *Kevelaar*. You ſhall hear and judge between us.

The Crucifix at *Kraanenberg* was formed in a ſtill more miraculous manner, between the years 1279 and 1308, which was more than three hundred years before our Lady of *Kevelaar* had taken it into her head to cover herſelf over with this ſame peat. A ſhepherd having received a conſecrated wafer in Communion at Whitſuntide, laid it, by ſome accident or other, between two branches of a tree. The wafer ſunk into the tree. About *twenty-eight years* afterwards, the tree was cut down, and the wafer fell out of it, entirely in the preſent form of a Crucifix. This Crucifix uſed to be worſhiped by numberleſs votaries, and to perform all the wonders which are now wrought at *Kevelaar*. It

was

was alſo carried in ſolemn proceſſion, every *Whitſuntide*, to the edification and comfort of thouſands. But the *Kevelaar* Image, like a pointed conductor, has drawn all the virtue from it, and rendered it totally inert.—The Crucifix muſt have had more than Chriſtian patience, or it would have avenged its cauſe by ſome judicial miracle!

You plainly ſee what a juggling trick this has been of the Virgin. She has taken away all the honour, power and profits from one that has a prior right,—one that is more than three hundred years older than herſelf,—one that was born in a more miraculous manner than ſhe could be!—Not a ſoul knows from whence that image came!—It could not be from heaven, for they ſay, it has no very angelic countenance; and we will not ſuppoſe it to have been an out-caſt, and, like *Vulcan*, to have been thrown over the battlements.

Reſpecting the Crucifix, nothing in the world can be more credible, and at the ſame time miraculous, than the whole of its hiſtory. The Prieſt, as we all know, by conſecrating the wafer, converted it into genuine body and blood. It was therefore endowed with a vital principle, and with the power of acting, or elſe the whole proceſs of transformation would be

of

of no moment. The wafer, thus qualified, could eaſily, in imitation of the ſhepherd's boys that ſurrounded it, employ its leiſure hours in cutting itſelf up into a Crucifix. This is plain; for, if the Prieſt be able to make one *metamorphoſe*, and turn a wafer into a God, who dares to aſſert that this god-wafer is not able to make another, and to change its mode of exiſtence as often as it pleaſes? and, who will ſay that *ſelf-creation* is not better than a *doubtful original?*

Theſe, my good friends, are the facts; and I leave you to form your opinion about them. Freely to confeſs my own, I think that *fair-play is a jewel* every where, and ought to be obſerved by the *Images* of Saints, as well as by *Saints themſelves.*

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Cleves.

I MENTIONED to you, that the firſt time I viſited this place, curioſity led the company to ſee ſome of the Monaſteries and Cloiſters, with which it abounds. I ſhould not deſerve the character of a faithful narrator, which it is my ambition always to maintain, did I conceal from you a defeat in argument, or ſomething very much like it, which I ſuffered in the Cloiſter of *Mount Sion*.

The Matron, who ſhewed us all that was viſible to profane eyes, ſuch as the Chapel, the Refectory, &c. was a polite, well-informed perſon. She ſpoke the French language with great fluency and elegance; and, as you will find in the iſſue, ſhe was better acquainted with the world, than could have been expected from a Recluſe.

After we had purchaſed ſome models in wax, of the different orders of Monks and Nuns, and

and ſome artificial flowers, which, with various other articles, were the work of thoſe daughters of retirement, by which they benefit the Eſtabliſhment, while they amuſe their vacant hours,—the Matron politely invited us to reſt ourſelves in her own apartment. This invitation the fatigues of our morning rambles had made too acceptable to be refuſed.

The diſcourſe naturally turned upon the Inſtitution; and, among other articles, we enquired how many Nuns there might be ſequeſtered from the world within theſe walls?

She anſwered, they were only *twenty-eight* in number.

My imagination immediately took fire!—I contemplated them all as in the bloom of youth and beauty, formed to enjoy and to communicate happineſs, in civil life, and in the conjugal ſtate! I viewed them as agreeable companions, dutiful children, affectionate wives, tender mothers,—had they been permitted to follow the laws and propenſities of nature! Under this impreſſion, an exclamation eſcaped me—

"Good God!" cried I, "*only* twenty-eight of the loveliеſt of the human ſpecies buried alive within this gloomy manſion! Do you ſay *only*, Madam?—It is, in my opinion, too many by the whole number!"

"And

"And why," anſwered the Matron, "will you not conſider them in the true light—*ſheltered from the ſtorms of life?*"

"But, Madam——"

"Permit me, Sir, to interrupt you. I know what you are about to urge.—You think theſe young creatures loſt to ſociety.—You imagine that they are involuntary, and conſequently, wretched priſoners!—A ſuggeſtion ariſes within your mind, that it would be a meritorious act to break down theſe walls of their confinement, and reſcue them from the ſacred vows they have been compelled, or ſeduced to make!"

I bowed my aſſent to her ſtatement of the objection.

"But why will you permit your fancy to give ſuch a partial and fallacious ſtatement of their ſituation? Is it not much more probable that they are ſcreened from the numberleſs evils to which *our* ſex are peculiarly expoſed?—Are there no unrelenting parents in the world?—no falſe and perjured lovers?—no cruel and neglectful huſbands?—no diſobedient, or even unhappy children?—faithleſs friends?—forſaken orphans?"

I granted that there were too many. But I urged that it was a cowardice equal to *ſuicide*, thus to oppoſe the laws of nature, and the duties claimed

by ſociety;—thus to ſeek a ſpecies of a premature death, in order to eſcape the many evils of life;—thus to ſecure an illicit exemption from both the active and paſſive duties, the proper diſcharge of which are the beſt preparations for heaven!

"Within theſe walls, Sir, they are diſciplined to the duties of each claſs. Reſpecting the *paſſive* duties, they are taught ſubordination to their ſuperiors; mutual forbearance with each other;—for little humours and caprices will ſhew themſelves, wherever there is an original diverſity of character; and I will alſo add, that where any may have taken the Veil from improper motives, they have impoſed upon themſelves the taſk of ſubmitting with patience and reſignation to the conſequences of their haſty reſolutions. Perhaps *theſe* have peculiar reaſons for *thankful* reſignation; for they who moſt repent of their choice, were in the greateſt danger from the ſeductions of the world."

"As to *active* duties, they have them alſo. They are all engaged in ſome uſeful or innocent employments, which afford elegant amuſements to your gayer world, while they contribute to ſupport the expences of this houſe of retirement. In point of *utility*, therefore, they are no more loſt to ſociety, than *your* milliners, *your* artificial floriſts,

floriſts, or that numerous claſs of females among you, who ſupport themſelves by contributing to the elegancies of life. To theſe daily occupations, are added thoſe more important ones, of which there are but few traces in your world—*the ſacred duties of religion.*—Here they are taught that there is a God, and a future ſtate; and the prime object of their attention is to prepare for it. If there be any benefit from the prayers of the righteous,—if theſe avail much,—their interceſſions will alſo diffuſe a bleſſing over mankind.

"Thus," added ſhe, "excepting in the ſingle article of *Celibacy*, they are equally uſeful with the moſt induſtrious and meritorious of their ſex, without theſe walls; and, let me add, are infinitely better employed than the majority of thoſe for whom they labour."

A lovely female, in the novitiate ſtate, as appeared by her dreſs, happened at this inſtant to be paſſing by the window on the oppoſite ſide of the area. I ſat in a direction to have a full view of her as ſhe paſſed. She did not appear to be more than *ſixteen* years of age, and had a pleaſing, but, as I thought, a *dejected* countenance. Curioſity induced her to make her tranſit as ſlow as poſſible; but duty impelled her to be

in motion. This ſight animated me to renew the attack, with the ardour of a Knight Errant attempting to reſcue a damſel in diſtreſs:

"Madam, it is ſtill to be deeply regretted, that ſuch excellent characters, thoſe whom you deſcribe as poſſeſſing the choiceſt virtues of their ſex, ſhould be for ever ſecluded from thoſe connections where their virtues are ſo much wanted, and where their various qualities would become ſo eminently uſeful!—What incomparable wives —What exemplary mothers—What——"

"You do not attend ſufficiently," replied the Matron, interrupting me, "to the influence of precept and example; nor conſider how far the excellencies they poſſeſs, may be derived from this ſecluded ſtate, and their being diſciplined to virtue and religion. The grace of God operates by means. Thoſe who are expoſed to temptation, will feel themſelves tempted, and their hearts may betray them into wretchedneſs. If theſe young creatures are more innocent, and, let me add, more *happy* than the ſame number of worldlings of their age, of which I cannot entertain a doubt, it is certainly in conſequence of the vows they have made.

"Thus, Sir," continued ſhe, "for *themſelves*, they appear, every circumſtance being conſidered, to have made the wiſeſt choice; and they

they are equally beneficial to the public with thouſands of their ſex, who lead a ſecular life. The only ſubject therefore which remains to be canvaſſed is, that of their *Celibacy*. And this is ſoon diſcuſſed.

" The ſtricteſt order of Nuns, make that a *voluntary* deed, from the *moſt laudable motives*, to which numbers are obliged to ſubmit, *without the moſt diſtant claim to merit*. What multitudes muſt remain in a ſtate of *celibacy*, or make a moſt improper choice! What multitudes have reaſon to wiſh that they had remained in that ſtate, who have been connected by *honorable* ties! Not to mention that part of the female world, that have fallen a prey to the deluſions of their own hearts, or the treacherous unſuſpected ſeductions of men. We acknowledge that Marriage is an honourable inſtitution; we muſt know that the very exiſtence and welfare of the human ſpecies, depend upon the inſtitution; but no individual is from hence compelled to ſubmit to it: nor is this general *philanthropy* the paſſion which prompts to the marriage union! In ſhort, ſir, Religion and Nature have left us the right to chuſe, whether we will check our deſires, and remain in a ſmaller but ſecurer circle of uninterrupted contentment, or hazard the loſs of what we might have enjoyed, by im-

petuouſly ſeeking greater good. You worldlings, claim this power of chooſing, and prefer, with a conſcience perfectly at eaſe, *celibacy* to *indiſcreet* marriages; and why ſhould we be deprived? Had it been a law of nature univerſally obligatory, that every individual of each ſex, ſhould be united to its mate, then have the females under my care been guilty of ſin, by renouncing the world. If our religion conſidered it a duty incumbent upon *all*, then might you with juſtice accuſe the life of a Nun, as a violation of the laws of heaven. But as this is not the caſe, why will you deprive *us excluſively*, of the right to make a choice, of which very few repent, and of which none have any reaſon to repent:—this is more than can be alleged in vindication of numberleſs matrimonial connections!

"I obſerve," continued ſhe, "in my frequent converſation with occaſional viſitors, that *your* ſex, ſir, is always more affected with theſe vows of chaſtity, than our own; and I am from hence lead to ſuſpect, that you are more under the influence of *ſelf-intereſt*, than of *compaſſion*.—Does the anxiety you diſcover proceed from the conſciouſneſs that you are all ſuch men of honour, ſuch amiable companions, ſo invariably diſpoſed and qualified to become huſbands worthy

thy of poſſeſſing? And do you infer from hence, that our ſex neceſſarily ſuffers an infinite loſs, by being for ever ſecluded from yours? You will not have the injuſtice or the vanity to maintain the propoſition. How then can you be aſſured that their plunging into life, would not make them the *real objects* of that compaſſion which is now thrown away upon them? If the motives of that pity your ſex ſo repeatedly expreſs, were genuine, you would not ſo heedleſsly, not to ſay *baſely*, diffuſe wretchedneſs over myriads of the females that are ſtill in your power.---I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are not unacquainted with London, as I perceive by your appearance and accent, that you are an Engliſhman?"

I anſwered, that *London* had formerly been the place of my reſidence.

"Can you form any eſtimate of the number of thoſe unhappy girls that ſupport a miſerable exiſtence, by being kept miſtreſſes or by public proſtitution?"

"I cannot, but they are certainly very numerous."

"I have been aſſured (ſays the Abbeſs) that they amount to not leſs than FORTY THOUSAND; of whom many thouſands are merely *children!*"

I hope, Madam, that this is an exaggerated repreſentation.

"The eſtimate is formed by thoſe who ſeem well qualified to judge, and who have taken great pains to be as accurate as the ſubject will admit. I am further informed, that the inhabitants of that great metropolis are eſtimated from *ſeven to nine hundred thouſand*; let us take the medium, *eight hundred thouſand. Of this number, we will ſuppoſe the half to be females, and of the *four*, *one* hundred thouſand are at the age which attracts the attention of your ſex. It will appear too plain from this view, that only *ſixty thouſand* out of the hundred, are in the way of honourable marriage: and were we to ſuppoſe that one-third of theſe are prevented from marriage by prudential motives, or from other cauſes, the ſhameful reſult would be, that the *quantum of vicious and of virtuous connections is nearly equal!*"

* The rapid increaſe of the buildings, in every direction, around the metropolis, ſince the above eſtimate was made, renders it probable, that the number of inhabitants is increaſed in ſome proportion; and as large cities are ſo unfavourable to morals, there is too much reaſon to apprehend, that the number of the diſſolute will alſo be proportionably augmented.

"I would

" I would adviſe your ſex, and thoſe of you, whoſe *reformed* tenets make you ſhudder alike at the doctrines and the œconomy of our holy Church, to throw your compaſſion into this channel, and not upon thoſe inſtitutions, which are eſtabliſhed to diminiſh wretchedneſs; which have covered the face of beauty from ſhame, and from the contempt of its ſeducers!"

I muſt freely confeſs, that the remarks of this ſhrewd ſpeculatrix reduced me to act merely upon the defenſive; and I attempted to palliate what I could not totally deny.

I hope to God, madam, that the whole of your ſtatement is exaggerated. I am not prepared to contradict you from poſitive argument relative to the abſolute number of the diſhonoured, but I am happy to obſerve one material error in your calculation. We may ſuppoſe, that comparatively few of theſe unhappy females are the *natives of London*. The metropolis is the general reſort of the gay and the wanton from every part of the kingdom. It is here that vicious connections are beſt concealed, and that the ſeduced hide their faces from diſtreſſed parents, or ſeek a ſubſiſtence by promiſcuous commerce, after they have been abandoned by their ſeducers.

" Are

"Are ALL virtuous in every other part of the kingdom?" enquired the Abbeſs, with a ſly emphatic accent.

I will not, Madam, take it upon me to make that aſſertion; but the relative proportion of the deluded is greatly diminiſhed by this conſideration.

"Your objections, Sir, are admitted as valid. Let me then ſubmit to your correction another eſtimate; for I am rather fond of ſpeculating upon ſubjects in which the public welfare is ſo intimately concerned. We have in the German language, numberleſs accounts of the Engliſh nation. I have read ſeveral with pleaſure. Your political conſtitution,---your extenſive charities,---the freedom of your ſentiments, and of your manners;—the detached marks of great wiſdom, and I had almoſt ſaid *caricature* examples of excellence, amidſt an unbounded wildneſs, make every thing that relates to the nation intereſting to a diſtant obſerver. From theſe authors I learn, that the number of inhabitants of England, excluſively, is computed at about *eight millions*. Of this number we will ſuppoſe, that one-half are of my ſex: we will alſo ſuppoſe, that one-fourth, that is *one million*, are nubile. Let us alſo grant that the *forty thouſand* who have fallen a

prey

prey to illicit amours, reſident in the metropolis, conſtitutes only *one-third* of the diſgraced throughout the kingdom. Then is there not leſs than *one hundred and twenty thouſand*, that is, nearly *one* in *nine*, whoſe perſonal attractions have occaſioned their ruin, in a country that boaſts ſo loudly of its virtues and particularly of its *humanity*!

"Pray, Sir, what becomes of theſe MISERABLES when the fleeting moments of youth and beauty are no more? Has not the public generoſity, I may term it, public *juſtice*, created *Aſylums* for them, that the remainder of their years may be ſpent in waſhing away the ſtains of their earlier days? I hope it has; and yet how deſpicable is this remedy, compared with our means of prevention?"

I remained ſilent, being unwilling to contradict a ſuppoſition ſo favourable, though ſo inadequate to the evil. Had I mentioned the *Magdalen*, I ſhould have betrayed the barreneſs of the land, while I wiſhed to diſplay its riches. Indeed I was going to make a ſecond objection to the accuracy of her ſtatement; but as I ſcorned to take advantage of her ignorance, I could not in conſcience. When we compare the ſuppoſed ſimplicity of country manners with the acknowledged depravity of London, ſo large

a number as 120,000, ſeems at firſt view too great a proportion. This I might have urged. Yet when we advert to the debaucheries prevalent in all your ſea-ports, and manufacturing towns, throughout England; when we attend to the lamentations of every pariſh in the kingdom, over the number of illegitimate children that are left to its care; the apparent diſproportion will vaniſh. I obſerved, alſo with ſecret pleaſure, that my ſevere antagoniſt had fortunately omitted to bring into her calculation, thoſe ladies of *rank* and *character*, who have ſimply loſt the approbation of their own minds, and are not the leſs eſteemed in faſhionable circles, on account of their gallantries. Perhaps ſhe was ignorant of this claſs: perhaps ſhe was unwilling to augment the liſt of infamy: perhaps ſhe thought it impoſſible to eſtimate their numbers; which, I fear, are ſufficiently great, to render her calculations very probable.

The good lady moſt politely attributed my ſilence to a want of time to extend the converſation, particularly as I was taking out my watch, while ſhe was ſpeaking, when, in fact, it proceeded from the want of a pertinent anſwer; and ſhe ſubjoined,

"My arguments have, I perceive, detained you too long, and I will conclude them with one obſervation: "Every

"Every religion, every form of government, every cuſtom, hath its imperfections and inconveniencies. By being from our infancy, and by our education, familiarized to our own, we not only patiently ſubmit, but we forget that they exiſt; and we magnify beyond all proportion the evils of others, which ſtrike us by their *novelty*; though the difference in itſelf may be as great as that of a mole-hill compared with the mountains before us!"

This converſation, I muſt confeſs, has mortified me much; nor could I diſmiſs the ſubject, or efface the impreſſion it had made. I might have ſaid, matters are ſtill worſe in *France* and *Italy*, where there are Nunneries in great abundance; but that would not have blunted the ſharp edge of her argument, *that pity is ill beſtowed upon thoſe confined within the walls of a Convent, while ſo little attention is paid to the happineſs of thoſe who are without*; and the more profligacy there is in a country, the ſtronger appears the neceſſity for theſe inſtitutions of ſafety.

Can no remedy, my dear friend, be applied to this ſhameful evil? Shall the faireſt amongſt the fair, and the moſt attractive of their ſex, be the moſt expoſed to miſery? Is there no way

to defend theſe beauteous flowers from being gathered by unhallowed hands; by which all the delightful proſpects of receiving and communicating rational, permanent happineſs, are deſtroyed in the earlieſt ſtage of life? Shall the treaſures of *Innocence* be invaded, with leſs compunction and with leſs detriment to the invader, than any other treaſure? Shall ſeduction be connived at? Shall it become *honorable* by being termed *gallantry*, when it diffuſes *wretchedneſs* among thoſe who leaſt deſerve it,—the too credulous female, and her innocent offſpring? Shall the one hide her head in ignominy? Shall harſh laws deprive the other of a legal claim to inheritance? Shall they both be pointed at "by the ſlow-moving finger of Scorn," and be ſecluded from every deſirable connection in ſocial life, while the original cauſe is ſcarcely ſubject to reproach?

The ſyſtem of Cloyſters and Monaſteries is in itſelf an abſurdity. It is an inſtitution that propoſes to pleaſe the Supreme Being by counteracting his fundamental laws. But how imperfect is that ſtate of civil ſociety which furniſhes arguments of expediency, in favour of ſuch inſtitutions, and which renders them a retreat from greater evils!

It is in vain for an individual to exclaim againſt the vice of ſeduction. Every mortal that attends to his reaſon and not to his paſſions, knows that it is a vice, and that it is productive of more extenſive miſery than any other. But ſurely it is the object of a wiſe Government, and of prudent Parents, to regulate and direct thoſe paſſions which nothing can eradicate, in ſuch a manner, that the inſtinct given by Nature to produce the greateſt poſſible good, may not be perverted to the greateſt evil. The end and object of both ſhould, doubtleſs, be, to facilitate by every poſſible means, *honourable* gratification, by early marriage; to inflict marks of ignominy upon every violator of female virtue, upon every wanton deviation from the paths of honour; and to make ſuch ſalutary proviſion for the ſupport and reformation of the ſeduced, that they may not, in their turn, become alſo the ſeducers of others.

By what means theſe ends can be obtained, it is not for me to determine. The taſk is difficult, but far from being impoſſible. May we not hope, from the progreſs of human wiſdom, human experience, and genuine philanthropy, that poſterity will find the happy expedient, if it be hid from us? May we not apprehend that

that they will wonder at our ignorance, or juſtly cenſure our indolence, in not having attained it?

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written, I have met with an Anecdote of *Leopold*, the late Emperor, which gives me great ſatisfaction, as it manifeſts that the diſpoſition of a wiſe and good man will diſcover ways and means to effectuate a reform, which weakneſs, or indolence, may conclude to be impracticable. We are told, that when *Leopold* was *Grand Duke of Tuſcany*, he made an attention to the *morals* of his ſubjects, one of his principal objects. He ſo far ſucceeded in his attempts to ſuppreſs debauchery at *Leghorn*, where the trade of an harlot was as much permitted, and in as high repute as almoſt any other, that the houſes of *low gallantry* are reduced to a very ſmall number; and it was hoped that proſtitution would be as effectually rooted out from that city, as it is already from every part of *Tuſcany*. By a law as uncommon as it is equitable, an offence againſt chaſtity is conſidered equally culpable in the *male* as in the

female ſex. The ſeducer, however elevated his rank, is obliged to marry the object he has humiliated. Marriage is duly encouraged; and no perſons, of either ſex, are permitted to ſhut themſelves up in Convents. Health and Beauty are now ſaid to accompany Innocence, within the walls of the city from whence they had been long baniſhed; and the Aſſaſſin has learned other principles of morality, than the one of being faithful to his employer.

LETTER XI.

Cleves.

THE ſecond time I viſited *Cleves* was in the year 1788, when I had the *honour to aſſiſt*, as the French politely expreſs being in a mob, at the publick breakfaſt given to his preſent Majeſty of *Pruſſia*, and the Prince and Princeſs of of *Orange*.

You may recollect, that after the introduction of troops into the *Belgic* Provinces, which reſtored peace and order to the diſtracted country of Holland,—as the *Stadtholderians* exclaim with gratitude; and which has riveted the chains of ſlavery ſtronger than ever,—as the *Patriots* exclaim with indignation; an interview was propoſed between the King of Pruſſia and his royal ſiſter, with her conſort. His Majeſty, with the Hereditary Prince, his ſon, reſolved to pay the *Orange* family a viſit at *Loo*, one of the hunting ſeats belonging to the Prince. The viſit was oſtenſibly to congratulate this fortunate pair upon the ſucceſs of the ſcheme, ſo artfully planned

planned, and conducted with ſo much ſpirit; but *really* to ſet the laſt ſeal to the ſecret negociations between the Courts of *Pruſſia*, *England*, and *Holland*, which may be ſaid to form the baſis of our preſent politicks. To give you the particulars of this plan, would lead me too far. I will only point out to you the pivot upon which every thing has turned.

The Court of *Pruſſia* had long contemplated with indignation and ſolicitude, the ſtrong party that was formed to diminiſh the very extenſive power of the Stadtholder. The late *Frederick* ſent them frequent Miſſives of warnings and threats. But the adverſary knew he was too wiſe to execute them. Their High Mightineſſes received and rejected theſe with polite gravity, and the publick turned them into ridicule. But when the Prince was virtually baniſhed to *Nimeguen*, by the violent meaſures of his opponents, and was even in danger of being entirely ſtript of the Stadtholderian dignity, the interference of their brother of *Pruſſia* became abſolutely neceſſary for his ſecurity. Immediately to invade a State with which his Majeſty was in the moſt perfect political amity, would have been too groſs a violation of their rights; ſome popular pretext was therefore very deſirable. It was accordingly reſolved, that the Princeſs, againſt

whom perſonally there was no article of crimination, ſhould make an effort to return to the *Hague*. It was ſhrewdly argued, that if ſhe was permitted to arrive there unmoleſted, her preſence would animate the adherents of the Prince to a revolt. This would certainly have been the caſe. The military that were quartered at, and in the neighbourhood of the *Hague*, together with a numerous ſociety of citizens, to the amount of ſeveral thouſands, were reſolved to put on the *Orange* cockade, and openly to demand the reſtoration of the Prince, and of the old Conſtitution. Theſe were in correſpondence with ſimilar ſocieties formed at *Rotterdam*, *Delft*, the *Briel*, &c. and with the Peaſants within the circle of many miles. The States were to be removed, and the diſcarded Members reſtored. The plan, if reſiſted, would have occaſioned the moſt dreadful maſſacres that could poſſibly be committed by parties enraged againſt each other to a degree of phrenſy. If the *Stadtholderians* had ſucceeded by theſe means, their triumph would have been more complete than at preſent, as they would have manifeſted their ſuperiority of power, without foreign aſſiſtance; but the land would have been deluged with blood, and numbers of the more wealthy Citizens would have abandoned and ruined their country.

The Patriots, although they were not acqainted with the whole extent of their danger, were too well convinced of the influence of her preſence, to run the riſk of allowing the Princeſs to continue her journey. She was arreſted near *Schoenhoven* by a company of Burghers, detached by the Committee of Defence; the heads of which Committee were the moſt active and inveterate enemies of the Houſe of *Orange*, and the prime Agents of the oppoſition. This arreſt furniſhed the pretext for interference that was ſo ardently deſired. The King of *Pruſſia* conſtrued this treatment of his ſiſter into a *perſonal* offence, that demanded ample ſatisfaction. A formal complaint was made to the States; the ſatisfaction demanded was the removal of a ſpecified number of the offenders from their political ſtations, and the baniſhment of the moſt obnoxious. The demand was enforced with ſerious threats, which were not to be trifled with. But *quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*:— Theſe threats were diſregarded, and even ridiculed. About *eleven thouſand Pruſſians* marched into the province of *Utrecht*, before the Patriots would give any credit to their exiſtence in the Duchy of *Cleves*. But, when convinced of their approach, all was confuſion and diſmay. The number was magnified to *thirty* thouſand.

Thoſe who were the neareſt to the danger, that is, the forces of every deſcription that were collected together to defend the city of *Utrecht*, which they had fortified at an immenſe expence, truſted to their heels, rather than to walls and bulwarks. Their Chiefs forſook them, and the gates were unexpectedly found open by a detachment of the *Prince's* forces, which, according to the plan of operations, it was agreed ſhould lead the Van. While the towns the moſt diſtant from the impending ſtorm did their utmoſt to ſpur up their own courage, and ſtrike terror into the Stadtholderian Citizens, by forming a ſet of reſolutions which diſgrace humanity, thoſe which were *proximate*, began to entertain the moſt pacific diſpoſitions. *Woerden*, the barrier town of the province of *Holland*, was the next in danger. This was the reſidence of the Committee of Defence, from whence every military order was iſſued. But the Committee now interpreted their office of *defence* into that of *ſelf-preſervation*, and immediately diſperſed. The Citizens permitted prudence to take place of raſhneſs, and humbly begged of the Governor that he would make no reſiſtance, as they were willing to ſubmit to the clemency of the Prince. The ſtorm began next to threaten *Leyden*; but the Magiſtrates wiſely conducted it from themſelves

ſelves toward the city of *Haerlem*. The ſame individual perſons who had, about fourteen days before, promiſed rewards to any Citizen that would aſſiſt the ſiſter-province of *Utrecht* againſt the arbitrary deſigns of that *tyrant William*,—for theſe were the words of the hand-bills, I had at that period in my poſſeſſion,—the ſame individuals put on the *Orange* cockade, hoiſted the *Orange* flag upon the ſteeple of the Town-houſe, ſent Deputies to the *Hague*, with full power to reinſtate the Stadtholder in all his ancient rights and privileges! In ſhort, no place made a ſhew of reſiſtance, excepting *Amſterdam* and *Gorcum*. A ſingle bomb reduced the latter, and the former ſubmitted as ſoon as the enemy had approached ſufficiently near to be able to bombard the city.

This conduct, my good friend, however daſtardly it may appear, is rather to be aſcribed to the defects of Conſtitution, than to want of perſonal courage; a defect of which, *you know by experience*, does not conſtitute their national character. Not only is each province independent of the other, but each city in every province. And, however they may combine together, to form an *attack*, or hunt down a Stadtholder, the danger from an external enemy muſt be very great, and ſeem to have an uni-

verſal influence, before a ſimilar combination can be ſuppoſed to act with energy and perſeverance in caſes of *defence*. Thoſe moſt proximate to the evil, will purſue the meaſures moſt adapted to their ſafety, which their conſtitutional independency gives them a right to put into execution.

Did you know how much I hate political ſubjects, you would be very thankful for theſe two ſketches of the late civil commotions in *Holland*. If any thing could give me an unfavourable opinion of mankind, it is the hiſtory of civil wars, which ſuppreſs every worthy principle, and foſter every vile one, and in which the beſt cauſe is ſtained by the infamy of the means it is ſuppoſed to conſecrate.

But to return to more pleaſing ſcenes, which repreſent human nature in a better mood. *June* the 20th was the day appointed for the joyful interview of theſe triumphant families. I happened at this period to be upon a viſit in the neighbourhood of my quondam reſidence, when a party was formed by ſeveral of my friends, to take a peep at Majeſty,—which you know is a ſcarce commodity in a Republick,—at *Cleves*, rather than at *Loo*, where the concourſe of people was expected to be immenſe. And, as

we

we might poſſibly be diſappointed reſpecting lodgings at *Cleves*, the Droſſard of *Amerongen* promiſed us a welcome reception from his brother, who reſided at *Schenken Schans*, or from ſome of his hoſpitable neighbours, ſhould his rooms be pre-occupied; and this promiſe was moſt courteouſly obſerved.

The interview took place in the gardens of the Baroneſs *Van Spaan*, where an elegant pavilion, adorned with natural and artificial flowers, was erected upon the occaſion; and in which a publick breakfaſt was given to the two Courts and their attendants.

The ſituation of the gardens was ſuch, that the gazing multitudes could feaſt their eyes, and indulge their curioſity, by contemplating each perſonage at their leiſure, during the whole of the repaſt. The day ſmiled upon us all; joy and ſatisfaction ſat upon every countenance.

We naturally wiſh to ſee what kind of a face belongs to a crowned head, whenever an opportunity preſents itſelf; and for this purpoſe, I took an advantageous ſtand at the entrance of the garden. His Majeſty deſcended from his carriage, and embraced his royal ſiſter, a few paces from the ſpot I had occupied. But to this ſcene of fraternal affection I could not be witneſs; the throng was much too great. I thought it

it moſt prudent therefore to ſecure a lodgement at the place juſt mentioned, before the crowd ſhould become urgent; and when I perceived their approach, I fortified myſelf, by ſetting my back againſt one large tree, and my feet againſt the ſtump of another. Notwithſtanding the impetuoſity of the ſpectators, I maintained my poſt to the laſt, with a reſolute firmneſs, ſcarcely exceeded by that which ſecured to the late *Frederick* his beloved *Sileſia*.

At length the moment arrives;—the cannons are fired from the ramparts,—the trumpets ſound,—drums beat,—muſick ſtrikes up,—and his Majeſty, with the Hereditary Prince on his left hand, paſs before me, conducting the Princeſs of *Orange*, her amiable daughter, and the Stadtholder, on his *right*.

His perſon was of an advantageous ſize for the ſpectators. He is tall and portly. The inſtant was very favourable to his phyſiognomy. The ſmiles upon his countenance manifeſtly proceeded from inward ſatisfaction and joy, and were not thoſe counterfeit ſimpers with which great perſonages uſually repay the huzzas of the populace. I freely acknowledge that *Les Lettres Secretes de la Cour du Berlin* gave me no flattering ideas of his preſent Majeſty; for, though I felt the utmoſt indignation in the peruſal of a

Galamatiæ,

Galamatiæ, which was manifeſtly intended to levy a contribution on the publick credulity, through the medium of an impoſing ſtile, yet I imagined there might be ſome foundation for a very charged caricatura *. The phyſiognomy of the King, did not, at this inſtant, correſpond with the repreſentations of that Satyriſt.

Deſcriptions of the ſcenes of royal exhibition are nearly the ſame in every part of Europe. Courtiers as elegantly dreſſed as their imagination, or that of their dependents can invent, or their purſes or credit afford;—Civil Magiſtrates in their beſt attire, and official robes, making compliments and ſpeeches which are graciouſly received; and giving invitations, which are anſwered in the affirmative or negative with equal affability and condeſcenſion;—Officers in their choiceſt uniforms;—Soldiers powdered, pomatumed and okered with threefold care;—Burghers ſummoned to be under arms, ſtarting forth from their obſcurity, and buſtling about in the importance of the day;—coats of various ſizes,

* The above obſervation is perhaps expreſſed in too poſitive terms. The author has ſince been informed that theſe letters were publiſhed by the Duke *de Vergennes*, from reſentment that *Mirabeau* had embraced the popular cauſe.

colours,

colours, and fashions, drawn from old family chests, brushed and scoured for this occasion, are now exhibited anew; guns in a regular series of progressive improvement, from the first match-lock that was invented, to those of modern date, are brightened up;—and the sabre loses as large a portion of its ancient rust, as sand can scower off.—In a word, to parody one of poor *Edwin's* songs, *tall* men, *small* men, *thick* men, *thin* men, *old* men, *young* men, *strait-legged*, *knock-knee'd*, *whiskered*, *smooth-faced*—all, all are under arms, Sir. The day concludes with balls and concerts among the great; triumphal arches and illuminations among the middling; and huzzas among the small, who toss down frequent bumpers to loyal toasts, till they make *themselves* as happy as kings.

There was a rumour, that the whole Court intended to visit the *Deer-gard*, or Park, towards the evening. Multitudes of every description were consequently collected together in that quarter. They suffered, however, a partial disappointment, as the Hereditary Prince of *Prussia*, and his retinue, alone made their appearance.

I have already given you some ideas of the ground belonging to *Robert's Hotel*. Imagine to yourself a large number of the most fashionable persons of both sexes, collected from the city of *Cleves*,

Cleves, and the adjacent towns, admitted into the garden, and aſſembled on each ſide the declivity of the hill, from the top to the bottom; while the common people were placed at a diſtance, forming, as it were, a back-ground, in ſuch an arrangement, that the thouſands were no impediments to each other.

The Prince and his Nobility, proceeding along the path which leads to the Amphitheatre before deſcribed, ſtopt at the central door of the Octagon, to ſurvey the extenſive region and romantic ſcenes which preſented themſelves to his view. All the *caſcades* and *jets d'eau*, ſpouted their pureſt ſtreams; Muſick played its beſt marches, and the populace made the hills reverberate, *Vive le Roi, Vive le Prince de la Pruſſe.*

He is a tall, well-proportioned, and graceful youth. He ſtood with elegant eaſe, lolling for ſeveral minutes againſt the Poſtern of the Pavilion. His attendants were placed on each ſide with a ſort of careleſs art; the crowds hung about the adjacent hills, in groups of various ſizes; and your humble ſervant, with his companions, was ſeated at his eaſe, under the ſhade of lime-trees before the door of the oppoſite *Hotel* in the Vale, quaffing Rheniſh wine to the toaſts of the day, enjoying at once a full

view

view of the Royal perſon, the company collected together, the playing fountains, &c. &c. The ſcene was truly pictureſque, worthy a well-concerted plan of theatrical exhibition. But, after giving you this peep, I ſhall drop the curtain, by ſubſcribing myſelf, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

ON my third and laſt viſit, we found the two Hotels in the *Deer-gard*, or Park, ſo full of company, that we could not obtain admiſſion; for the rural ſcenes about this city attract many ſtrangers, though the mineral waters are not ſufficiently ſtrong to detain them. *Cleves* is another of thoſe publick places to which the rich make their annual excurſions from the *Dutch* provinces, to ventilate themſelves from their counting-houſes, and give their wives and families a juſt idea of that ſtriking curioſity, a *mountain*.

We bore this diſappointment with the greateſt patience, as I had often heard another Hotel mentioned with approbation. This is diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Linde* and *Boom*, and is adjacent to the gates of the city. We arrived too late to ſup at the publick table; but our Hoſteſs ſoon prepared a very plentiful repaſt. All the company had retired, excepting an aged

aged officer, who ſaluted us with much politeneſs, and immediately engaged us in general converſation. After converſing ſome minutes, our Officer began to recognize my fellow traveller, and to diſcover that he was even his *townſman*. The ſatisfaction he expreſſed at the diſcovery was very great; and I perceived, to my ſurpriſe, that it was much greater on *his* ſide, than on that of *my friend*, notwithſtanding the general tenor of his warm and friendly feelings. This diſcovery brought forward many enquiries about former acquaintances and connections; which were anſwered, as moſt queries are, when made after abſence of more than *twenty* years, by a large liſt of deaths, many marriages, too many diſaſters, and no inconſiderable number of imprudencies. The Officer repaid the anſwer to theſe queries by relating ſeveral anecdotes; a choice collection of which renders the company of military men ſo entertaining. But I perceived that they were chiefly taken out of the *ſcandalous Chronicle*.

My companion having, in the courſe of our converſation, let ſome ſallies eſcape him, againſt *Prieſts*, and *Prieſtcraft*, to which he is an open and declared enemy, the Officer took occaſion to carry the jeſt much farther than the ſubject would warrant, or had been intended. Two

oppoſite

oppoſite claſſes of men, Eccleſiaſticks and Scepticks, are very prone to conſider every ſportive ſally againſt the *Clergy*, as a dart aimed at *Religion* itſelf, without paying the leaſt attention to a diſtinction, which is ſometimes neceſſary, between the *cauſe* and its *ſupporters*. This was the caſe with our new aſſociate. Encouraged by my friend's ſarcaſm, he took from his pocket a ſmall *Vade-mecum* of mental poiſon, which he put into our hands, with a certain ſignificant leer. It was the *Hiſtory of Miracles*, in which we ſaw, with indignation, thoſe of *Jeſus* placed at the end of a whole tribe of impoſitions. The manner in which we returned the book, rather gave a check to the Officer's ſpirits: however, he ſoon returned to his budget of anecdotes, and ſhortly after, took his leave, promiſing himſelf the pleaſure of meeting us on the morrow, at the publick table.

Upon his departure, Mr. E—— gave me the following particulars of his hiſtory:—"At the period," ſays he, "in which I was entering into the buſy ſcenes of life, this Gentleman was in the midſt of his career. I had no perſonal intimacy with him, but knew him well by reputation. He was, at that time, very diſſipated, and conſumed an ample patrimony in every ſpecies

of exceſs. The ſale of his elegant country ſeat, in the neighbourhood of *Rotterdam*, was his laſt reſource; and when this was exhauſted, he was obliged to abſcond. It is now about *twenty-five* years ago; and not being in any connection whereby to trace his footſteps, I concluded that he was fallen a ſacrifice to his vicious courſes; ſo that at the firſt moment of recognition, he appeared as one riſen from the dead. We muſt enquire of our Hoſteſs," added he, "whether ſhe can fill up any part of this large chaſm in his hiſtory."

The Landlady informed us, that, although he had been elevated to the rank of *Colonel* in the *Dutch* ſervice, he was compelled to ſell his commiſſion, in order to liquidate his debts; and that he was now ſupported entirely by the beneficence of his relations, who obliged him to retire to the duchy of *Cleves*, from motives of œconomy; and that he boards with a Farmer, at a ſmall diſtance from the city. But, as that ſpecies of retirement is not much to his taſte, he viſits the city as often as his finances will permit him to enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety.

We could not help pitying the man whoſe conduct had wantonly thrown away the means, once in his power, of rendering his declining age reſpectable;—for, as he informed us, he was upwards

upwards of *ſeventy years* old,—whoſe principles appeared to be as unſettled, diſpoſitions as juvenile, and converſation, when moſt innocent, as frivolous as if he were a youth of *twenty*;—who was ſtript of that dignity and importance, to which his birth, fortune, and profeſſional character had given him ſo juſt a claim;—and, inſtead of commanding others, was reduced to a ſtate of abject dependence. In ſhort, his life had been the meteor of a moment,—a ſky-rocket, that mounts with ſplendour, is gazed at with admiration, but whoſe wretched remains ſink into total obſcurity, when they ceaſe to dazzle the eye!

The next day he re-appeared at the hour of dinner, according to his promiſe, and entered, with great ſpirit, into much deſultory and frivolous converſation, with every one about him;—by which he clearly manifeſted that the whole tenor of his reading had been confined to thoſe authors that had unſettled the principles in which he was educated, without ſubſtituting better in their place, and had furniſhed him with trite objections, and ſtrokes of ridicule, againſt all the tenets cheriſhed by ſober minds, and which would have been his own beſt ſecurity againſt his preſent low eſtate. His diſcourſe, however, too plainly demonſtrated, that, with his utmoſt

ſtruggles, he could not gain a complete victory over, what he termed, *vulgar prejudices*; and that his attempt to ſhake off the gloomy apprehenſions which hung around his declining days, were by no means ſo ſucceſsful as he wiſhed. He recalled to my mind a remark I have met with ſome where, I think it is in *Voltaire*, that "the *wicked* and the *pious* talk the moſt about futurity; the one, becauſe they *fear*, and the other, becauſe they *deſire* it." The man who thinks at all, will either dread, or long for immortality: The ſubject is the moſt important, and muſt ſtrike every one, excepting the ignorant, or the thoughtleſs! Nay, ſyſtems of Infidelity themſelves, have a tendency to awaken doubts in the breaſts of thoſe who are the moſt diſpoſed to believe them; for, while the mind is eagerly engaged in treaſuring up arguments in their favour, a ſecret whiſper—*theſe things may ſtill be true*—counteracts the ſoporific power of the lulling doſe, and raiſes ſtrong conflicts within. Lord *Cheſterfield* has been known, after his lively manner, to uſe expreſſions to the following import—*It is worth while to die, to ſatisfy doubts*;—which is ſimilar to the exclamation of the *French* wit—*Je m'en vais chercher le grand peut-être.*

But,

But, to reſume my narrative. After making a kind of coaſting voyage, and touching at various religious opinions, with comments not to their advantage, at length he fixed upon the doctrine of *Predeſtination*; in which he profeſſed himſelf as ſtrong a believer as the moſt *orthodox Chriſtian*; but, at the ſame time, he drew an argument from it, criminating the Divine Juſtice, and exculpating the vices of mankind; exclaiming, with great warmth, againſt the *injuſtice of being puniſhed for deeds we are predeſtinated to commit.*

This introduced a warm debate. Some *denied* the doctrine; but their *Chriſtianity* was immediately called in queſtion; others admitted its truth, but denied the conſequences he wiſhed to draw from it.

His moſt able opponent upon this principle, was a *German* Gentleman, who ſpoke to the queſtion with more preciſion and accuracy of expreſſion, than is generally to be met with in ſuch a promiſcuous ſociety. I learned afterwards, that, although he was now engaged in a ſecular employment, he had been educated for the Church. His grand argument was founded upon the ſovereignty of God, and upon a miſapplication of the aſſertion of the Apoſtle, that we are as clay in the hands of a Potter, who has

a right to make one veſſel to *honour*, and another to *diſhonour*. But this was the idea our Colonel was combating as *unjuſt*. The ſubject was now debated in three parts of the table at once; a general vociferation took place,—it being cuſtomary, in publick diſputations, to raiſe your voice in proportion as you are pinched in the argument. A ſmart running fight was kept up for ſome conſiderable time. Fate, Predeſtination, Election, Reprobation, Free Will, Neceſſity, were introduced into the conteſt, and alternately attacked and defended, with much ſpirit, on every ſide. Upon a ſudden pauſe—of which, by your leave, I ſhall take advantage, and reſerve the ſequel for my next letter.

LETTER XIII.

Cleves.

UPON a ſudden pauſe, as if it were by common conſent, that the combatants might take breath, my friend, knowing that I had formerly dabbled a little in metaphyſicks, though I ſoon found that they were "far beyond my depth," aſked me, in a tone of voice, that was diſtinctly heard by the whole company, what were my ſentiments upon the ſubject of the debate?

Now, I hate debates; and, if a truth be not very valuable, I had rather give it up at once, than be at the trouble of defending it. I hate *publick* diſputes ſtill more, and particularly at *table*, where I can employ my time ſo much better: yet, as I was thus unexpectedly called forth to the conteſt, and expectations were ſomewhat raiſed, if I had remained ſilent, or waved making ſome obſervations, I ſhould either have been deemed a coward, or been ſuſpected of having too great an appetite for my dinner.

Had I been the acuteſt amongſt Metaphyſicians, the cauſe was unfortunately become ſo entangled, that much more time and patience were neceſſary, than I could, at that inſtant, afford to diſentangle them. In this dilemma, I was reſolved to have recourſe to a little artifice; and, in imitation of the Colonel's favourite authors, I ſtrove to *confound*, where I had no expectations of *convincing*. I hoped, in this manner, to ſilence the noiſe of their batteries, that I might eat a piece of warm chicken, I had juſt taken upon my plate, in peace and tranquillity.

After recurring to thoſe expreſſions of our Sceptick, which had introduced the ſubject, and making, what appeared to me, the neceſſary diſtinctions between Fate, Predeſtination, and Neceſſity,—I rejected the former, as being a Pagan idea, which attributed to an unknown principle, an inviolable controul over the Gods themſelves. *Predeſtination*, I thought to imply and comprehend the whole plan of Providence; and *Neceſſity*, the influence this plan may be ſuppoſed to have upon every occurrence in general, and the ſtate and actions of rational creatures in particular.

The above ſtatement pleaſed; and, as it attacked no particular ſentiment, was univerſally agreed to. Having gained this ground, I determined

termined to mount a brace of paradoxes upon it. The firſt was, that " if a man be *conſiſtent* in his belief of *Predeſtination*, it will be nearly the ſame as if *he did not believe it at all*;"—the ſecond, that " in proportion as the advocates for moral *Neceſſity* and moral *Liberty*, *underſtand* one another, their ſentiments will appear to *approximate*; ſo that, in proceſs of time, they may demonſtrate themſelves to be perfectly the ſame.

It was eaſy to perceive, that, by theſe bold aſſertions, my credit was ſinking very faſt; and therefore I haſtened to ſupport both *them*, and *it*.

" I have obſerved," ſaid I, " that the advocates for *Predeſtination*, generally take their arguments from the *miſeries* and *follies* of life. In matrimonial connections, if they be *indiſcreet* ones, they are ſure to be made in *heaven*; while thoſe which are ſuitable and advantageous, are attributed to *our own* prudence and diſcrimination. Thus in *morals*, I have never met with a perſon who thought himſelf irreſiſtably impelled to do this or the other act of *integrity*, or of *beneficence*. The only influence *Predeſtination*, or *Neceſſity*, has upon him, is, to *oblige him to follow his own propenſities*; and when men are plunged into misfortunes, in conſequence of this conduct,

conduct, they think they are at perfect *liberty* to throw the blame from themſelves, upon the Author of their being. But let us be conſiſtent, and believe the whole chain of the doctrine, and then ſee how it will operate. If I be neceſſitated or predeſtinated to do good, it is predeſtinated that I ſhall enjoy inward ſatisfaction;—nay, in ſpite of Scepticiſm, indulge hope. If I be neceſſitated, by an irreſiſtible law of nature, to do *evil*, I am alſo, by the ſame law, predeſtinated to ſuffer ſhame and remorſe. If I am obliged, in the violence of my paſſion, to commit murder, I am equally obliged to ſuffer, according to the laws of my country, and, according to the law of my nature, to feel the horrors of a guilty conſcience. The man who is neceſſitated to believe theſe principles, and to ſhape his conduct according to their genuine tendency, will be neceſſitated to ſay, that Virtue is neceſſarily the ſource of Happineſs, and Vice of Miſery; and his whole conduct will, as neceſſarily be a chain of conſiſtency, as if he were the warmeſt friend to the Freedom of the human Will, the merit of Virtue, and demerit of Vice. This is the obvious conſtitution of things relative to the preſent ſtate. The man who is neceſſitated to diſſipate all his money, is neceſſitated to be poor and dependent; while the man deſtined to be diligent,

diligent, cautious and frugal, is deſtined to be independent, if not in affluence, excepting ſome unforeſeen neceſſary event, ſhould throw impediments in his way. If the juſtice of this conſtitution of things, relative to the preſent ſyſtem, be not arraigned, wherefore may it not be extended to another world?"

This ſtatement was novel and puzzling; and they ſeemed ſo far convinced, that they did not attempt to break through a ſingle link of the chain, though they did not like the jingle of words that compoſed it.

"You ſee then, Gentlemen, that, reſpecting moral conduct, and the natural conſequences from it, it is of no moment whether we be the abettors of the Neceſſarian ſcheme, or of Free Will."

Our Colonel ſtill oppoſed, that, although there was no injuſtice in obliging men to be *good* and *happy*, yet, that it was hard any ſhould be predeſtinated to *vice* and *miſery*.

"If this *be* the caſe," ſaid I, "we muſt ſuppoſe it to be the neceſſary conſequence of their being predeſtinated to be *free agents*."

This appeared a moſt palpable contradiction.

"Let us, then," ſaid I, "view the ſubject in another point of light:—Let us diſmiſs, for a moment, that horrid word, NECESSITY,—which is

is a mill-ſtone about the neck of this controverſy. It is, in my opinion, the moſt improper word that could have been choſen; for the mind, the inſtant it is pronounced, adverts to a *phyſical* neceſſity, and derives an argument from the blind, impulſive influence of one body upon another, which has no more connection with our ſubject, than Will, Deſire, or Thought, have with the ſtroke of a hammer, or with the weight of a ſtone that is falling down one of your cliffs! Diſmiſs this horrid word, and perhaps we ſhall all be of one ſentiment."

"Explain, explain!" cried out the Colonel; and he was echoed by the whole body collectively, who were now become my opponents.

"Anſwer theſe queſtions, Gentlemen, and the ſubject will explain itſelf."

"Are not rational beings always actuated by *motives?*"—"Yes."

"Or, can a man, from himſelf, act *without* motives for his actions?—No, certainly not; for, were he to make an attempt, the capricious experiment would become a motive, and confute itſelf."—"Granted."

"If he *cannot* act without them, then is he obliged, according to the conſtitution of his nature, to act in conſequence of them."—"Why, yes."

"Does

"Does not freedom conſiſt in the power of acting, according to theſe determinations or reſolutions which the motives have excited, without any impediment from a defect in our own make, or reſtraint from a foreign power; that is, without any controul from *phyſical Neceſſity?*"—"Why, it cannot be denied."

"Where, then, is the diſpute? Each party acknowleges that we muſt act by motives; and that the power of acting according to them, diſtinguiſhes the actions of moral agents from ſubmiſſion to phyſical impulſe? Nor can we poſſibly entertain a more complete and perfect idea of freedom, than that of *being able to execute the purpoſes of our will.*

"Now, Gentlemen, if you have ſtill an affection for the word *Neceſſity*, we ſhall readmit it; for it can only mean that, according to the conſtitution of human nature, the Will, which determines the actions, muſt be influenced by a prevailing motive. We muſt obey our Will; that is, if you will uſe the term I hate, we are *neceſſitated* to act *freely!*"

They were pleaſed to obſerve, that I maintained my paradoxes much better than could have been expected. But a difficulty yet remained:—As we muſt act by motives, and as theſe motives are frequently excited by external objects,

objects, over which we have no power, they thought there was much room for exculpation, when persons submitted to the force of strong temptation.

This difficulty, I observed, was equally levelled against each scheme; for it comes to this, — "Wherefore is the temptation made stronger than the resolution?" — "But why should it be urged to extenuate a *vicious*, more than a *virtuous*, action? We do not so readily disclaim the merit of relieving distress, saving a person from drowning, and in the agonies of death, from the consideration that the motive was irresistibly strong. The stronger my ardour to relieve, the more virtuous my disposition; just as the more frequent my desires are to commit vice, the more depraved is my heart, universally considered. If the objects of seduction have proved irresistibly strong, when present, it is an evidence that my virtuous principles have been the weaker of the two. This ought to furnish a motive to fortify them by every possible means, and to shun the danger I am so little prepared to encounter. If I know that the indulgence will prove fatal to my future peace, or to others' welfare, are not these motives to resist the temptation? Have we no power to raise motives and considerations from our own

ſtock of experience and obſervations, that may counterbalance the incitements from without?"

"But ſtill," remarked the Colonel, "why has not God placed before us, ſuch motives as would invariably incline us to virtue?"

"We cannot fathom the depth of the Divine counſels. We muſt acquieſce in their wiſdom, though they may oppoſe our vague ideas of perfection. But I perceive, that if this were the conſtitution of things, there would be no claim to comparative merit in human actions; and, although we ſhould ſtill act *freely*, as we ſhould only obey our own wills, yet we ſhould act as *uniformly* and *invariably* as heavy bodies that deſcend, and light ones that fly upwards. The power of reſiſting evil, and of chooſing good, by collecting together ſufficient motives from every quarter, is the principle upon which we are rendered *accountable creatures*, as it is the ſtandard of goodneſs or depravity. Virtue implies merit; and no happineſs can be equal to that of *conſcious merit*. It is a fortune we *ourſelves* have made, and infinitely more ſatisfactory than *paſſive inheritance*."

"Happy are they that have been in a better train than myſelf," ſubjoined the aged officer, with a ſigh, "to make ſuch a fortune!"

Thus

Thus terminated our diſpute. Right glad was I that they gave me reſt; for I was much afraid they would have entered upon another ſubject, cloſely connected with the preceding, as the diſcuſſion of it would have completely ſpoiled my dinner.

LETTER XIV.

Xanten.

THE road from *Cleves* to *Xanten*, did not furniſh us with any ſubjects for obſervation or ſpeculation, however keen our deſires to be ſentimental travellers. General pleaſure was enjoyed as we paſſed over a chearful country, or rode through a verdant foreſt; but the different objects that occaſioned this pleaſure, were not ſufficiently characteriſtic to merit deſcription.

We arrived at *Xanten* about eight o'clock in the evening. This is a ſmall city, or *Statchen*, as they term it, diſtant about eighteen miles from *Cleves*. In the walls of this *Statchen*, time, wars, and negligence, united, have made ſo wide a breach, that our carriage could have very commodiouſly paſſed through it, had the gates been ſhut againſt us.

We lodged at the *Poſt-houſe*, which was kept by a jolly, civil Frenchman, who, in ten minutes, told us all the material circumſtances of his life. We learned that he had been in the ſervice of

the French, ſome portion of the famous *ſeven years war*; that his regiment lying in garriſon at this town, and he being lodged at this very houſe, he boldly laid ſiege to the widow who kept it,—perceiving, as he confeſſed, that it was much eaſier for him to make his fortune by *love* than *war*. He told us, that ſhe ſoon ſurrendered upon honourable terms, and put him in poſſeſſion of this ſame Citadel, with all its appurtenances. He honeſtly confeſſed alſo, that it was more agreeable to his inclinations, to draw beer for peaceable cuſtomers, than to ſhed the blood of his enemies; and that he preferred inſpiring others with animal courage, by virtue of good cheer, than to riſk his own perſon in the field of honour. "It is true," ſays he, "I have been in ſeveral battles, and eſcaped, *Dieu merci*, with a whole ſkin; but, *tant va la cruche à l'eau, qu'en fin elle s'y briſſe:—Je me trouve bien ici; petit a petit, l'oiſſeau fait ſon lit; J'aime mieux un tiens que deux tu l'auras:—Enfin je ſuis à mon aiſe, et je ſaurois m'enivrer de mon Vin.*"

At length, we found it neceſſary to call the attention of our Hoſt from his own affairs to thoſe of his gueſts, and enquired about rooms, beds, &c. He directly took the hint, conducted us to our apartments, and promiſed that we

ſhould have no reaſon to complain of our accommodations; and he kept his word.

We wiſhed for a light ſupper, and aſſured him that our appetites did not extend beyond a couple of eggs, though we authoriſed him to charge more expenſive articles in his bill.

"*Nous ne vous donnerons, Meſſieurs, que des petites bagatelles.*"

"But we are not hungry."

"*C'eſt vrai Meſſieurs, il n'y a point de ſauce que l'appetit; mais pourtant l'appetit vient en mangeant.*"

In ſpite of our remonſtrances and prohibitions, we ſaw placed on the table, *ſoupe, bouilli, cutlets, ſalmon, Rhine-crabs*, a large plate of *eggs*, with *four diſhes* of different vegetables. We now expreſſed a deſire to ſup *en famille*, and that he and his *Belle* would ſit down, and ſhare of the abundance that was loſt upon us.

"*Le bon Dieu nous en defende*," ſays he, clapping his hands together, "*nous connoiſſons notre place mieux que cela!*"

This honeſt Landlord is one inſtance, among the many thouſands, that juſtify the remark of foreigners, concerning the loquacity of the French nation. From high to low, they think it a firſt debt due to ſociety, *de fournir à la converſation*. They are, moſt of them, ſlight

hiſtorians, anecdotiſts, and ſentimentaliſts. If their own ſtock of reading, collection of proverbs, or invention, do not furniſh them with the requiſite *quantum* of ideas, they will frequently return thoſe you have expreſſed, in a kind of ſmall change, and make them paſs current, as dexterouſly as if they were a new coinage. I have frequently amuſed myſelf, for half an hour together, in this kind of converſation. Obſerve that it is folly to grieve at what no one can help, they immediately exclaim, "*Allons, Courage, bon Cœur contre mauvaiſe fortune.* Remark that a liar is a contemptible character, they will ſubjoin, "*Pour ça oui, parceque il ne dit pas le vrai.*" If you expreſs a diſlike to many compliments, you are anſwered, "*Certainement trop de compliment ne vaut rien;*" or elſe, "*Celui qui fait beaucoup des complimens, eſt un grand complimenteur,*" &c. &c. &c.

In conſequence of this diſpoſition to *fournir à la converſation*, there are more ſlight treatiſes upon general ſubjects publiſhed by the French, than by any other nation. They well know, that the ſkirmiſhes of converſation are not calculated for the inveſtigation of any ſubject whatever. They well know, that, as general converſation ſeldom dips beyond the ſurface, it cannot eaſily diſcover the ſhallows. They ſhrewdly reflect, that

that to *appear* wiſe and learned, is, to all the purpoſes of ſocial life, as good as to *be* ſo. They conceive that there can be no greater ſubject of ſhame, than *ignorance*; and they wiſely conſider, that the firſt debt a man owes to his own reputation, and to this mental modeſty, is, to hide its nakedneſs, though it were with a *fig-leaf*. Hence it is, that they are inundated with publications, *qui ne font qu'effleurir le ſujet*.

I once had in my poſſeſſion, a book entitled, *L'Homme d'un Livre*. It undertook to qualify the reader for all the turns and windings, fits and ſtarts, of converſation, in the ſpace of three hundred and fifty-three pages. Make yourſelf maſter of its contents, and you become ſufficiently acquainted with the Grecian and Roman hiſtories, mythology, coſmogony, modern hiſtory, anecdotes of various kinds, apothegms, ancient and modern *bons mots*, *chanſons d'amour*, *chanſons à boire*, to ſuſtain a running fight, for the ſpace of five minutes, upon any one of the ſcientific ſubjects, and to cloſe with a ſentiment, a *jeu d'eſprit*, or a ſong, when the mind feels itſelf fatigued with abſtruſer ſpeculations. It is a moſt excellent travelling companion. By its aid, you may figure away at every *Table d' Hôte* from *Paris* to *Hamburg*, thence to *Berlin*,

Dreſden, *Vienna*, and thence to *Paris* again; and flatter yourſelf, with ſome degree of truth, that you have left a favourable impreſſion in every place, *que Monſieur eſt un vrai ſavant.* The only imperfection I found in the book, was, that there was not a ſingle page, paragraph, or *jeu d'eſprit*, againſt *religion*, natural, or revealed; ſo that Monſieur could never eſtabliſh his character as *un Grand Philoſophe.*

This diſpoſition *pour fournir à la converſation*, is certainly a moſt excellent one of itſelf. The very object of human ſociety is to inſtruct or amuſe, and not to herd together, like the muter ſpecies of animals; and he that expects to receive either of theſe advantages ought to qualify himſelf to return, in ſome degree, the obligation. But how difficult to acquire the due medium! and how deſirable to blend together, if it were poſſible, the oppoſite qualities of different nations!—You *Engliſh* are ſuppoſed to *think*; but you are univerſally accuſed of keeping all your thoughts to yourſelves!—A *Frenchman* will touch upon all the affairs of every Court in Europe, and all the faſhions in each Court, before an *Engliſhman* can reſolve to enquire, what is the news of the day?—And as to us *Dutch*, we can ſeldom be prevailed upon, to converſe

converſe upon any ſubject, unleſs it be with an old acquaintance, or in the line of our own profeſſion.

I moſt ſincerly wiſh, however, that the *French*, though I admire their propenſity to oblige, would furniſh fewer words, and more ideas; and alſo, that they would expreſs their ideas with a modeſt diffidence, and not in ſo peremptory a tone. I have generally obſerved, that latent poſitivity is united with much external politeneſs. They may contradict with a "*Pardonnez moi*;" but they are much diſpoſed to contradict.

Even their firſt and moſt renowned philoſophical writers are not exempt from the habitual impropriety of dogmatizing. *Rouſſeau*, *Raynal*, *Mirabeau*, too frequently aſſume an impoſing ſtyle, and attempt to give energy to their poſitions, *par un ton tranchant*.—Such, for example, is that extravagant expreſſion of the Philoſopher of *Geneva*, "*Tout homme qui penſe eſt un être depravé*." Taken abſolutely, it is nonſenſe; for, if his depravity proceeds from the exerciſe of thought abſtractedly, the more a man thinks, the more he becomes depraved, although the grand object of juſt thought is to correct depravity; and, as few perſons thought more than *Rouſſeau*, he is, of conſequence,

among the moſt depraved, although both his motives, and the natural tendency of his thoughts, were to benefit mankind. Qualify the expreſſion to its due ſignification, and you will perceive that the terms are infinitely ſtronger than the ideas they were intended to convey, can authorize; for they ſimply mean to ſuggeſt a doubt, whether the frequent abuſe of reaſon, has not rendered it a pernicious privilege.

I ſhall not detain you with particular inſtances from the two other writers, as an acquaintance with their works will furniſh you with numbers.

Voltaire, it is allowed, may be quoted as a remarkable exception from the general rule; but this is to be aſcribed to that *ton badinant* with which he treats every ſubject. He plays with every thought that preſents itſelf, preciſely in the ſame manner, like a kitten with every ſtring; and is ſeldom ſerious, excepting in the aſſumed characters of his theatric pieces.

If the fault be general in the higher ranks of literature, where one might expect that philoſophy would render a man ſomewhat modeſt, and where it is peculiarly abſurd to expreſs every change of ſentiment, by a tranſition from one ſtrong aſſertion to another,—we are not to be ſurpriſed, that it ſhould prevail alſo in the lower

lower walks of ſcience, and that every *Valet-de-place* ſhould imagine that ſelf-ſufficiency belongs to his office.

This was certainly the caſe with our quondam *Valet-de-place*, *Mourand* of *Paris*.

To be ſure, *Mourand* was fully as ignorant as the common groupe of *Valets-de-place*; but yet he was conſcious of it; and he felt how little his ignorance qualified him for the reſpectable profeſſion he had aſſumed. It was amuſing to obſerve the ſubterfuges he made uſe of, to evade the detection of this ignorance,—which ſometimes expoſed us, while we confided in his *knowledge*, to no inconſiderable inconveniencies. Expreſſing my deſire to ſend a letter to *Holland*, by the earlieſt poſt, after my arrival in *Paris*, *Mourand* informed me, that the poſt ſet out twice a week, and in the morning; and that, if our letter was conveyed to the office before *twelve* o'clock, it would be received in time.

"But are you ſure of that, *Mourand?*"

"*Pour ça oui—Des milles de lettres que j'y ai apporté, croyez vous Monſieur, que j'ignore l'heure!*"

I ſent him with it about *eleven* o'clock; but, unluckily, the Poſt-maſter knowing the hour better

better than *Mourand*, the mail was diſpatched at *ten*. He anſwered my reproaches with a *ſhrug*, as full of ſelf-conceit as it was of humility, and with a "*Pour ça, on ne peut pas repondre toujours pour une demi-heure; mais Je ſavois pourtant que la poſte partoit avant Midi.*"

Upon our aſking him, whether the celebrated paintings of *Le Brun* were ſtill in the *Luxemburg* Gallery, he anſwered, with a ſhrug of regret, "*Meſſieurs, ils ne ſont pas à voir.*"

"But are they *there?*"

"*Meſſieurs, Je vous jure, qu'ils ne ſont pas à voir.*"

We were informed, by a Gentleman preſent, that they were removed to *Verſailles*.

"*Voilà Meſſieurs,*" ſubjoins *Mourand*, with an air of triumph, "*voilà ce que Je viens de vous marquer; ces tableaux ne ſont pas à voir, par perſonne qui ce ſoit.*"

Upon aſcending the ſtairs that lead to the King's Cabinet of Natural Hiſtory, of which you know the late *Buffon* was ſuperintendant,—a marble Buſt preſents itſelf to view. One of our company enquired whoſe Buſt i twas.

Mourand anſwered, "*Monſieur, c'eſt d'un grand homme.*"

"But, of whom?"

"*C'eſt*

" *C'eſt d'un très grand perſonnage.*"

A Guard informed us, it was of *Le Chevalier Buffon.*

" *C'eſt préciſément ce que J'avois l'honneur de vous dire,*" replies *Mourand*—" *C'eſt d'un homme très diſtingué!—très ſavant, même.*

LETTER XV.

Poſt-Houſe, Road to Duſſeldorff.

EARLY the next morning we proceeded on our journey towards *Duſſeldorff*. It was about mid-day when we arrived at the *Poſt-houſe*. Here it was neceſſary to change horſes, and upon conſulting our appetites, they found it neceſſary to take ſome refreſhment. We made known their wants to the landlord, expreſſed our indifference as to either quantity or quality, within due bounds, but moſt earneſtly recommended expedition. He promiſed accordingly; and full of confidence in this promiſe, we confined ourſelves to a ſhort ramble about the premiſes. In the ſpace of half an hour, we returned, with increaſed hunger and increaſed impatience. But nothing more ſubſtantial than promiſes could be obtained before two o'clock; when the profuſion of viands that were ſerved up, would have amply recompenced the greateſt epicure for a more tedious delay. Soups, fiſh, roaſt and boiled meats, game, poultry, vegetables

tables, and fruits of various kinds, made their entry with ſolemn pomp, and in repeated ſucceſſions, and filled up their reſpective ſtations according to the ſtricteſt diſcipline of an elegant table.

We could not contemplate the ſplendid arrangement of the firſt courſe, without ſome apprehenſions that the *fête* was in honour of our *poſt-chaiſe and four*; and we trembled for the conſequences that might follow ſuch a mark of diſtinction. Theſe apprehenſions were conſiderably abated, when we ſaw our landlord with his fair conſort, their mother, and ſiſter, enter the room, and place themſelves at the table, after they had invited us to the firſt ſeats; for we would not encourage the idea that they intended to conſider themſelves as our gueſts. But how agreeable was our ſurpriſe, to find, when the *mauvais quart d'heure of Rabelais* arrived, that, excluſive of wine, the whole expence of this ſumptuous entertainment was not more than *ten-pence* each perſon! My companion and myſelf determined not to be precipitate for the future, either in our judgment, or in our humours; but to leave comfortleſs myſteries to unravel themſelves in the beſt manner they can, ſecretly hoping, that the *dénouement* will now and then furniſh a treat.

The

The whole family ſeemed to be the immediate deſcendants of a race of giants. Each perſon was upwards of ſix feet in height, was well proportioned, very comely, genteel in addreſs, and courteous in behaviour. Indeed they appeared much above the common claſs, or their ſtation in life.

Perfectly ſatisfied with what we had enjoyed, and what we had paid, we ſeated ourſelves in the carriage, with the beſt humour in the world, to be pleaſed with every thing around us; and every thing around us ſeemed equally diſpoſed to pleaſe us. We found perpetual amuſement in the variegated ſcenes on each ſide of us; extenſive proſpects at the horizon of our landſcape; corn-fields, interſperſed with rich paſturage, on the fore-ground.

As men of gallantry, however, one circumſtance could not fail to offend us. We were ſurpriſed and diſcomforted to obſerve, that women and maidens were chiefly employed in all the labours of the field. The ſame obſervation we had occaſion to make in various other parts of our journey. We were diſpoſed to attribute the circumſtance to thoſe immenſe preparations for war, that had drained the country of men capable of bearing arms. This

was

was in part the cauſe; but we have been repeatedly informed, that alſo in times of the profoundeſt peace, the moſt ſervile work is performed by the gentler ſex: that in the ſeaſons of harveſt, wives and daughters reap, ſheave, lade, while huſbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers, content themſelves with giving general directions, or loll about in comparative indolence.

This is doubtleſs foul treatment of the Fair; and we muſt own that it no leſs oppoſes the laws and conſtitutions of nature, than thoſe of *bienſéance*, and *les petites attentions*, which the moſt polite nations obſerve towards them. *Our* ſex was obviouſly deſigned for the active, and the other for the more paſſive virtues. This is plain, from the difference of our contexture. Yet in all nations that have not obtained a high degree of cultivation, the rule ſeems to be neglected, and in ſome caſes ſhamefully reverſed. There is, however, ſome apology to be made for thoſe nations, we all agree to denominate *barbarous*; but none for thoſe who are ſo far civilized as to diſclaim this character with indignation. When a whole race of men are perpetually engaged in the fatigues of the Chace, or the ſtill more violent exertions of War, every branch of domeſtic buſineſs, however laborious, muſt of neceſſity devolve upon the

the Female. It is therefore not ſurpriſing, that theſe heroes of the field ſhould, through habits of greater activity, be inclined to deſpiſe thoſe occupations which, compared to their own, muſt appear infantile and effeminate; or ſhould think themſelves intitled to ſhare their time between the extremes of fatigue and repoſe. But in another ſtate of things, when Agriculture becomes the moſt fatiguing employment, in which any can engage; when *men* become uniformly as domeſticated as the *female* part of the family, it is unnatural, unjuſt, as well as uncourtly, thus to let the weaker ſex ſuſtain the heat and burden of the day.

However, as theſe females are not voluntary tranſgreſſors againſt the genuine order of Nature, ſo far from reſenting the violation of her laws, Nature ſeems much diſpoſed to recompenſe their toils. Health and chearfulneſs are the rewards of their induſtry. To judge from their complexions, ſtature, and muſcular ſtrength, one might almoſt conclude, that they were changing their ſex. I do not mean to exaggerate, by the aſſertion, that a young German female will manœuvre a hay-fork for hours, with more addreſs and leſs fatigue, than are obſervable, when a *delicate Miſs* combs out the fringes of a petticoat.—A ſheaf of corn is turned about,

with

with as much dexterity, as if it were a thread-paper. I have ſeen them ſaw wood, with fewer ſigns of its being an arduous taſk, than are manifeſted by a laundreſs, when ironing linen; and fling large tubs filled with water upon their heads, with more apparent eaſe, than is manifeſted by a fine lady handling a tea-kettle.

Such ſcenes were the more ſtriking, from the contraſt they formed with female education in the province of Holland. I doubt whether there be a ſpot upon the globe where the general tenor of education is more ſyſtematically calculated to enervate Body and Mind, than in this province. I have known cans filled with warm water placed at the feet of new-born infants, from the firſt moment they were put into the cradle. If their children *take exerciſe*, as they term it, in the open air, they are laid at full length upon a bed, placed in a hand-waggon: their cloathing, particularly among the loweſt claſs, is, from top to toe, both a miſtruſt and a defiance of freſh air: their growing bodies, and ſhooting limbs, are to expand in every direction, through woollen gloves and ſtockings, flannel envelopes, coats upon coats, waiſtcoats upon waiſtcoats, ſhirts upon ſhirts. In ſhort, they are ſo ſurcharged with an incumbrance of

dreſs, that they are almoſt as immoveable as what they ſtrongly reſemble, an Egyptian mummy. Add to this, the perpetual uſe of warm ſtoves to their feet, immenſe quantities of miſerable coffee, and a diurnal diet of dried fiſh, ſallad, and butter-milk. The conſequence of this mode of education is, that the claſs of men deſtined to the moſt active and laborious employments in a community, are indolent, weak, enervated; and the women a prey to hyſteric diſeaſes; and that the moſt arduous ſervices are principally committed to *Danes*, *Norwegians*, *Weſtphalians*, or the inhabitants of *Guelderland*.

Theſe obſervations are confined to the *Province of Holland*; which, being the richeſt, is the moſt luxurious and degenerated, and where the climate is the moſt unhealthy.

Tell the Britiſh Fair, that, although I do not wiſh to ſee them ſo cloſely imitate the models before me, as to reject the uſe of ſhoes and ſtockings; though I do not wiſh them to exhibit a leg which ſhould rival that of *Humphries*, or a foot as ſpacious as that of *Big Ben*, yet I wiſh them equal Health and Spirits with theſe *Brunettes* of the field. Tell them alſo, that theſe primary bleſſings can only be ſecured by *walking*, I ſay not *toiling* with nature. Recommend

commend early riſing. Aſſure them, that every hour they repoſe beyond the point of refreſhment, is an *abſorption* of the animal ſpirits, renders them liſtleſs, inactive, a burden to themſelves for the remainder of the day;—and, moſt probably, to thoſe around them. Recommend frequent Exerciſe, in the open air, and frequent expoſure to Winds ſomewhat rude. Tho' *rude* they are *friendly*, for they will paint the cheeks with the bluſh of Health. Something may be done even within the bounds of that delicacy, which it is unreaſonable to ſuppoſe a lady will ſacrifice to the care of her conſtitution. Let them imitate at a diſtance, and without approaching towards the coarſe clumſineſs of theſe rural dames, and they will ſhare a large portion of their envied ſpirits. The whole train of vapours will be diſſipated, and hyſterics will be no more!

The number of tall athletic Females, that preſent themſelves to view in every part of Germany I have viſited, appears to me to exceed that of our own ſex. The relative proportion is certainly greater than in any other country I have ſeen. This may in part, be aſcribed to the laborious employments to which, from their infancy, they are accuſtomed, and partly, to

their being the Deſcendants from a Race which, according to the teſtimonies of *Julius Cæſar*, *Pliny* and *Tacitus*, were the moſt gigantic of any in Europe. I remember that profeſſor *Zimmerman*, in his *Geographiſche Geſchichte des Menſchen*,* attempts to prove, that this ſuperiority of Stature and of Strength, is to be aſcribed to their vagrant manner of living, inceſſant exerciſe, and habitual expoſure to a ſalutary degree of Cold; equally diſtant from the enervating heat of more ſouthern Climates, and the ſeverity of the more northern, which ſtints the growth both of the animal and vegetable creation. To ſimilar cauſes he attributes the ſize of the Patagonians, of the reality of whoſe exiſtence he does not entertain a doubt, though their gigantic ſtature may have been conſiderably exaggerated, by the meaſure of the Mind's-Eye. The ſtrength and ſize of theſe ruſtic Females favour his hypotheſes.

Could we ſuſpect from the great diſproportion obſervable in theſe *degenerate* days, as the admirers of muſcular Force, and Patagonian Stature, muſt term them, that the accounts of ancient authors are exaggerated, an attention to the following obvious circumſtance, will have a

* Geographical Hiſtory of Man.

tendency

tendency to reſtore their credit. In times of ſimple and ruſtic manners, before artificial Meaſure was invented, the ſtandards of Size muſt neceſſarily have been taken from various parts of the human body: and it is natural to ſuppoſe, that theſe would have been taken from general proportions, and not from extraordinary exceptions. We are warranted to ſuppoſe alſo, that artificial Standards were afterwards formed moſt correſpondent with the common ſize. May we not therefore ſafely conclude, from the names of various Meaſures now in uſe, that ſuch meaſures were originally correſpondent to ſizes much larger than our own.

For example, an *Inch*, is expreſſed in moſt European languages, by a word ſignifying the *Thumb*; and, conſequently, informs us of the common breadth of an ancient *thumb*. As *de pede Herculem*, thus we may ſay, *de pellice Germanicum*. A *palm*, expreſſes the ſtandard meaſure of *ſix inches*. Hence we may ſuppoſe, that a palm of the ancient Germans, was, generally ſpeaking, about an *inch and half* broader than moſt of the modern. The ſmaller *Ell*, which ſeems to be a contraction of the German word *Ellenbogen*, i. e. an *Elbow*, is equal to a *Cubit*, and deſcribes an extent from the joint of the elbow,

to the extremity of the middle-finger, equal to 27 inches; and conſequently exceeding by ſeveral inches the preſent ſize of Arms and Hands. We ſhall not find one Foot in twenty among our modern feet, that will meaſure twelve inches in length. Three of theſe make a *Yard*; but a yard is equivalent to about four of our diminiſhed feet. So that we have loſt about *two inches* in the article of Foot, by our degeneracy.

A *Pace* is the meaſure of *five feet!* If we may ſuppoſe, without ſtepping over the bounds of probability, this diſtance was but a Step for our anceſtors, we muſt allow that they greatly out-ſtept us; for there are not many perſons that can ſtep with eaſe beyond *three feet*.

Perhaps this diſproportion may appear incredible; but we are to remember, that the length of a ſtep is in general correſpondent with the ſize of the perſon; and alſo, that in the days to which we refer, the action of the femoral Muſcles was not impeded by thoſe vile ligatures called Garters; that the feet were not crampt with ſhoes; and that the Toes were ſpread like the claws of ſome Quadrupeds, or, to be more elegant, like the fan of a lady at her devotions. We may alſo ſuppoſe, that the Germans walked like the Indians, with a *ſpring*; and not as we, indolent and contracted moderns, who move

our

our legs like the two limbs of a Compaſs, the left not venturing to leave one ſpot until the right has taken firm poſſeſſion of another. At every pace, they fell upon the Heel, preſſed forwards upon the extreme condyles of the *phalanx pedis*, and ſprung away by the aid of ſtrong and elaſtic Toes. If therefore we take into conſideration the almoſt gigantic ſize, the habitual ſtrength of Hip, Thigh, Leg, and Foot, their uninjured conſtruction, unfettered uſes, and the peculiarity of gait, the diſtance of *five feet*, will not appear beyond their uſual exertions.

Race horſes have been known to clear ten or twelve yards at a Bound. It would ſcarcely be more extravagant for a Welſh Poney, or a gentleman-like Nag, to doubt the truth of this fact, by meaſuring the diſtance by their own paces, than for us to ſuſpect our anceſtors incapable of the exploit, becauſe it exceeds our utmoſt attempts.

As you may now ſuppoſe me within ſight of *Duſſeldorff*, and going to paſs the river, on the flying bridge, in the duſk of the evening, I ſhall wiſh you a good night.

LETTER XVI.

Duſſeldorff.

DUSSELDORFF properly ſignifies *Duſſel-Village*, or the Village upon the *Duſſel*, which is a ſmall river that flows by its ſouthern ſide. It is doubtleſs from the Saxon word *Dhorpf*, that ſo many of your villages in England take the name of *Thorp*, i. e. *the village*. A term which originally ſerved to diſtinguiſh theſe ſmaller collections of dwellings from larger towns, was afterwards appropriated, and became the proper name of the village itſelf.

Duſſeldorff, notwithſtanding the humility of its name, is as contiguous to the *Rhine* as to the *Duſſel*, and from a village, is become a ſmart lively populous city. It is tolerably well built, well paved, and contains about 18,000 inhabitants, including the garriſon. It formerly belonged to the empire; but is now ſubject to the *Elector Palatine*. It is the principal town in the duchy of *Berg*. It uſed to be the Reſidence of the Electoral Prince, who now reſides at

The City of Dusseldorff.

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at *Manheim*, where he has built a moſt ſumptuous palace. It owes its preſent briſkneſs to the wiſdom and liberality of the Elector ~~*Joſeph*~~ *John William*, who, deſirous of converting its commodious ſituation for Trade to profit, began to enlarge the City in the year 1709. He gave the freedom of the city, and an exemption from all taxes, for the ſpace of *thirty* years, to every one who ſhould build a houſe within the walls. By theſe prudent regulations, he enjoyed the pleaſure which tyrants and oppreſſors know not, that of being the Protector of his people; that of ſeeing them proſperous and happy.

He was too wiſe a Prince to admit of perſecution; and, although the Catholick is the eſtabliſhed Religion, yet free toleration is granted to Proteſtants, Lutherans, and Jews. This indulgence, though it may not be equal to what every good citizen and ſupporter of the common burden has a natural right to claim, does honour to the head and heart of the Prince. If the ſpirit of the Romiſh Church be as intolerant as we Proteſtants always repreſent it, and greatly exceed *our own* propenſities when we have ſimilar power, ſuch a permiſſion given to heretics, deſerves to be conſidered as an effort of great liberality. It merits, in my opinion, much higher encomiums than would be due to any

Proteſtant

Proteſtant State, were they to grant equal privileges to perſons of every minuter ſubdiviſion of ſentiments.

The virtue of religious moderation, ſtands moſt conſpicuouſly amongſt thoſe virtues which are their own reward. As perſecution creates pride, oppreſſion, cruelty, rancour, and hatred, the free exerciſe of different Religions, has the oppoſite effect. It is the ſource of harmony, and mutual affection. If you create needleſs diſtinctions, you foment diſcord; remove them, and we return, when our tempers are cooled, to that affection which man generally bears to man. In proportion as ſocieties approximate to theſe principles, they live in habits of cordiality. In proportion to the greatneſs of the diſtance, is the greatneſs of the ſpace left for the Devil to ſow the worſt of his Tares.

The wiſdom and moderation of *Joſeph William* have cauſed *Duſſeldorff* to flouriſh; and this flouriſhing ſtate has an obvious influence on the minds and manners of its Inhabitants. They are frank and polite, unanimous and happy. They would be ſtill more to my taſte, if their love for clubs and conviviality did not tempt them to puſh about the *Johannis-Berg Hockhein-Rheideſhein*, morning, noon, and night.

But

But I am very immethodical, to bring you at once into the very centre of the town, and to make you acquainted with its inhabitants, before I have conducted you to my inn, and introduced friend *Zimmerman*, *à la Cour de Deux-Ponts*, to your acquaintance.

This houſe has been kept many years, with great reputation, by the widow *Zimmerman*, who died a few weeks before our arrival, and left the direction to her ſon. Of him we have reaſon to bear witneſs, that *Sequitur* MATREM *paſſibus æquis*.

Whoever viſits *Duſſeldorff*, muſt neceſſarily ſee the grand collection of paintings. Numbers come from a great diſtance, for no other object, and think themſelves abundantly repaid for their trouble. It would of conſequence be an unpardonable offence againſt taſte and laudable Curioſity, for any one to approach the city, and neglect this viſit.

Upon expreſſing to *Herr Zimmerman* our deſire of obtaining admittance, he immediately ſent his ſervant to inform Profeſſor *White*, the ſuperintendant, that two ſtrangers wiſhed to ſee the paintings. The Profeſſor appointed eleven o'clock the next morning.

This famous Gallery is contiguous to the Palace, which again is contiguous to the conflux

of

of the *Duſſel* with the *Rhine*. It conſiſts of five Rooms; of which three are very large and ſpacious; the others are ſmaller. Each Room or *Salle* has its characteriſtic name. The one is termed, for example, the *Italian Salle*, becauſe moſt of the pieces it contains are by *Italian* maſters; another the *Flemiſh*; a third the Salle of *Douw*, alone from a very celebrated painting of that maſter being depoſited there; a fourth, the Salle of *Vanderwerff*; and the fifth, of *Rubens*.

For the origin of this Inſtitution, ſo honourable to its founder, ſo beneficial to the arts, and ſo profitable to the town, they are indebted to the zeal, taſte, and public ſpirit of the Elector *John William*; and public gratitude has erected a Statue to his honour, in the centre of the court leading to the palace. He commenced the deſign in the year 1710, but dying in 1716, his brother and ſucceſſor *Charles Philip*, being occupied in building and improving the city of *Manheim*, totally neglected this infant plan.

After his demiſe, the Elector *Charles Theodore* exerted himſelf with indefatigable zeal, to accompliſh the deſigns of both his predeceſſors. He not only compleated this Gallery, and eſtabliſhed an Accademy of Drawing and Painting, at *Duſſeldorff*, which he committed to the care of

of Profeſſor *Krahe*, but he erected a Gallery of Paintings at *Manheim*, in connection with a ſimilar eſtabliſhment. The Gallery of *Duſſeldorff*, however, is acknowledged, greatly to excel, both in ſize and value of the collection. Indeed this is deemed not only one of the largeſt collections in Europe, but what is of more importance, one of the beſt ſelected, and is allowed to be rivalled by none upon the Continent, excepting the one at *Dreſden*, belonging to the Elector of Saxony. Not a piece of an inferior maſter, or that is imperfectly executed, has been admitted.

You will be convinced of the utility of this coſtly inſtitution, when I inform you, that it is not merely for the ſervice of the Academy; every Artiſt alſo is permitted to form his ſtile, or improve his taſte in this Gallery; and he has free leave to copy after his favourite maſter. A French lady was actually engaged in copying the *Madona* of *Guido*. You may have heard perheaps, that *Mr. Green*, an Engliſh Gentleman, has obtained permiſſion to copy this collection for *Engravings*. If he means to copy the whole, it is an immenſe undertaking, nor can I be without apprehenſion, that he will not find a ſufficient number of ſubſcribers to indemnify him, or repay his labour.

After

After the deceaſe of Profeſſor *Krahe*, the Elector committed the ſuperintendance of the Gallery, and alſo of the Academy, to Profeſſor *White*, who has apartments in the Building, and a certain ſtipend. It is however expected, that every Company ſhould preſent to him a gratuity for his perſonal attendance upon them. Following the directions of our hoſt, whom we had conſulted upon this buſineſs, we ſlipt a *petit ecu* (half a crown) into his hand, upon taking leave; with which he ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied. This mode may perhaps appear to you rather inconſiſtent with profeſſional dignity; but theſe are merely local ideas, and the prejudices of cuſtom! His Palm no more recoiled from principle of delicacy, at the touch of half a crown, than that of an Engliſh Phyſician at the touch of a guinea: on the contrary, like that, it acquires a kind of inſtinctive impulſe towards it. This ſcruple being removed, I am fully convinced, that the mode is greatly to the advantage of the company frequenting theſe Galleries. For, ſay what you pleaſe, ſuch is the conſtitution of our natures, that men are incited to occaſional acts of vigilance and polite attention, by the immediate expectation of a ſmall advantage, more than by the general ſenſe of duty, or even a general diſpoſition to oblige. The largeſt ſalary, ſecured

to

to any ſuperintendant, ſeldom operates upon his gratitude or his ſenſe of honour, in proportion to its magnitude. It is a very narrow eſcape if the oppoſite effect be not produced; if the party does not become ſupine and inattentive, in direct proportion to his obligations to the contrary. The larger the benefice, the ſtronger the propenſity to render it a *ſinecure*.

Our Profeſſor was paying us every attention, and was anſwering every queſtion propoſed to him, in a manner that indicated he was maſter of the ſubject, and poſſeſſed the diſpoſition to communicate, when a diſagreeable interruption deprived us of all the advantages of his converſation.

The foundation of this politeneſs was, I doubt not, laid in his natural diſpoſition; the motives juſt mentioned, might have their influence; but an accidental circumſtance might operate moſt powerfully of all. We had been admitted into the Salle of the Flemiſh School, before the Profeſſor made his appearance; and after we were recovered from that percuſſion, which the ſudden view of ſuch a multitude of ſplendid figures had occaſioned, we looked around us, to fix the general admiration excited, upon ſome particular object. My eye happened

to be directed towards a beautiful figure of a female, that was half concealed behind a window-curtain. Beauty in a Corner, you know, is always attractive. I immediately ran towards her, to take a nearer view of ner charms. The elegance of form, the regularity of features, and if I can uſe the term, the animated ſerenity of countenance, united with delicacy of complexion, convinced me, that ſhe deſerved a much more conſpicuous ſituation. When I expreſſed to the Profeſſor, after the firſt compliments were paſt, my diſſatisfaction that ſo much beauty ſhould be placed in ſo much obſcurity, he modeſtly informed me, that it was a performance of his own, and that he could not think it worthy of a more conſpicuous place. Notwithſtanding this undeſigned compliment, on my part, and this unaffected modeſty on his, our artiſt muſt have a very peculiar turn of mind, if this circumſtance did not give him a favourable opinion of my Connoiſſeurſhip, and induce him to conclude, that I was more worthy of his communications, than he might otherwiſe have thought.

While, as I have already obſerved, we were thus forming *une liaiſon*, and agreeably occupied in communicating and receiving information, the arrival of a *Ruſſian Princeſs* was announced; who

who immediately entered with ſeveral of her Suite.

The Profeſſor advanced to receive her, and ſoon returned to us, making an apology for his not being able to pay us the attentions he could wiſh; as he ſhould be obliged to accompany the *Counteſs of Folkenſtein*, who travelled *incog.* and was particularly recommended to his notice.

Upon theſe tidings, my friend exclaimed a *di-an-tre* half as long as the *Salle*. We looked at each other with caricature marks of vexation and diſappointment. My friend at length broke ſilence, and relieved nature by ſome ſmart ſarcaſms againſt the Great.

There is, in moſt countries, a civil war between Title and Wealth; but in none more than in *Holland* and *Germany*. In *France* and *Spain*, it is ſeldom that Wealth has had a conteſt with a Title, becauſe they are moſtly united in the ſame perſon. In *England*, there is an amicable accommodation between the two. Rich Plebeians are not debarred from aſpiring at the rank of Nobility; and Nobility occaſionally repairs its fortune, by mending the blood of a rich Plebeian. But, in *Holland* and *Germany*, they hold each other at a moſt contemptuous diſtance. *Kahlen Adel*, bald or bare Nobility, is a term of reproach, perpetually in the mouth of a wealthy

Merchant, when he ſpeaks of thoſe whoſe Families are more diſtinguiſhed than their Fortunes; and he is *Maar een Koopman*, or *er iſt nur ein Kauffmann*,—he is merely a Tradeſman,—is the *retort courteous*, when *Germans* or *Dutchmen* of Family, ſeek to humble the pride of a wealthy Merchant.

My friend could not forbear launching the *Kahlen Adel*, upon this occaſion; and he expatiated with great energy, upon the ſuperior merits of a reſpectable Merchant, who diffuſes the neceſſaries and enjoyments of life over the globe, to thoſe Frugiviriſts whoſe exiſtence is merely known by the diffuſion of their pride and vanity. This thought was of ſome ſervice; for, as it contained two grains of Triumph, againſt one of Irritation, though a natural warmer, yet, like *Cayenne pepper*, in caſes of indigeſtion, it became a potential cooler.

As for your humble ſervant, nothing relieves him, upon ſimilar provocations, equal to a *metaphor*. When vexed and irritated, thoughts flow in like a torrent; and, like a copious perſpiration in inflammatory complaints, though they increaſe the heat in the firſt inſtance, are, in the iſſue, very refreſhing. From the number of ideas that preſent themſelves, I am generally ſo happy as to ſelect thoſe which have the moſt

ſatirical

ſatirical or ludicrous meaning. I dreſs them up in as piquant a manner as poſſible; and I derive much benefit, either by the ſmile of Contempt they excite, or the ridiculous appearance they preſent to my imagination; and, to the man who *enjoys a ſmile*, all the ſpells of Ill-nature and Reſentment are broken for the inſtant.

"*Theſe Travellers incog.*" exclaimed I, "are arrant Thieves of Renown! With their retinue, and their aſſumed titles, their equipage, and their dreſs, they ſtrain every nerve to give you an exalted idea of their Dignity and Importance, at the inſtant they affect to *conceal* them! You are to conclude, that, if they unavoidably exhibit ſo much remaining Splendour, when under this voluntary *eclipſe*,—if they ſtill ſhine, though "*ſhorn of their beams*,"—if the *Periphery* dazzles our eyes, though the *Diſk* is obſcured,—how *inſufferable* muſt be their *meridian Glory!*—This is the idea they would convey: but, trace them to the petty circle of their home, and their greateſt ſplendours are ſcarcely equal to that of a *Glow-worm!*"

My companion rejoined, that the time was approaching with haſty ſteps, when all invidious diſtinction of Birth and Title, ſhall be obliterated through the globe, and no other diſtinctions ſhall be known, than thoſe conferred by

Merit. This idea ſeemed as balm to his wounded ſpirits; and tolerable tranquillity being reſtored, we ſet ourſelves to contemplate the collection of Paintings, without our *Cicerone.*

So many *minutiæ* have unexpectedly preſented themſelves, and filled up my quota of paper, that I ſhall reſerve my further obſervations concerning the Gallery, to another opportunity.

LETTER XVII.

Duſſeldorff.

I Hope that you will be contented, my good Sir, with a very conciſe and ſuperficial account of this celebrated collection.

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that the ſpace of a few hours is ſufficient to give the ſpectator himſelf a juſt idea of them.—His mind, in a ſingle viſit, is bewildered and loſt in the immenſe variety. The impreſſion made by the firſt object is almoſt obliterated, or it is rendered confuſed, by ſucceeding ones. To counteract theſe effects as much as poſſible, we had previouſly enquired of a Bookſeller, for a general catalogue, with a view to direct our attention immediately to ſome of the moſt capital performances. But we were informed, that no other was extant, than a *Catalogue Raiſonnee*, which could not be purchaſed for leſs than *twelve* ducats, and was too voluminous to ſerve as a *Vade-mecum*.

The mention of ſuch a catalogue, together with the number of rooms appropriated to the collection, will at once convey to you ſome idea

of the multitudes of maſterly performances, which are here aſſembled together.

Being deprived of our leader, and left, like children, to walk alone, we caſt our eyes around the firſt *Salle*, which is diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Flemiſh*. They were immediately met by thoſe of the different *portraits*, that looked down upon us from on high, and, following us every ſtep we took, ſeemed to demand a preference. We approached, and paid our compliments to thoſe we had the beſt acquaintance with. To the others, we expreſſed our regret that we were deprived of the Maſter of the Ceremonies, properly to introduce us.

Portraits muſt ſuffer very conſiderably in a publick collection. They are never intereſting, excepting we know the original, either in perſon or by character. In the firſt caſe, there may be two ſources of pleaſure; the one from the cloſeneſs of the reſemblance, and the other from the merits of the execution; but this cannot be ſuppoſed to occur frequently. In the ſecond, the mind muſt reſt ſatisfied with the *execution*; for, as to the *likeneſs*, a doubt will always remain, whether it be juſt or not; and this doubt is frequently increaſed, by comparing two portraits of the ſame individual, which ſeldom reſemble each other.

There

There is another objection to portraits, which it is in the power of Artiſts to obviate; and I have been frequently ſurpriſed, that early Painters of celebrity, have not paid more attention to the circumſtance. Many portraits, drawn by diſtinguiſhed Maſters, are made to look ſtedfaſtly at the obſerver. Let him place himſelf in what direction he pleaſes, ſtill their eyes are upon him. Now, this is ſuch a vague and inſignificant employment, as greatly to counteract every effort of the Artiſt, to throw good ſenſe, or expreſſion, into the face. Whenever the ſubject is repreſented as being attentive to ſomething intereſting, we perceive a *mind at work*, and his occupation prepoſſeſſes us in favour of the character. It is perfectly correſpondent with the idea intended to be conveyed of every reſpectable perſonage; and it greatly relieves an inſipid phyſiognomy. Moderns are removing this objection.

Of the number of paintings in this firſt Gallery, the moſt admired are,

1. *The Aſſemblage of Saints paying their Devotions to the Queen of Heaven*, painted in the year 1646, by *Gaſpard Kraijer*. The diſpoſition of the groupe, and variety given to the countenances, all of which are expreſſive,

conſtitute the characteriſtick beauties of the piece.

2. *Our Saviour at the Sepulchre*; by *Van Dyk*. The pallidneſs of Death is thought to be perfectly well repreſented. I aſſure you, my good friend, I diſclaim every pretention to the character of Connoiſſeur; but, if I may confide in my own opticks, and in my own judgement, in a ſingle inſtance, I will venture to pronounce, that almoſt every Painter, that deſcribes the Death or Crucifixion of our Saviour, has exceeded the deſign. In order to manifeſt his *Death*, they diffuſe a blueneſs over the different parts of the body, which ſuggeſt the idea of an incipient *putrification*. This appearance has frequently diſguſted me, in ſeveral of the Crucifixous and Sepulchral ſcenes, that are exhibited in the churches of the Auſtrian Netherlands: nor is the repreſentation before us, totally exempt from the indelicate abſurdity.

3. *A Village Fair*, by *David Teniers*, painted in the year 1651. This is deemed one of his beſt pieces. You know that every ſcene relative to Peaſants and Clowns, either in their own cottages, at an ale-houſe, or at a village fair, were the favourite ſubjects of *Teniers*, *Oſſtede*, and *Jan Steen*. Of theſe three, *Teniers* had the leaſt humour, but the moſt finiſhed execution;—

Oſſtede

Oſtede is not ſo correct; but his ſcenes poſſeſs more humour;—*Jan Steen* excells them both in humour; but it is not always of the moſt delicate kind. This laſt was not educated a Painter. He was originally a Brewer at *Delft*, and was, at firſt, in ſome eſtimation in that line. His genius, however, impelled him to take up the *bruſh*. But, as he began to improve in this art, he degenerated in the other, until his cuſtomers began to taſte the degree of progreſs he made in painting, by the badneſs of his beer. His chief delight was to frequent country fairs, and to ſit in publick houſes with cottagers, till he acquired a complete knowledge of their manners. Low humour was his taſte, in private life; and many anecdotes are told of him, which I ſhall ſuppreſs, as they will not bear the relation. This diſpoſition, which was quite in character among his village ſcenes, was too frequently manifeſted in compoſitions that ought to have been of a chaſter nature, and where the wit was leſs obvious than the abſurdity. As, for example,—he painted two *Leyden Students*, as preſent at the *Crucifixion*; and, in a repreſentation of the *General Deluge*, amongſt other things ſet on float, were ſeveral of *his own beer barrels*, diſtinguiſhed by the uſual mark of his brewery.

Theſe

Theſe and many anecdotes were told me the other day, in a company of Dutch Gentlemen, whoſe proximity to *Delft* furniſhes them with opportunities of collecting ſeveral minuter circumſtances relative to this ſingular character. If they afford you any amuſement, you will pardon the digreſſion; though I acknowledge, it is ſomewhat like hauling him into the Gallery by head and ſhoulders; for I do not recollect that there is a ſingle piece of his in the whole collection.

The 4th piece in this Gallery, I ſhall notice, is *Hunting the Wild Boar*, by *Francis Schneyers*. This painting *commands* attention. The fury of the animal is incomparably well expreſſed, both by its attitude, the fierceneſs of its countenance, and the deſtruction it has made amongſt the aſſailants. Several of the dogs are repreſented as lying proſtrate, *diſbowelled*, and in the agonies of death; others, in the midſt of their ferocious courage, are checked by the fate of their companions, into prudence, and are directing their attack where there appears to be leſs danger. One of the Huntſmen has pierced the ſide of the boar with his lance; another attempts a ſimilar ſtroke; but the lance breaks, and he is expoſed to all the fury of the animal. The five Hunters were painted by *Rubens*.

The laſt I ſhall mention in this *Salle*, is the celebrated painting of *Schalken*, who is juſtly renowned for his ſcenes by lamp and candle light. The ſubject is the parable of the *Fooliſh Virgins*. The various-coloured flame of the lamps, and the *claro obſcuro* of their lights and ſhade, are incomparably well expreſſed. A ſpark, dropped from one of the lamps, continues to burn upon the floor, with a glow that ſeems, in reality, to endanger the carpet.

The ſecond *Salle*, which is one of the ſmaller, is that diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Gerard Douw*. This celebrated Painter was a native of *Leyden*, and flouriſhed about the middle of the laſt century. Every Artiſt has his ſtile. That of *Douw* conſiſted in minute accuracy, united with the higheſt finiſh; in which he greatly excelled every other Dutch and Flemiſh Painter.

Theſe excellencies could only be obtained by care and patient aſſiduity. In conſequence of which, his works are very few in number, ſeldom to be met with, and enſure a higher price, on this part of the Continent, than thoſe of any other Maſter.

As the ſingle piece in this Gallery has ſufficient renown to give a title to the whole Gallery, to the no ſmall diſgrace of the many other maſterly

maſterly performances contained in it, you will, doubtleſs, be curious for a particular deſcription of it. The piece repreſents an Empyric, or Quack Doctor, at a Village Fair. The ſcene is between the village and a caſtle. The ſtage is erected before a publick houſe, and covered with a Turkey carpet. Several gallipots and bottles, filled with drugs, are placed upon it; together with an ape, a ſhaving baſon, and a *paraſol*, or *umbrella*. The Doctor is repreſented as extolling his medicines to the gaping multitude. His dreſs is as fantaſtick and motley as that of an Harlequin. The archneſs of his looks, and comick manners, indicate that he is well qualified to impoſe upon the crowd. The other diſtinguiſhed perſonages in the groupe, are, a Countryman, who has a Hare hanging acroſs his ſhoulder, at the end of a ſtaff;—a Woman, with a Child at her breaſt, baking *poffertyes*, a kind of cakes, which they ſell in great abundance, on ſuch publick occaſions;—a Gardener, who is ſlowly wheeling a barrow full of various greens;—and a Woman, gaping with eager credulity, while an arch-looking Sharper ſeizes the opportunity to pick her pocket. *Douw* himſelf is repreſented with his pallette and pencil in his hand, looking out of the window of the publick houſe, at the ſcene before him.

Every

Every part of this charged and complicated piece, is executed with equal delicacy, and is ſo highly finiſhed, that each figure, taken ſeparately, will bear the moſt critical examination.

Although I have ſeen many cabinets of paintings upon the Continent, yet I recollect but three performances of *Douw*.—One was in the collection of the late Mr. *Braamkamp*, of *Amſterdam*. It is ſo many years ſince, that I forget the ſubject, though I recollect that it ſold at an extremely high price. The other was in the ſmall, but choice, collection of the late Mr. *Dockſcheer*, of *Amſterdam*, which was ſold after his deceaſe, by publick auction, about three years ago,—at which I was preſent. In ſize, it is only fifteen inches by eleven and a half. It repreſents a handſome Fruit Girl, ſtanding before a niche, or receſs of marble, which opens a communication between two rooms. She leans forward, and ſeems to be raiſing up a woven carpet curtain, in order to place it on one ſide, with her right hand,—while her left arm leans upon the lower part of the niche. In this hand, ſhe holds a ſmall baſket with fruit. An earthen pot, emboſſed with wrought figures, and filled with flowers, is near her elbow. A dead cock is placed upon the ſlab, on her right ſide; and a bird-cage hangs above her head. At a diſtance,

a Lady

a Lady is repreſented as ſinging, accompanied by a Gentleman on the violin. Notwithſtanding there is ſo much to cenſure in the compoſition, which is totally deſtitute of unity or propriety, yet this ſmall piece was ſold for no leſs than *ſeven thouſand five hundred Guilders*, nearly equal to *ſeven hundred pounds*.

I was afterwards informed, by the Broker who purchaſed it, that his principal gave him commiſſion to the ſum of *one thouſand pounds*. It is now in the Cabinet of Mr. *Jan Jacob de Bruye*, a celebrated Merchant in *Amſterdam*.

I mention theſe minuter circumſtances for two reaſons; firſt, to introduce this diſtinguiſhed genius to your more intimate acquaintance; and, ſecondly, to give you ſome idea of the prevalence of the Dutch taſte, in the department of painting. Indeed, they have little or no conception of *ideal* beauty. They are almoſt ſtrangers to the grand and ſublime. Accuracy and preciſion, ſtill life, ſoftneſs of pencil, and high finiſhing, are of the firſt value amongſt them. The ſhining of the inner ſurface of a braſs kettle, the reflection of light from a glaſs rummer, the wicker-work of a baſket, the threads and colours of a carpet, pleaſe more than ſentiment and expreſſion.

When

When we contemplate the works of *Douw*, we find it difficult to conceive how he could arrive to ſuch a degree of perfection in *minutiæ*. A *peep behind the curtain* will, in ſome meaſure, explain this; and, in order to give you a peep, I will tranſlate, for your peruſal, a paragraph taken from *the Life of the Dutch Painters*, written in the Dutch language.

" *Gerand Douw*," ſays my author, " in painting his inimitable pieces, excelled every other Artiſt in patience and neatneſs. He ground all his colours himſelf, upon a cryſtal, cemented into a wooden frame; and all his pencils were made by his own hands. His pallette, paints, and pencils, were carefully locked up in a ſmall cabinet, where no duſt could penetrate. When he placed himſelf upon his chair, to begin his work, he ſat motionleſs for a conſiderable time, that every particle of duſt around him might ſubſide. He then turned gently to the cabinet near him, and cautiouſly took out his implements, mixed his colours, and painted without venturing to breathe over his work. When he reſted, pallette, paint, and bruſh, were all repoſited with ſimilar caution. His room faced the *North*. The window was very large; and a *ſloot*, or pond, immediately under it, was ſome ſecurity againſt the raiſing of the duſty enemy from

from that quarter. Thus much for his neatneſs. Now for a ſpecimen of his patience.

" Two Gentlemen, *Joachim De Sandrart*, and *Pieter Van Laar*, paid him a viſit. They were recieved in the moſt friendly and cordial manner. He diſplayed his paintings in their different ſtages. They were aſtoniſhed at the exquiſite workmanſhip. But what engaged their chief attention, and excited their chief ſurpriſe, was the painting of a *broomſtick*, about a finger in length; which ſeemed ſo highly finiſhed, that nothing could be added to it. But how great muſt be their aſtoniſhment, when *Douw* informed them, that it would ſtill require *three days* aſſiduous attention, before it was compleat!"

There are ſeveral other paintings in this Gallery, that merit more attention than we had time to give them; particularly thoſe by *Van Dyk*, who, in my humble opinion, poſſeſſes more boldneſs and ſublimity, than any Maſter of the Dutch or Flemiſh ſchools. *Jeſus at the Sepulchre* is much ſuperior to the other paintings upon a ſimilar ſubject, mentioned before. The grief of the Virgin Mother, who is ſupporting the body, and the flexile manner in which it repoſes upon her lap, are happily expreſſed. But, to give you ſome idea of this piece, I ſhall tranſcribe the ſentiments of a judge much ſuperior

perior to myſelf. Mr. *Pigage*, who has publiſhed a critick upon ſeveral pieces in this collection, obſerves, that "For deſign, compoſition, colour, execution, and ſublimity, it is exceeded by none of his works. The body of *Jeſus* ſtill preſerves the marks of Divinity. It appears incorruptible. The vital ſpirits that have left the extremities, ſeem to collect in the centre, as preparatory to a renewed and perpetual circulation. Perhaps this is the only Painter who has been able to expreſs the *approaching revivification* of the body of our Saviour. Every other has always repreſented it with the ordinary ſymptoms of death. This ought to be a ſatisfactory anſwer to the objection, that the colour of the body appears of too florid a hue."

The language of enthuſiaſm, my friend, muſt never be ſubmitted to a critical analyſis. It would be cruel to examine, whether it be poſſible for any one to expreſs the *incorruptibility of a body*, or ſuch an aſſemblage of the animal ſpirits, that are to burſt forth into future life, as our author repreſents. It is ſufficient, if a performance be able to ſuggeſt theſe ideas in a man of taſte. I am the more anxious to vindicate the character of *Pigage*, becauſe, as you will have perceived, our ſentiments ſeem to coincide, reſpecting the general ſymptoms of

death, exhibited by Painters, in ſubjects of this nature.

The Virgin with the Infant Jeſus; a *St. Sebaſtian*; *Suſannah and the Elders*, by the ſame Maſter, are in high eſtimation by Connoiſſeurs; alſo his *own Portrait*, in a mantle and veſt of black ſattin, and ornamented with the Golden Chain preſented to him by King Charles the Firſt, when he was engaged at his Court. Theſe are conſidered as the choiceſt pieces, from upwards of twenty by his pencil, that adorn the Gallery.

The third Gallery is that of the *Italian* Maſters. This is one of the largeſt Galleries, and, in my opinion, the moſt valuable of all. Without affectation of Connoiſſeurſhip, I flatter myſelf, that *I felt* its ſuperiority. In performances of minuter workmanſhip, and laboured execution, you muſt ſet yourſelf to admire, and you muſt admire by piece-meals: but the firſt glance of the moſt diſtinguiſhed *Italian* Paintings, *commands*, I will not ſay your admiration, but your *reverence*. They elevate and tranſport. You feel as if you were contemplating the ſublime of nature, in diſtinction from the microſcopic beauties of a fly's wing. The *ſubject* is the *primary*, the *execution* is but a

ſecondary

ſecondary conſideration. At the firſt inſtant, the mind is too much captivated with the ſcene, as in a well-acted Tragedy, to think of the *performer*; and we pay him the compliment to *ſuſpend applauſe*, until we have given full ſcope to the impreſſion his art has made upon us.

Upon entering the Gallery, two maſterly performances of the divine *Raphael*, preſent themſelves to view,—of *Raphael*, to whom ſublimity was ſo natural, that it is conſpicuous in his moſt common characters. His very Fiſhermen might ſerve for the *Jupiters* of almoſt every other Painter! One of theſe pieces repreſents the Holy Family; the other, *Saint John* in the Deſert. In the former, is a majeſty, and a colouring which it requires a better pen than mine to delineate. The Head of *Joſeph* is peculiarly expreſſive.

The latter, being a ſubject more adapted to the genius of our Artiſt, and more ſuſceptible of dignity, is ſtill more ſtriking. It is deemed the maſter-piece of this great Maſter, and allowed to be much ſuperior to any other painting in the Gallery. St. *John* is repreſented of his natural ſize, covered ſimply with the ſkin of a tyger, which looſely hangs over his ſhoulders. He ſits at the foot of a rock, adjacent to a fountain. With his right hand, he holds a ſtaff that

terminates in a Croſs; and in his left is a ſhell, filled with water from the fountain. His head inclines towards the ſource; and his countenance is at once mild and majeſtick. The colouring, the arrangement, and well-adjuſted force of the muſcles, holding the medium between the Savage and the Citizen, and his eaſy, natural attitude, are equally ſubjects of admiration. A pleaſing Cottage is at ſome diſtance; adjacent to which, is a ſmall Temple of a rotund form, with colonades. The ſcene is bounded by lofty mountains.

I have ventured to give you a general deſcription of this piece, on account of its ſupereminence. I ſhall curſorily mention ſome few others, out of the immenſe number that adorn the walls of this *Salle*; as they happened more particularly to engage my attention, or have acquired a ſuperiority of renown. Amongſt theſe, there is the *Maſſacre of the Infants at Bethlehem*, by *Annibal Carracio*; in which the *horible* is diſplayed in all its force. The *Ecce Homo* of *Corregio*; where ſweetneſs and dignity are admirably united. The Holy Family of *Andrew Del Sarto*, in the manner of *Raphael*. The Virgin and Child, by *Carlo Dulci*. This piece diſplays more gaiety than is uſual in ſuch ſubjects. The Virgin is ſeated near to a table,

on

on which a baſket of flowers is placed. The Infant has a *bouquet* of roſe-buds in his hand, with which he ſeems delighted.

The *Temptation of Jeſus Chriſt* in the Wilderneſs, by *Lucas Jordina*. This piece is as remarkable for the whimſical ſtyle in which the Painter tells the ſtory, as for the beauty of its execution. Our Saviour ſits upon the edge of a rock, where the Devil tranſported him, and where, under the guiſe and habit of a *Monk*, he is very earneſt in tempting him: Some ſtones are held in the flap of his robe; and from the lower ſurface of theſe iſſues a flame. I ſhall leave you to criticiſe this poetic licenſe, and finiſh my account of the Gallery with the *Suſannah* of *Dominique Zampieri*. The *Suſannah* of *Van Dyk* is repreſented as ſtepping out of a Bath, that is incloſed in an apartment. Her ſurpriſe at the ſight of theſe intruders, is well expreſſed; as alſo her eagerneſs to ſeize the veil, in order to cover herſelf from their inſpection. The repreſentation by *Zampieri*, is more Romaneſque, as well as more animated. The ſcene paſſes in the ſequeſtered part of a wood, cloſe to a fountain; the baſon of which is ſupported by a groupe of infants. Behind the fountain is a kind of receſs, partitioned off by baluſtrades.

Here the young and beautiful *Suſannah* is repreſented as ſeated, upon leaving the Bath. The Elders ſteal out of the wood, and glide as near as poſſible to the baluſtrades. Their criminal paſſion is ſtrongly expreſſed in their countenances, as they gaze on her beauties, and ſnatch at the veil with which ſhe attempts to cover herſelf. The fear, ſhame, and confuſion of the ſurpriſed damſel, are admirably well delineated.

By the way, the ſtories of *Suſannah and the Elders*, and of *Joſeph and Potiphar's Wife*, my dear Sir, are told ſo frequently, that we muſt long have been wearied of the ſubjects, if they were not peculiarly adapted to excite certain emotions; for, vary them as you pleaſe, a naked beauty, and two old Jews deſcribed the one; a bed, female inticement, and the eſcape of Joſeph, by leaving his robe in the hand of the amorous Belle, conſtitute the other. But Painters ſeem peculiarly fond of theſe ſubjects, as they conſecrate, as it were, the indelicate paſſion. They pretend to give leſſons of virtuous reſiſtance in both caſes, while, in reality, they are rendering themſelves popular, by inflaming concupiſcence. They remind me of the pious Monk, who, to enhance the merits of *Mary Magdalene's* repentance, and to prove

that

that ſhe was far diſtant from the wane of her beauty, deſcribed her charms in ſuch glowing terms, that it is ſaid, the younger part of the audience were much more diſpoſed to imitate her vices, than her contrition.

LETTER XVIII.

Duſſeldorff.

The fourth Gallery is diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Vander Werff*. It contains the Paintings that were executed by this Knight, under the immediate patronage of the Elector *John William*. It is aſſerted, that he received an annual appointment, of not leſs than *twenty thouſand florins*, nearly equal to two thouſand pounds, under a ſtipulation to work for the Elector, only ſix months in the year. His Portraits are in very high eſtimation. The Gallery is adorned with a number of Paintings by this Maſter. They are principally taken from Scripture. Among theſe, a ſeries of Paintings that repreſent the moſt diſtinguiſhed periods relative to our Saviour's hiſtory, are in the higheſt eſtimation. For inſtance,—the Viſitation of *Gabriel*,—the Birth of *Chriſt*,—his Preſentation in the Temple,—*Chriſt* in the midſt of the Doctors,—the *Ecce Homo*, or when he was preſented to the People,—his Crucifixion,—and *Chriſt* at the Sepulchre.—

They

They are ſmall pieces; being two feet and a half by one foot nine inches. The characteriſtic excellence of this Painter, conſiſted in the delicacy of execution. The natural hue, and ſoftneſs of the ſkin, are, in each piece, incomparably well expreſſed, and univerſally admired. Moſt of his other pieces deſcribe ſcenes taken from the Old Teſtament; as, *Sarah* introducing *Hagar* to *Abraham*,—*Abraham* diſmiſſing *Hagar* and *Iſhmael*. An allegorical piece alſo, in which the Artiſt has introduced the marriage of the Elector *John* with *Mary de Medicis*, is highly eſteemed.

Moſt of the Paintings of *Vander Werff* being minute and delicate, it was alledged that he could not excel upon a larger ſcale. He anſwered the objection by painting a very maſterly portrait of himſelf; which, for dignity, is deemed ſuperior to moſt Portraits extant. It is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. *Gebers*, of *Rotterdam*, who married the grand-daughter of this Artiſt. This I have ſeen. It is a Kit-cat, in ſize as large as life. He is repreſented in a *robe-de-chambre*, holding his pallette and pencils in his left hand, and the Portrait of his Wife in the other. A Child is at his knee. He is of a brown complexion, and has an handſome and very manly coun-

countenance. Although this piece is ſo much larger than the common ſize of his Paintings, yet it retains all the delicacy of his ſtyle. Upon the cloſeſt inſpection, not a ſtroke of the pencil is to be traced; and yet, at a diſtance, the whole exhibits a certain majeſty and force, which is purchaſed by other Artiſts, by rough and manly ſtrokes. Attention has been paid to the minuteſt articles: The hand which holds the Portrait of his Wife, is repreſented as being behind the canvaſs; the fingers alone, which project and compreſs the upper part of the frame, are rendered viſible. The nails are elegantly ſhaped *à la Cheſterfield*, and reflect a gloſſy light.

The accuracy and high-finiſh which diſtinguiſhed the performances of our Knight, could alone be obtained by patient aſſiduity. It appears, as Mr. *Gebers* informed me, from the Minutes of his Labours, now in the poſſeſſion of this Gentleman, that *Vander Werff* employed ſix or ſeven months aſſiduous attention, upon each of his principal pieces. This celebrated Painter, who received the order of Knighthood from *Germany*, was the ſon of a Miller.

I muſt omit the Paintings of *Rembrandt*, notwithſtanding the ſtriking majeſty of his *Claro Obſcuro*,—

Obſcuro,—and alſo ſeveral other pieces of great merit,—in order to ſtep with you, for a moment, into the Gallery of *Rubens*.

It is aſſerted, that there is not a Painter upon record, who has equalled *Rubens* in the number of valuable pieces which have been painted by himſelf, or to whom ſuch multitudes have been attributed. It is ſaid, that not leſs than *two thouſand* (moſt of them of conſiderable magnitude, and charged with many figures) have proceeded directly from his own hands. Of numberleſs others, the plans, ſketches, or the moſt intereſting parts, were executed by himſelf, while the drapery, landſcapes, and other ſubordinate parts, were left to his Scholars. Again, it is obſervable, that moſt of his Diſciples were cloſe imitators of their Maſter. Hence, ſome thouſands of Paintings are diffuſed over Europe, that bear the name of *Rubens*, merely becauſe they were the productions of his School, and ſo much in his ſtyle and manner, that it was extremely difficult to diſtinguiſh the Maſter from the Scholar. Theſe conſiderations will, in ſome reſpects, explain the myſtery; for, it muſt have been morally impoſſible for one man, who did not live to an advanced age, to execute the innumerable Paintings that bear his name, and

that

that are exhibited as *his*, in almoſt all the churches in the *Auſtrian Netherlands*, in many other Catholic churches throughout Europe, and in the cabinets of numberleſs Connoiſſeurs. Beſides, he was in a publick capacity, travelled much, and cultivated poetry with conſiderable ſucceſs.

Among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of his pieces in this Gallery, is a large Painting, that repreſents the Day of Judgment. This is about nineteen feet in height, by fourteen. You will eaſily conceive, what a multitude of figures enter into a compoſition of this kind, and what a ſcope the ſolemn ſubject affords to the warmeſt and moſt fertile imagination. It was with peculiar pleaſure we obſerved that a *Negroe* was placed among the Elect. There is a liberality in the thought which does him great honour. I wiſh he had placed more!—Poor ſouls, it would be too hard for them to find an Hell in each world!—We were right glad to find, that there were no diſtinguiſhing marks of Slave-dealers, and Slave-drivers, among the Reprobate. It would have been too ſatirical for the ſolemnity of the ſcene; but, had I been in his place at the time, I will not aver that I ſhould have reſiſted the temptation. There is ſomething peculiarly ſtriking in the ſituation in which *Rubens* has placed

placed himſelf. He ſeems to heſitate on which ſide he ought to turn. Earneſtly wiſhing for the *right* hand, with a fearful apprehenſion that he might belong to the *left!*

"The web of our life," ſays the Poet *, "is of mingled yarn,—*Good* and *Evil* together!—Our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt them not; and our Crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſhed by our Virtues!"

Another piece, in the awful ſtyle, is the fall of Sinners into the Pit of Perdition. The multitudes,—the variegated marks of horror and deſpair,—and the diverſe-coloured flames ready to devour them, are ſo ſtriking, that I am ſurpriſed the Painter could ſuſtain his own ideas, while he was delineating them.

A Rural Scene, with a beautiful Rain-bow, has the ſingular merit of being executed in one day, though no marks of precipitancy are diſcernable.

The Death of *Seneca* is deemed one of his beſt pieces. The Philoſopher is repreſented nearly naked, with his feet in a veſſel of copper, filled with water tinged with blood. An incipient pallidneſs, united with the remains of animation,

* Shakſpeare, in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

are well expreſſed. He is ſtill diſcourſing with one of his Diſciples.

The laſt piece I ſhall mention, is the Flight of the *Amazons*. This I will not attempt to deſcribe. You will learn to appreciate its merits better than by any deſcription of mine, when I inform you that this Painting gave riſe to the plan of erecting a Gallery, The Elector, having purchaſed the piece by chance, was ſo captivated with its beauties, that his taſte became directed into this channel, and he determined to form a collection of Paintings, which is augmented to its preſent aſtoniſhing ſize!

The following Anecdote of *Rubens*, which I do not recollect to be inſerted in his Life, was communicated to me at the ſame time with thoſe concerning *Jan Steen*; and, as it comes more *apropos*, I ſhall not make an apology for it.

As the Scholars of *Rubens* were jeſting and playing with each other, in the abſence of their Maſter, one of them was accidentally thrown againſt a Piece on which *Rubens* had juſt been working; and a conſiderable part of it was entirely disfigured. Another of the Pupils ſet himſelf immediately to repair it, and completed the deſign before his Maſter returned. *Rubens*, on reviewing the work, obſerved a change, and

a difference that ſurpriſed and embarraſſed him. At length, ſuſpecting that ſome one had been buſy, he demanded an explanation; adding, that the execution was in ſo maſterly a manner, that he would pardon the impertinence, on account of its merit. Encouraged by this declaration, the young Artiſt confeſſed, and explained the whole, pleading, that his officiouſneſs was merely to ſcreen a Comrade from his Maſter's anger.—*Rubens* anſwered, "If any one of my Diſciples ſhall excel me, it will be yourſelf."—This Pupil was the *great Van Dyk*.

After the Connoiſſeur has ſatiated his eyes with the collection in the Gallery, he will naturally viſit the Academy of Drawing and Painting, which is held in a noble Edifice, built by the Elector *Charles Theodore*; of which Profeſſor *Langer* is the preſent Director.

As I have already detained you ſo long upon ſubjects of this nature, I ſhall ſpare you and myſelf from giving a particular deſcription of this Academy. I ſhall merely obſerve that it is ſaid to be in a very flouriſhing ſtate; and many of the young Artiſts engaged here, promiſe to be an honour to the profeſſion. They are furniſhed with the beſt models and deſigns for drawing. Among the former, are the celebrated

Statues

Statues of *Laocoon* and his Sons,—of *Venus de Medicis*,—the *Greek Shepherdeſs*, or the *Venus aux Belles Feſſes*,—an *Apollo de Belvidere*,—the *Dying Gladiator*, &c. &c. Among the latter, are *four Porte-feuilles* of *Raphael*,--Deſigns by *Guido*, *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, *Tintoret*, *Corregio*, *Michael Angelo*, and *Annibal Carrachio*. In ſhort, the collection is ſaid to amount to not leſs than *ſixty thouſand* Pieces; of which, *twenty thouſand* are original drawings.

I have accidentally met with a very intereſting and authentic Anecdote, concerning a young Engraver, who was educated in this Academy,—which I ſhall reſerve for the ſubject of my next letter.

We were informed, that the Count of *Neſſelrode* had a choice Cabinet of Paintings, to which he politely gives acceſs to ſtrangers; and that he is in poſſeſſion of the famous Hermit of *Douw*. But, as our attention began to be wearied by the Paintings we had already inſpected; as neither time nor inclination permitted us to ſee every thing that was deemed worth ſeeing; and as it was our determined plan, to confine ourſelves, in this Tour, to thoſe objects alone which ſeemed to conſtitute the principal characteriſtics of each place we might viſit, we omitted to profit by the Count's politeneſs.

For

For a ſimilar reaſon, I ſhall paſs by *St. Martin's Church*, and alſo the one which formerly belonged to the Jeſuits, without going into them, notwithſtanding the former is ſaid to contain a number of good Paintings, and the latter excels in Architecture. One general obſervation will ſerve for all the Churches and publick Seminaries on the Continent, built by the followers of *Loyola*:—They are the moſt elegant and coſtly of any of the publick buildings devoted to the purpoſes of religion, or of education; and, in the days of their proſperity, they were the moſt richly ornamented with Paintings and Sculpture, and abundant in precious Relicks, and moſt nobly endowed.

Adjacent to one of the gates of the city, is a Chapel, pertaining to a Nunnery, that is ſaid to be after the model of that at *Loretto*. But, as it neither contains ſuch immenſe riches, nor has been honoured with ſuch a miraculous tranſportation, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence.

The Garden belonging to the *Jagerhaus*, or Hunting-ſeat of the Elector, planned by Count *Goldſtein*, formerly Governor of the town, is much admired by the inhabitants of the city, and by the ſtrangers that come from *Holland*,

and alſo from many parts of *Germany*. But it is ſo much inferior to what you have an opportunity of ſeeing, every day, in *England*, that a particular deſcription of it, will yield you no ſatisfaction.

Give me leave to introduce you to the wild Horſes in the Elector's Stables, contiguous to the Gallery. Theſe were caught in the woods of *Duiſburg*, which furniſh an occaſional ſupply without much expence. Theſe animals are caught by their being driven into nets, ſo conſtructed as to entangle them, and yet prevent their doing themſelves an injury by the extreme violence of their ſtruggles. The young ones are tamed, and become very decent members of ſociety. Among other methods of reducing them to obedience, it is ſaid that they are laden with large ſacks of ſand, as heavy as they are able to bear: Theſe are let down upon their backs, by means of ropes and pullies, and are ſo adjuſted, that they cannot poſſibly throw them off. After the animal is made to ſtand ſtill under the oppreſſion, he is gently led about the *Manege*, or Riding-ſchool; and the burden is gradually made lighter and lighter, according to his good behaviour.

I ought

I ought to have told you ſome time ago, that I was furniſhed with letters of introduction to two Gentlemen of *Duſſeldorff*. Theſe we did not deliver until the afternoon of the ſecond day. The omiſſion was partly owing to our being occupied in the Gallery, and partly to tempeſtuous weather. One of theſe Gentlemen, a Wine Merchant, was from home: the other, a Bookſeller, ſhewed us every civility in his power, ſeizing the intervals of ſun-ſhine to conduct us through various parts of the town. His habitation, being in *Carlſtadt*, as it is termed, gave us as an opportunity of contemplating this appendix to the old city, at our eaſe. It owes its origin and name to *Charles Theodore*. It is divided into ſix regular quarters, that open into an extenſive ſquare. All the houſes being upon one plan, it will have a beautiful appearance, when compleated. The new city has ſeveral good buildings, excluſive of the new Palace, and Academy of Painting.

In the midſt of our peregrinations, a ſudden ſhower compelled us to take ſhelter in the houſe of the Society or Club. Theſe Clubs are eſtabliſhed in almoſt every town in *Germany* and *Holland*. They are upon a different, and, I think, upon a better plan, than is common with

you. Several Citizens unite to hire a convenient houſe, and to furniſh it according to their numbers and extent of their plan. They place a Superintendant in this, with a competent number of Servants. Proviſions of tea, coffee, news-papers, &c. are purchaſed; and the cellar is ſtocked with a variety of liquors, out of the common purſe. In moſt of theſe Societies, there is a Billiard-room; and ſome take in various journals, and new publications. At *Oldendorff*, near *Bramen*, I have ſeen an extenſive and well-choſen Library adjacent to the Club-room. This *Salle* is devoted entirely to reading: neither pipes, nor a ſingle glaſs of punch, are permitted to enter. By theſe plans of liberal œconomy, every Subſcriber has a ſecond home, where, at every leiſure hour, he is almoſt ſure to meet with a friend, a pipe, and the news of the day. Each article of conſumption is paid for immediately by the perſon that orders it; ſo that no one is compelled to take more than he chuſes, merely *for the good of the Houſe*, on the one hand; nor, on the other, is the Community taxed by the indiſcretion or exceſs of any of its Members. In ſome inſtances, the finances of the Society enable them to meet in a Garden, with a commodious

dious Summer-houſe, *Kolf-baan*, or *Golf-ground*, during the ſummer months. Where the Subſcribers are numerous, you would be ſurpriſed at the ſmall expence for which each individual enjoys ſo many advantages.

LETTER XIX.

Duſſeldorff.

NOTHING gives us more fallacious ideas of human nature, or militates with greater force in favour of the opinion, that a very inconſiderable portion of comfort is poſſeſſed by mankind, than the pages of General Hiſtory. We are induced, I may ſay, *ſeduced*, by the narratives of the Hiſtorian, to contemplate the creation as one great theatre of violence. Mankind are conſidered as univerſally oppreſſive, cruel, unrelenting. In a word, blood-ſhed and devaſtation are ſuppoſed to be the common lot of humanity; ſo that even the compaſſionate Reader is impelled to catch the ſpirit breathed in their narratives, and tempted to curſe the ſpecies.

But compaſſionate Readers would feel themſelves more compoſed, if they recollected, that, by the peruſal of a few months, a ſeries of events are made to paſs in review before us, which required years and ages to be put into execution;—if they recollected, that General Hiſtory

is

is the Magazine of Diſtreſs, Villainy, and Cruelty;—that its pages are profeſſedly crowded with *extraordinary* incidents;—and that the intermediate periods, paſſed over in ſilence, are filled up with peaceful enjoyment. Of every army that has been cut off, the individuals that compoſed it, muſt have paſſed through years allotted to growth and maturity, before they could be brought forward upon the theatre of action: They muſt have arrived to a certain age, before they were ripe for being ſhot through the body, or hewn to pieces, in battle; and, ſince ſtanding armies, and diſciplined troops, have been ſubſtituted in the place of *irregulars*, the largeſt aſſemblage of military force, is but a comparatively ſmall ſelection from the multitude. All cities muſt have flouriſhed for years, and ſome have for ages, before diſcord and tyranny could have deſtroyed them. In ſhort, the hiſtory of diſtreſſed countries, reſembles the hiſtory of Hoſpitals and Mad-houſes: Whoever takes a ſurvey of theſe, may be aſtoniſhed, perhaps, as well as affected, with their number. But, excepting in occaſional epidemics, or in other particular circumſtances, this number of the ſick and the maimed, &c. does not ſtrike us in the common walks of life, or they appear in too ſmall a proportion, to excite a murmur. We

are not to form an eſtimate of the *quantum* of enjoyment poſſeſſed by oxen and ſheep, by the bloody ſcenes of a Slaughter-houſe.

We ſhould alſo recollect, that the Narratives of Commotions and Wars, and great Exertions, and great Sufferings, are highly pleaſant to the mind. In Hiſtory, Romance, and Tragedy, it is the plots, and intrigues, and cruelties of one party, and the diſtreſs, or intricate ſituation of the other, that render theſe publications ſo peculiarly intereſting. Our attention relaxes, when ſufferings are at an end. We drop the curtain, when the ſtruggles of diſtreſs are no more, and are contented with very confuſed and general ideas of the happineſs which enſues, without being inquiſitive concerning the minuter circumſtances that compoſe it. Thus, after the mind has been eagerly engaged in the contemplation of all the component parts of miſery, and dwelt upon every part with minute attention, it draws the fallacious concluſion, that there is ſcarcely any thing in the world but wretchedneſs. No, my friend, this is not fair: There muſt be a large portion of enjoyment in the world, when diſtreſs itſelf is made the ſubject of innocent, and even ſublime delight!

Once more: Vice generally advertiſes itſelf, by the great and immediate miſchief it does;—

Vice

Vice, like poiſon, is deſtructive in ſmaller doſes; while the practice of Virtue, like the daily uſe of nutritious food, is a ſtill, quiet, habitual proceſs, ſupporting habitual health and comfort. Thouſands, and tens of thouſands, for example, are daily nouriſhed by the uſe of milk, and no one rejoices at the good; but, if this milk happens to turn ſour in a braſs kettle, and proves fatal to a few individuals, the diſaſter is in every publick paper, and in every mouth; and we all ſhudder at the evil.

In this manner I love to contemplate human nature; and it does my heart good. It has a triple advantage. It inſpires with more pious ſentiments of the Divine government, — with more kindly ideas of our fellow mortals, —and it diffuſes a chearful calm over the mind, which the mind never can enjoy, without being in tolerable uniſon with every thing around it. Yes, Sir, I am poſitive that there is much virtue in the world, and conſequently, much happineſs. Innumerable would be the inſtances of virtuous conduct, if, unfortunately for the juſtification of the human character, virtue was not, generally ſpeaking, of ſo ſilent and reſerved a nature. As it moſtly loves to do good in private, we cannot always trace its ſteps. It may work inſenſibly; but it works with efficacy; and ſociety is kept together

together in tolerable order, without its energy being immediately perceived, or the links of its connection being diſtinctly marked. If all the good which has been done, were as loudly proclaimed as the evil, ſure I am, that it would make noiſe enough to ſtifle the voice of complaint.

When, therefore, we are able to draw out of obſcurity, inſtances of noble ſentiment and conduct, I beg leave to conſider theſe as the accidental diſcovery of what is naturally latent, and as ſmall ſpecimens of the *much* that remains behind, rather than as unuſual inſtances of philanthropy. With this view, I ſhall proceed to the Narrative promiſed you in my laſt, and introduce to your acquaintance a whole groupe of Worthies, co-operating to effectuate the happineſs of an individual.

Every one who viſits *Antwerp*, is made acquainted with the Hiſtory of the *Smith*, whom love converted into an excellent *Painter*; but every one who viſits *Duſſeldorff*, is not informed of the Hiſtory of a *Baker*, changed into an excellent *Engraver*. Love, indeed, was not the *cauſe*, but the *conſequence* of this change.

NARRATIVE.

NARRATIVE.

SOME years ago, while Profeſſor *Krahe* was Superintendant of the Gallery of Paintings, he received a viſit from a young Baker of the town; who, after a very ſhort introduction, took a book out of his pocket, which he preſented to Mr. *Krahe*, expreſſing a deſire that he would purchaſe it. The Superintendant found, upon examination, that it was a Prayer Book, ornamented, in the ancient ſtyle of religious foppery, with a number of coloured figures and engravings. It was the one which the Elector *Clement Auguſtus*, of *Cologne*, had ordered to be publiſhed, and was become very ſcarce and valuable. The Profeſſor enquired whence he had it; and the young man anſwered, with a modeſt bluſh, that it was a Copy from one he had borrowed. "By whom?"—"By myſelf," rejoins the youth. Upon a cloſe examination, Mr. *Krahe* could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the Copy from the Original. He could not conceal his ſurpriſe, and aſked, why he did not practiſe engraving, rather than continue a Baker?

The youth anſwered, that it was the wiſh of his ſoul; but his father, having a numerous family,

family, could not afford the expence of ſuitable inſtructions. "I deſign to travel," adds he; "but, as my father cannot furniſh the means, and as I knew that you was fond of drawings, I was emboldened to make this application to you, in hopes that you would purchaſe the Copy, to furniſh immediate help, and I muſt truſt to my induſtry and good fortune, for future advancement."

"Call here to-morrow, without fail," ſays Mr. *Krahe*, with an emphaſis that manifeſted pleaſure and aſtoniſhment.

Early the next morning, the Profeſſor called upon an intimate friend at *Keyſerwerth*, a few miles diſtant from *Duſſeldorff*; of which place the young man was a native.

This friend, with the power, had the *diſpoſition* to do good. *Krahe* told him the ſtory, ſhewed him the workmanſhip, and begged him to lend the young Artiſt *two hundred crowns*. "He will, doubtleſs," adds he, "become, in a few years, a diſtinguiſhed Engraver, and be able to reimburſe you. I will be ſecurity for the payment."

"I take no ſecurity," anſwered his friend; and he advanced *three hundred crowns*.

Krahe returned to the aſtoniſhed and tranſported Baker with the money. He quitted the

Oven,

Oven, learned Geometry and Perſpective, applied to Drawing according to the rules of the art, and acquired a competent knowledge of Hiſtory.

After aſſiduous application, for the ſpace of two years, the young man had made ſuch rapid progreſs, that Mr. *Krahe* adviſed him to quit *Duſſeldorff*, where no further improvement was to be expected, and viſit *Paris*, promiſing him a letter of introduction to Mr. *Willes*, a celebrated Engraver in that metropolis.

Schmitz (for this was the young man's name) put his advice into execution; and, in order to œconomize his little ſtore, he travelled on foot from *Duſſeldorff* to *Paris*. But, unfortunately, he fell ill immediately upon his arrival; and, although he applied to a Monaſtery, where he was hoſpitably received, and carefully attended, yet incidental expences, during an illneſs of ſome continuance, had entirely exhauſted his little ſtore. Upon his recovery, that delicate kind of pride, which ſo frequently accompanies true genius, forbade his making application to Mr. *Willes*, while he muſt appear as an indigent beggar.

One day, as he was walking penſively in the ſtreets, his mind occupied with his unfortunate ſituation,

ſituation, he was met by two Soldiers of the Swiſs Guards; one of whom accoſted him with the enquiry, "*Young man, are you not a German?*"—"Yes."—"From whence?"—"From *Keyſerſwerth*, near *Duſſeldorff*."—"You are my countryman.—What do you do here?"—*Schmitz* relates to him the particulars of his hiſtory; adding, that a long illneſs had exhauſted a large portion of his time, and all his money; and that he could not ſupport the idea of being troubleſome to any one. The Soldiers adviſed him to enliſt, aſſuring him that the ſervice was not ſevere, and that he would have leiſure to follow the bent of his genius. *Schmitz* accepted the propoſition, was introduced to the Captain of the Regiment, was enliſted for four years, and ſhortly after, was introduced to Mr. *Willes*, by the Captain himſelf. As much time was indulged to him, as the nature of the ſervice could poſſibly admit, to purſue his favourite object, under the direction of Mr. *Willes*. He continued in this ſituation the four years, when he received his diſmiſſion.

Finding that he was in the line of improvement, he continued at *Paris* two years longer, applying himſelf, with the utmoſt diligence, to the art of engraving: at the expiration of which

term, he returned home, with the beſt atteſtations concerning his talents, induſtry, and moral conduct.

Profeſſor *Krahe* received him with open arms, was charmed with the progreſs he had made, and engaged him to work in the Cabinet. He continued to work under the inſpection of the Profeſſor, about two years, conducting himſelf in ſuch a manner, as to gain upon the affections of his Patron.

It was about this period, that the Profeſſor invited our Artiſt to an entertainment, where ſeveral of his friends were to be preſent. He met his friends, and was entering into the joys of convivial intercourſe, when he was informed that the entertainment was in honour of a Stranger. But alas! this Stranger was the deſtined *huſband* of the Profeſſor's *eldeſt daughter*;—beautiful, in his eyes, as an Angel; and wiſe, in his judgment, as a Goddeſs of Wiſdom. He made as precipitate a retreat as decency would permit, and left the briſk glaſs, and jovial ſong, to circulate among the happy.

The next morning, he returned to the Cabinet with the utmoſt dejection of mind and countenance. This ſudden change was noticed by his Benefactor, who enquired into the cauſe. *Schmitz*, in confuſed expreſſions, and with faultering

tering voice, confeſſed that he had fallen deeply in love with that very daughter who was ſhortly to be in the poſſeſſion of another.

" Have you intimated to my daughter, the ſtrength of your affection ?"

" *Never*," anſwered the noble youth ; " not in the moſt diſtant manner. Could I, without title, fortune, or pretenſions of any kind, be ſo baſe as to ſpeak of love to the daughter of my Friend, my Patron, my Benefactor ? I was contented to ſee her, and was careful to conduct myſelf in ſuch a manner, that no ſuſpicions might ariſe, to debar me of that happineſs ; and now, I learn, that I am ſhortly to be deprived of the only ſatisfaction to which I dared to aſpire."

The benevolent Profeſſor tried his utmoſt to ſoothe and comfort him,—aſſured him of the ſtrength of his affection,—that he loved him as his own child,—but warned him to ſubdue his love for *Henrietta* ; expatiating upon the criminality, circumſtanced as they were, of indulging the paſſion.

The poor young man admitted the force of the argument, and promiſed to obey. But the ſtruggle was too much for his conſtitution. He fell ill, and continued in a dangerous ſtate, upwards of four months. Mr. *Krahe* paid him every

every attention, and gave him every conſolation in his power. But, in all their interviews, the name of *Henrietta* was never mentioned. His lamentable ſituation, however, could not be concealed from her. She ſympathized, and moſt ſincerely pitied; but, though "Pity is ſo near a-kin to Love," Duty and Honour interpoſed a barrier between them.

The intended huſband returned to his parents; and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenure of his letters, that certain objections were ſtarted by them to the union. Although he dared not to expreſs his own ſentiments fully, upon this occaſion, yet *Henrietta* divined them, and gave him full power to follow the genuine bent of his own inclinations, renouncing every claim upon his promiſe. The anſwer was correſpondent to her expectations; and, allowing a ſhort interval for the ſuppreſſion of that chagrin which the injured pride of every young Lady muſt ſuffer in ſuch delicate ſituations, ſhe permitted the ſuffering of *Schmitz* to engage more of her thoughts,—generouſly indulged her compaſſion, until ſhe found it blended with affection,—and, finally, addreſſed her father thus: "Sir, I know it has been your wiſh, to have *Schmitz* for your ſon-in-law---Every obſtacle is

removed---Tell him, that *Henrietta* will be his, if ſhe can promote his felicity."

The joyful father informed him of this declaration in his favour. But the good news was as like to have proved fatal, as his deſpair. Recovering from his emotion, and leaning on the arm of his Benefactor, he was conducted to the generous object of his paſſion; and, by paſſing the evening in her company, he was cheared, comforted, and reſtored.

But, how great was the ſurpriſe of every one, when they learned, the next morning, that the Lover had left the town, in a carriage with four horſes, and had carried his plates and drawings with him!----What aſtoniſhment to *Krahe!*---What a thunder-ſtroke to poor *Henrietta!*

This was ſo apparently the act of a diſordered brain, that his return was dreaded as much as his flight was lamented! Nor did they receive a ſingle line in the interval, to remove their doubts. On the ninth day, he returned from *Munich*, with an order for a penſion of *ſix hundred florins per annum*, to be paid to *Schmitz*, by the Treaſurer of the Palatinate.

He

He had been to throw himſelf at the feet of the Elector *Palatine*. He diſcovered to him his love,---his ſituation,---ſhewed him the certificates of his conduct, and the ſpecimens of his workmanſhip. The heart of the Elector was moved, and he gave him the penſion.

"Now, Sir," ſays the generous-hearted *Schmitz*, "I am more worthy of my *Henrietta*."

This event took place in the year 1782. The particulars are extracted from a publication, in high repute, entitled, *Muſeum für Künſtler, und fur Kunſtliebhaber*; or, Hiſtory of German Artiſts. I am very ſorry, that my total ignorance of the Anecdote, when at *Duſſeldorff*, prevented me from making thoſe enquiries, which more than curioſity would have dictated, relative to this worthy couple, or the preſent ſtate of our Engraver.

See there, my friend, in one ſhort hiſtory, the eulogium of numbers!---I beſeech you to make due comments upon the excellent character of our Artiſt, the Hero of the piece,---upon the benevolence of the Profeſſor,---his Friend, of *Keyſerſwerth*,---the Monks in the Convent,---the two Soldiers, with their Captain,---the Engraver *Willes*,---the Elector *Palatine*,---and the

amiable *Henrietta*; and then revert to my propoſition, that the Private Hiſtory of Individuals, would, in general, give us more favourable ideas of human virtue, and of human happineſs, than thoſe are apt to imagine, who direct their chief attention to the ambition of the Great, and the ſubverſion of Empires. Numberleſs are the inſtances, where Individuals emerge from obſcurity, and act a conſpicuous part on the Theatre of Life. We behold, and applaud the Actor, without adverting to the different ſtages through which he muſt have paſſed, before he was prepared for this honourable exhibition, and how far he muſt have been aſſiſted, in each ſtage, by thoſe around him.

Go to, ye Libellers of your Species! ye Defamers of God's moſt perfect workmanſhip below! ye that delight to ſketch out figures with charcoal, add horns, a tail, and cloven-feet to your ſketch, and call it *human!* Man is naturally a friend to man. Adventitious circumſtances may ſuppreſs this kindly temper, until the moſt contracted ſelfiſhneſs is deemed a ſyſtem of genuine prudence! Tyranny may depreſs the mind, until it be rendered incapable of one virtuous exertion! Falſe Theology, by repreſenting the heart as naturally vicious and depraved,

praved, may deſtroy the choiceſt ſprings of action,---may perſuade us, that to act the Knave or Fool, is merely to act in character: Whereas, a conſciouſneſs that we are *capable* of doing much good,---a conviction that we are *naturally diſpoſed* to do good,---that the inſtinct was given us, that we might become the active inſtruments of the Divine benevolence,---an inſtinct ſo ſtrong, that it is deemed *inhuman* to ſtifle its impulſe,---theſe are admirably calculated to quicken the diſpoſition, improve the habit, and extend the effects,

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LETTER XX.

Duſſeldorff.

THE third day from our arrival, as we had ſatisfied our curioſity at *Duſſeldorff*, we wiſhed to direct our courſe towards *Cologne*, diſtant about ſix or ſeven and twenty miles. But, how great was our mortification, when we learned, that not a poſt-horſe was to be procured in the whole town! The Traveller *incog.*, the Counteſs of *Falkenſtein*, with her Suite, like a miſchief-working Comet with its tail, had ſwept them all away. What rendered our vexation the greater, was, we began to be impatient for letters, which we ſuppoſed, according to the regulations we had made, might be waiting our arrival at *Cologne*.

Achilles himſelf, in his quarrel with *Agamemnon*, could not put on a more *ſombre* aſpect, than my worthy aſſociate, when he contemplated our carriage ſtanding ſolitary in a corner of the *Remiſe*, with the blinds drawn up, and pole drooping to the ground, deſtined to remain

remain a tedious twenty-four hours longer, in that dejected ſtate; nor could the injured Hero of Antiquity, with his friend *Patroclus*, manifeſt their wounded pride with more haughty ſtrides to and fro, in the martial tent, than we diſplayed in the publick Room of our Hotel!

As ſyſtems, according to *Sterne*, have an aſſimilating power, thus can a perverſe humour feed itſelf, and *nouriſh* itſelf too, with the moſt oppoſite kinds of food. In the intervals of a clear ſky, we regretted that ſuch lovely weather ſhould be loſt in inactivity. When the heavens were louring, we lamented that we were loſing precious time in our chambers, while we could have redeemed it, ſitting in our carriage, as effectually ſheltered from the rain. Upon the whole, however, the day was tantalizing fair; and our vexation was the greater upon that account.

At length, we were adviſed, by ſome of the company at our Hotel, by way of alleviating our diſtreſs, to viſit the Monaſtery of *La Trappe*, ſo famous for the taciturnity of its Brotherhood.--- It was but a walk of two hours:---The Counteſs had deprived us of every other mode of conveyance; and the ſingularity of the Inſtitution promiſed to indemnify us for our trouble, who had ſuch a large fragment of time heavy upon

our hands. We accordingly formed a party for the afternoon; and this plan reſtored our peace of mind, for a ſeaſon.

But alas! when can peace of mind be enſured for any continuance? The unexpected appearance of the Wine Merchant to whom I had my letter of introduction, diſconcerted our plan, and our tempers. This very polite and obliging Gentleman, being informed of the predicament in which the *Ruſſian* Princeſs had placed us, and of our ſolicitude to paſs the night at *Cologne*, alleged, with the utmoſt confidence of ſucceſs, that he ſhould be able to procure the horſes we wanted.

This aſſertion awakened old deſires a-new, particularly in the breaſt of my friend. As to myſelf, the propoſition of viſiting *La Trappe* had perfectly reconciled me to the diſappointment.

Our new acquaintance very obligingly undertook to execute the commiſſion, and, in the ſpace of an hour, came back in triumph, to inform us of his ſucceſs. But, as the horſes were juſt returned from a ſtage they had performed the preceding evening, the Proprietor told him they would require reſt and refreſhment, and that they would not be forth-coming, until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Affairs

Affairs being thus adjuſted, I could not forbear expreſſing my regret, at the publick table, that, according to this new conſtitution of things, I was prevented from ſeeing the Monaſtery of *La Trappe*. One of the Gueſts anſwered, that a plain and ſimple account of it, as he and his companions found it the preceding day, might at once ſatisfy my curioſity, and alleviate my diſappointment:

" The Monaſtery of *La Trappe*," ſays he, " is ſituated about the diſtance of an Engliſh mile from the Palace of *Goldſtein*, in the Eaſtern direction. Upon our ringing at the gate, it was opened by a Porter, who conducted us into a ſmall and mean *Stube*, or Side-room, where we waited until the Prior made his appearance. His portly corporation, plump cheeks, and greaſy dreſs, ſuggeſted the idea of a *Cook*, rather than of a *Prior*, and by no means correſponded with the accounts we had received of their meagre fare within the walls.

" Upon expreſſing our deſire to ſee every thing that was curious, in this place of devout retirement, he anſwered, with a tone full of humility, that he feared we ſhould be deceived in our expectations; and his fears were too well founded. He conducted us acroſs the Court, which was over-run with briars and thorns, ſo that

that there was ſcarcely a path left for our feet. He brought us to the remains of a Church, the greater part of which was fallen into ruins, and in which we ſaw neither Painting, Statue, or Crucifix, that deſerved attention. From thence we were conducted to the Refectory, where nothing was to be ſeen but tables and benches; while the diſagreeable effluvia of this *banquetting Salle*, drove us ſpeedily back again into the open air.

" We repeated our earneſt deſire to ſee the curioſities of the ſacred Manſion, the holy Veſſels, Veſtments, Paintings, Relicks, &c. and to be informed concerning the Regulations of their Order He anſwered, with an arch ſmile, that we had ſeen the whole. As to the Rules of their Order, and mode of living, they were nothing very ſingular. Their food was chiefly of the vegetable kind; now and then, they were indulged with fiſh. Their common drink was beer; but they were ſometimes allowed the moderate uſe of wine. He invited us to ſee the other parts of the Monaſtery; which conſiſted of the Kitchen, and their Cells, and contained nothing, he ſaid, extraordinary. But we found the above ſpecimen amply ſufficient.

" Upon our return to the outward gate, we were embarraſſed how to act reſpecting the pecu-

niary acknowledgment, as we were apprehenſive of offending the delicacy of the *Prior*. He ſoon relieved us from this embarraſſment, by ſtretching out his hand; and he condeſcended to thank us very kindly for the donation."

Notwithſtanding theſe appearances of extreme poverty, I am well informed, that the Monaſtery is richly endowed. They have upwards of ſixty acres of land ſurrounding the dwelling, beſides conſiderable poſſeſſions in other places: This renders their ſelf-mortification the more meritorious in the eyes of Superſtition; or, their ſyſtematic avarice the more deſpicable in the eyes of Common Senſe.

By the above account, you will perceive, my good Sir, that I ſhould have been miſerably diſappointed, if I had paid a viſit to the Monaſtery. It ſeems, however, that theſe Monks are ſomewhat degenerated from the original Rules of their Order; the ſeverity of which has been ſuppoſed to exceed, in every reſpect, that of the ſtricteſt Diſciplinarians. But the ſuperficial account given us by this Gentleman, is ſcarcely ſufficient to gratify our curioſity; nor does it convey any information relative to the Origin of this Order, or its diſtinguiſhing peculiarities.

To ſupply this defect, I would adviſe you to conſult *Bruzen de la Martiniere's Dict. Geograph. & Cri-*

& Critique, Tom viii. *p.* 647; and alſo *La Deſcription de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, par Monſ. Felibien*, publiſhed in 1682. By comparing theſe Authors, you will learn that this religious Order is originally the ſame as that of the *Ciſtercians*. The firſt Abbey was founded in the County of *Perche* in *France*, by *Rotrou*, Count of *Perche*, under the name of the Monaſtery of our dear Lady of the religious Houſe *La Trappe*, in the year 1140.

The Monks, we are informed, ſoon plunged into all the vicious irregularities which had long diſtinguiſhed and diſgraced the *Ciſtercians*; and they continued a reproach to Religion for many centuries. At length, *John Bouthilier de Rancé*, an Abbot, who flouriſhed about the middle of the laſt century, a perſon of ſenſe, diſcretion, and piety, had ſufficient influence over the fraternity, to reduce them to the obſervance of a much ſtricter diſcipline, and eſſentially to reform their morals. By his own example, as well as precepts, he perſuaded them entirely to forſake the uſe of wine, of meats, fiſh, eggs, butter, milk; in ſhort, of whatever was animal, or animalized; and to ſubſtitute a vegetable diet, and the beverage of water, in their place. A ſmall quantity of weak cyder was occaſionally permitted, by way of luxury; and he overcame their

their indolence, by enjoining them the cultivation of the ground, for the ſpace of three hours every day. By ſuch means, he hoped to cool the wicked fire of their temperaments, and to keep them, at leaſt, innocently employed.

But, leſt he ſhould not have totally deſtroyed the tinder, he thought it prudent to deprive them of the match. He reſtrained the uſe of ſpeech to the offices of devotion, and the abſolute neceſſities of their mutual intercourſe. He had learned, by long experience, that all the converſation that was beyond *yea, yea*, and *nay, nay*, proceeded from an evil heart, and incited to an evil conduct. However, as one of my Authors expreſſes it, the walls ſpoke, if the men were ſilent:—Numberleſs texts of Scripture, and maxims of piety, being inſcribed upon the walls of every apartment.

Their plan of life is the following:—They retire to reſt at eight o'clock in the ſummer, and at ſeven in the winter ſeaſon. They riſe at two o'clock to their *Matins*, which continue till half paſt four. From Church, they retire each to his Cell in the ſummer, and to the Common-hall, to enjoy the benefit of a common fire, in the winter. Here they read and meditate for the ſpace of an hour, and then return to the exerciſe of their publick devotions in the Church, which

continue

continue till ſeven o'clock. They now apply to labour, each according to the work allotted him, and which they are not permitted to exchange among themſelves. Some dig, others plant, others rake the ground, &c. The Prior himſelf, ſo far from being exempt from the taſk, ſhews his humility, and ſets an example of patience and contentment, by engaging in the meaneſt, or the moſt arduous employments. When the weather prevents them from working in the open air, they are occupied by every domeſtic office; ſuch as waſhing, ſcouring, &c. They are alſo their own Maſons, Coopers and Carpenters, and exerciſe, within the walls of the Convent, every handicraft employment their ſituation may require. After being employed an hour and a half in one or other of the above occupations, they adjourn to the Church for half an hour, and thence to their Cells, to meditate, and read the Lives of Saints and Martyrs. They return to the Church a quarter before twelve, and then aſſemble in the Refectory, to their ſober, vegetable, repaſt. Each Monk takes his accuſtomed place, and uſes the trencher, knife, fork, ſpoon, and napkin appropriated to himſelf. After dinner, they return to the Church ;—thence to their Cells, to read and meditate ;—thence to their different occupations, as in the morning ;—thence

to

to their Veſpers;—thence to the Refectory;—thence to their Cells, to read and meditate;—and thence to their beds, at the appointed hour. The circle of a day, is thus the circle of their years.

What ſay you of ſuch a life?—Have you any inclination to become a Monk of *La Trappe?*—It will be the greater honour, as there are but three Eſtabliſhments of this Order extant;—the one in France, mentioned above,—another, I think, in Italy,—and the third, contiguous to this City. Perhaps you may not like their taciturnity: but I was aſſured, by a very loquacious Prieſt, with whom I was converſing in a poſt-waggon, between *Aix-la-Chapelle* and *Maeſtricht*, upon this very Inſtitution, that ſilence is no puniſhment, when you are once accuſtomed to it; and, to praiſe the Lord with his tongue, is the only uſe of it, a truly pious man can reaſonably deſire.

I confeſs that I do not feel any great propenſity to become a Proſelyte. Could their ſage Directors fall upon no medium between the exceſs of depravity, and the exceſs of ſtupid inſipidity? Is it worth while for any ſoul among them, to run through his twenty, thirty, or forty years, in the ſame *routine* of diſcipline, without being of the leaſt uſe to himſelf, or to the Community?

Community? Muſt they not be as ripe for heaven the firſt year of their probationary ſtate, as the fiftieth? Oh, what a curious preparation for the other world, to become the drones of this!—to ſeclude themſelves from ſociety, and the duties they owe to it!—to renounce that uſe of ſpeech which conſiſts in the free intercommunication of ideas!—to induce a voluntary paralyſis on their tongues, and to place all the joys of ſociety in herding ſilently together, like the brute creation!—to pore over the Lives of Saints and Martyrs, while their total renunciation of the world, precludes for ever the poſſibility of imitating ſuch examples!—to evade the mandate of our Saviour, not to make long prayers, by ſlicing them into a number of ſhort ones!---to neglect every ſpecies of devout cultivation, which genuine knowledge favours and cheriſhes, and rely upon their own barren meditations, and the fancies they ſuggeſt!---They might as well contemplate the heavens through a duſty, worm-eaten teleſcope, and imagine ſome of the inſects that crawl before the glaſs, to be cœleſtial inhabitants!---and, finally, to dream that they can moſt effectually work out their ſalvation, by planting cabbages, and digging up potatoes, for their own conſumption!!!

But,

But it is time to leave theſe ſequeſtered and ſilent ſcenes, and turn to thoſe which were more clamorous.

The hour being elapſed, when our poſt-horſes were to make their appearance, we ſent a ſervant to haſten them. He quickly returned with the tidings, that horſes and driver were on their road to *Cleves*, with other paſſengers. Our new Friend haſtened immediately to the Stable-keeper, who attempted to excuſe himſelf, by alleging that his engagement with us was not abſolute, and that he had expected more peremptory orders. Our Friend, on the contrary, maintained, that the orders were abſolute and peremptory. Finding that nothing was to be obtained by altercation, he recommended, nay inſiſted, in vindication of himſelf, that a complaint againſt the offender ſhould be made before the ruling Burgomaſter.

Perſonal offences always awaken within us a publick ſpirit, for the inſtant. We are never ſo well diſpoſed to make an example of a Culprit (purely for the good of the Community) as when he has injured ourſelves. This might be one reaſon for acceding to the propoſition; but another was, the opportunity it would afford us of contemplating a Burgomaſter,---who is reverenced upon the Continent with a degree of

ſervility, probably upon account of his poſſeſſing a *diſcretionary* power; of contemplating him in his ſeat of retirement, diveſted of thoſe rays of dignity which dazzle the publick eye.

We accordingly marched with eager expedition, until we arrived at an antiquated manſion, in a retired ſtreet. We were informed by his Servant, that the Magiſtrate was in his library; and that enquiry ſhould be made, whether or not he was acceſſible. We waited in the Veſtibule, until orders were received for us to aſcend. We mounted a venerable ſtair-caſe, the baluſtrades of which, had they been right ſound, and not rendered decrepit by age and worms, appeared maſſive enough to ſupport the Emperor himſelf.

We were accidentally met at the door of the chamber by his Lady, the partner of his bed and honours; ſuppoſing them an exemption to the axiom of Ovid,

Nec bene conveniunt, nec in una ſede morantur
Majeſtas & amor.

Her pinguedinous corporation (be it ſpoken with all due reſpect to the dignity of her perſon and ſtation) was encircled with a pinguedinous robe. Her head-dreſs had, ſome-how or other, happily acquired a rich yellow hue, without its appearing to have been waſhed in coffee

coffee *a la Françoiſe*; and her noſtrils were no ſtrangers to the perfumes of ſnuff.—She may be an excellent perſon, notwithſtanding this deſcription, which a ſcrupulous attention to veracity obliges me to give you. Diſreſpect at firſt ſight is frequently as unjuſt, as love at firſt ſight is dangerous.

The Burgomaſter received us ſitting. He was ſupporting his tottering frame, on the arms of a tottering chair, contiguous to a tottering table. On this table a large number of books were ſcattered in great confuſion: it reminded me of the Battle of Books in the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*; the more ſo, as there ſeemed to have been a conteſt for victory among them. I will not be poſitive; but, as I glanced my eyes over the inſcriptions of thoſe that, from their ſituation, were the moſt legible, I thought I ſaw *Tully's Offices*, and the *Holy Bible*, nearly buried under a treatiſe on *Bye-Laws*, and a large volume on the *Privileges* and *Prerogatives* of the *Great*.

But, to return to the principal perſonage, who ſeemed to have borrowed his blue woollen night-cap from a Spital-fields Weaver, and his *Robe-de-Chambre* from a decayed School-maſter: He received our friend's depoſition with all the dignity of profound ſilence.—After pauſing a few minutes, which I naturally ſuppoſed were

employed to concentrate and condenſe all the wiſdom of Solomon, he referred us to the Commiſſary of *Poſt-horſes*, rung the hand-bell on the table before him, and ordered the Footman to conduct us down ſtairs.

Being thus charged with power from the Prime Conductor of *Duſſeldorff*, we brought it over to the Commiſſary as quick as poſſible; and it immediately excited him to put on his wig, take his hat and cane, call forth his *Dieners*, or the Runners of Juſtice, and march to our Hotel,—where the Offender was ſummoned to appear.

Although our Commiſſary appeared to be an excellent man, and well diſpoſed to enquire with impartiality into the merits of the quarrel, before he ſhould decide,—yet he had not a voice to command reſpect. When he attempted to make it emphatic, it ſprang from the *tenor* up to the *alto*, and uttered a ſound ſimilar to that of an *hautbois*, when forced by an unſkilful player.—That of the Stable-keeper was rough and manly; and I was long in anxiety, leſt *la Baſſe continue* ſhould overpower the *Alto*. But our Friend, the Wine Merchant, coming between them, moſt powerfully ſuſtained his poſt. He aſſerted, with immoveable firmneſs, that the bargain was abſolutely made, and that our Antagoniſt

tagoniſt knew well, that the orders were peremptory.

Upon minute enquiries, and croſs-examinations, this appeared to be the fact; for we diſcovered, that the other Strangers had ſeduced his integrity, by offering a larger ſum than is uſual, or the ordinance allows.

Thus he was found guilty of *two* offences; and his inſolent behaviour, as long as he thought himſelf ſecure from detection, conſtituted a *third*. Upon conviction, he became more humble, which diſpoſed us to be more merciful; and we readily conſented to the mild propoſal of our Commiſſary, to remit the penalty incurred, on condition that he ſtrove to procure us, from among his brethren of the Whip, a ſet of horſes, at the price for which our Agent had ſtipulated, that ſhould convey us, at leaſt, *one* ſtage towards *Cologne*. The return of the carriages that had been engaged by the Counteſs in the morning, ſoon enabled him to fulfil theſe conditions.

Our friendly Wine Merchant employed the intermediate time in noting down, for us, the *merkwurdigheden*, that is, things moſt worthy of notice, in the different parts of our intended route. He alſo furniſhed us with a letter to his Correſpondent, Mr. *M*——, at *Mentz*, in caſe

we ſhould be in a ſimilar predicament in that place.

In return to the polite attentions of our Book-ſeller, I had purchaſed ſeveral books; among which was *Kant's New Syſtem of Metaphyſicks*, which makes as much noiſe as Metaphyſicks can make, through different parts of *Germany*. Of our Wine Merchant we each of us ordered a caſk of choice Rheniſh wine,---which was fine-flavoured, clear, and exhilerating, to the very bottom. I am not able, as yet, to ſpeak ſo favourably of *Kant's Philoſophy*.

LETTER XXI.

Road to Cologne.

ANOTHER impediment, added to thoſe mentioned already, made it impracticable for us to reach *Cologne* the ſame evening, although it is but about eighteen miles diſtant from *Duſſeldorff*. The flying-bridge, over which we were to have paſſed, had been detached from its cables, by a large float of timber coming down the Rhine, and was making its way, in full ſpeed, towards *Weezel* and *Cleves*.

This accident obliged us to have recourſe to the Ferry, which was about two miles above *Duſſeldorff*. When we arrived at the banks of the River, unfortunately the boat was on the other ſide, taking in a carriage with paſſengers. This buſineſs neceſſarily detained us another half hour. In conſequence of all theſe lets and impediments, we were obliged to give up the deſign of ſleeping at *Cologne*; and we determined to paſs the night at the *Poſt-houſe*, about half way between the two cities. From the badneſs

of the road, and perverſeneſs of our Driver, who, being *compelled* to take the reins of government into his hand, was reſolved to reſent upon us the compulſion,—darkneſs, the enemy we wiſhed to avoid, overtook us, before we arrived at this place of our deſtination,

As ſoon as we entered the Village where we were to remain, the joyful tidings were announced by a crack of the whip, and an exclamation "*Daſs iſt das Dorff!*"—This is the Village.—But we were ſtill to experience rockings and joltings, in a rough and ſtony road, through rain and wind, for the ſpace of a tedious half hour, before our Driver could exclaim, "*Da iſt das Wirth-haus!*"—There is the Inn!

Although we were ſo deſirous of ſhelter from the ſtorm, yet our countenances were by no means brightened up when we beheld the mean appearance of our Inn. We enquired if it were the beſt in the village, and were anſwered, "It is the only one, where you can receive any accommodations." Our ideas had given it a much better form; and theſe were, in ſome meaſure, authorized by the ſpecimen we had had of a *Poſt-houſe* between *Xanton* and *Duſſeldorff*.

Our Hoſt, his fair Spouſe, and bare-footed Maiden, ſeemed equally ſtrangers to the wholeſome duties of ablution; nor did a peep into the ſombre

ſombre and dirty Kitchen, give us any great appetite for our future ſupper.

After we had ſettled accounts with the Driver,—who was the Repreſentative of the Stable-keeper of *Duſſeldorff*, while he ſupported claims and privileges of his own, (in which double capacity he employed all the intrigues of a Miniſter of State, to deceive; and we, all the firmneſs of ſound policy, to maintain our known and acknowledged rights), we were conducted to our apartment, or *Stube*, oppoſite to the Kitchen. Its clean and neat appearance, notwithſtanding its ſimplicity, was ſomewhat encouraging. Its whitened walls, adorned with ſmall Pictures of Saints,---an Image of the Virgin, that was placed upon a large family cheſt, as the Protectreſs of ſome old china, ranged in the front,---a Crucifix, under an antique-framed Mirror, manifeſted the owner's diſpoſitions both for devotion and ornament, while they gave us hopes that matters would not go very bad in ſuch good company.

Our repaſt was ſimple, but in abundance; and it was ſerved up with attention and civility: a clean table-cloth, napkins, and plates, with burniſhed knives, ſharpened the appetite, which had loſt its edge from a perſpective of the Kitchen. Our Bed-chamber (the arrival of

other company had deprived us of ſeparate rooms) partook of the ſame neatneſs and ſimplicity; and we awoke in the morning, much more refreſhed, and better ſatisfied, than the firſt appearances had promiſed, the preceding evening.

No horſe,---or, to elevate the ſimile as much as poſſible, when I compare myſelf to a beaſt of burden,---no *mettleſome courſer*, could feel more indignant terror on his ſpirits, upon being forced into the ſhop of a rude-handed Farrier, than was felt by your humble ſervant, upon his being urged by neceſſity into this *Wirthſhaus*; and for a ſimilar reaſon,---from the apprehenſions of rough treatment within. I recollected thoſe miſerable Inns in *Weſtphalia*,

> If Inns they could be called that Inns were not,

into which my waggon-ſhaken bones entered in hopes of reſt and refreſhment, but returned without either.

Theſe are termed *Scheueren*, or *Barns*, where rationals and irrationals, men, women, and children, with all their live-ſtock, dwell under one roof, and in the ſame apartment. The family occupy the extreme part of the building, at the greateſt diſtance from the door, which is moſtly

at

at the *gable end*; horſes, milch-cows, and oxen, are ranged on the right and left, towards the entrance; hogs and poultry take poſſeſſion of the middle ſpace. In conſequence of this diſpoſition, the *hearth*, or fire-place, is very remote from the door; and the ſmoke, which is moſtly of oak-wood, finding no chimney, or immediate vent, collecting in ample ringlets in the upper regions, is diffuſed in copious ſtreams over the whole building, and its ſuper-abundance eſcapes at the barn-door. At once to form a beneficial ſtream, and to facilitate its paſſage, a large reflecting-board is placed perpendicularly above the fire-place, at ſuch a due height, that it prevents the ſmoke from collecting among the beams and rafters, by diffuſing each column, as it riſes, over the middle regions. By condeſcending to compare myſelf to a *quadruped*, ſurely I have purchaſed a right to compare this machine to the *ſounding-board* of a pulpit, which it reſembles in ſhape and ſize, and alſo in its manner of reverberating.

Some of theſe *Scheueren*, or Barns, have a ſecondary apartment, called a *Stube*, or Stove-room, which is warmed by a ſtove, or furnace, placed contiguous to the wall, and generally heated from without, by an opening in the partition wall; ſo that the air in the apartment has

has no acceſs to the fuel, but receives a cloſe, ſultry, and unwholeſome heat, from the accumulation of ignited particles, which have no proper vent. Theſe machines are called *ovens*; a generic term that we have appropriated to a particular ſpecies of furnace, to which the moſt common ones in Germany bear a cloſe reſemblance. The ovens of the Rich and Great are very elegant, conſiſting of caſt-iron, highly ornamented with figures in *relief*, or caſed with valuable Saxon china. In large and ſpacious apartments, theſe ovens may be uſeful and neceſſary; but, in theſe ſmall *Stubes*, they yield an impure and ſuffocating heat. They appear to me, the chief cauſes of thoſe pulmonary complaints that are ſo frequent in *Germany*, as well as in *England*, where you ſtudy ſo much the luxury of warm apartments; while they are ſcarcely known in *Holland*, where the rooms are much more lofty, fires are leſs violent, and the inhabitants warmer clad; ſo that they are happily exempt from the ill effects attending the ſudden change of atmoſphere.

The filth, which muſt accumulate in great abundance in ſo large a family, is formed into a dunghill, planted immediately before the door. All the Villages, therefore, as they abound with Farmers, abound with theſe mountains; the in-

fuſion

fuſion of which, in a rainy ſeaſon, flows, in copious ſtreams, along the ſtreets, and neceſſitates thoſe inhabitants that are above abject poverty to uſe *boots*. May we not trace the modern faſhion, in your men of faſhion, of wearing morning boots in clean ſtreets, up to this ſource? As thus,—Engliſh Officers, in their frequent German campaigns, were under a neceſſity of imitating the German Officers, and perpetually encaſing their legs *ſe defendendo*, until they acquired the habit; and, upon their return to their native ſoil, they gave the *ton* to thoſe gentry who are ſo fond of following the example of the Military, in every thing but in expoſing their lives for the good of their country. I propoſe this, merely as a conjecture *en paſſant*:—What I am about to advance, is much more important, and is founded on a minute attention to cauſe and effect, for which I claim a double portion of honour.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas.

Although it is my phyſical and metaphyſical creed, that every diſcovery, and every ſpeculation, has been, or will be uſeful, yet I will maintain, that the above axiom is, in itſelf, as applicable to inveſtigating the ſuperior flavour of

a *Weſtphalia*

a *Weſtphalia* ham, as the creation of worlds; nay, in my own opinion, I have made the better choice, if utility be the prime object of our ſtudy. Beſides, it will certainly be much more in our power to be ſmokers of the one, than builders of the other; for, did we know the principles of world-making ever ſo well, it would be extremely difficult for us to gather together a ſufficient quantity of materials, or to find a ſingle ſpot of *terra firma*, on which to commence our operations; whereas, ſmoking of hams is a proceſs equal to the capacity of every one who is capable of eating them, and who will have reaſon to lament his ignorance, as often as his beſt endeavours are not rewarded with the requiſite flavour.

The ſuperior excellence of a *Weſtphalia* ham to every other,--that *Epicurean gout* which gives them a decided preference,--is, in a great meaſure, to be aſcribed to the conſtruction of theſe *Scheueren*, and to their being without chimneys. The hams are ſuſpended in the thickeſt part of this ſtream, or current of ſmoke, a few yards from the board by which it has been repelled:—Thus they are conſtantly expoſed to a ſuffuſion of an acrid anti-putreſcent principle; for, it is well known, that the ſmoke of oak-wood is more penetrating and anti-putreſcent than that of

of any other fuel; and this principle is conſtantly operating, without being applied in that degree of heat which produces rancidity, as is the caſe with all your chimney-ſmoked hams.—This I take to be the immediate, or the proximate cauſe of more excellent fumigation. But, I imagine alſo, that there are pre-diſpoſing cauſes, reſpecting the ſubject ſmoked, which operate more frequently in this country, than in any other ham-creating region.

The ſwine are permitted to wander at large, and to frequent woods that abound with acorns; and they fatten, while they are enjoying all the benefits of air and motion, which render their fleſh firm, healthy, and nutritive; nor is the covering of fat ſo exceſſive and oleaginous as when the animals are ſupported upon very ſcanty fare, the greater part of their lives, and gorged with a ſuper-abundance, the ſmall remainder. This cauſe operates *durante vita*; another takes place *poſt obitum*. The hams are not expoſed to this ſuffuſion of ſmoke, until, by being placed in a warm and moiſt ſituation, they have acquired that degree of ſoftneſs which precedes putrefaction. Then they are duly ſalted, and expoſed to the current. Put theſe rules into practice, my good Sir,—and I hope, ſome time or other, to enjoy the benefit of my lecture.

In

In every one of theſe *Weſtphalian* Barns, you may ſee an incredible quantity of bacon, hams, breaſts and hind-quarters of ducks and geeſe, expoſed to the beneficial current, partly for domeſtic conſumption, and partly for ſale.

I was ſurpriſed, in almoſt every village through which I paſſed, at the number and ſize of the flocks of geeſe and ducks, as well as the quantity of other poultry, that crouded the ſtreets, ſo as frequently to obſtruct the wheels of my carriage. Such an enviable abundance of proviſions, and the conſequent abundance of down, and other feathers, is the natural reſult of a number of ſmall farms, which ſupport large families, and render not merely the neceſſaries, but the delicacies of life, plentiful and cheap. There is ſcarcely an infant in a cottage, notwithſtanding their apparent poverty, that does not ſleep, in the winter ſeaſon, between two feather beds; nor is there the leaſt danger that any individual being ſhould ſtarve of hunger. It is true, "evil communication corrupts good manners:" The owners of theſe *Scheueren* are nearly as dirty as their chief ſtock in trade. Their ſtile of cookery is alſo diſguſting, and their bread is wretched.

The abundance of feathers proceeds, in part, from the univerſal cuſtom of plucking the down from

from the breaſt, and from under the wings, twice a year. This is a painful operation to the patient, and apparently cruel in the agent: nor can it be juſtified upon any other principle, than as being the *conditio ſine qua non*, of their exiſtence, and the care taken of them. There ſeems to be a tacit convention between the two ſpecies of bipeds, rational and irrational, by virtue of which, geeſe and ducks conſent to be thus painfully twitched twice a year, and to be eaten at the cloſe of life, upon condition of being well fed during the whole circle of their exiſtence, with the moſt *fattening* dainties.

Pardon this long digreſſion; I did not think it would have carried me ſo far. How dangerous it is to permit oneſelf to take a ſingle ſtep out of the right path! To return, if I cannot with honour, it muſt be with repentance. In my next, I ſhall proceed more methodically.

LETTER XXII.

Road to Cologne.

WE aroſe with the lark. The morning had a chearful aſpect, and promiſed a fine day. While the hoſtler was buſily employed about our carriage, we took a view of this long and irregular village. Poverty and wretchedneſs ſeemed to be inſcribed upon every dwelling, excepting on that of the *Pharherr*, or Clergyman, the Doctor, the Advocate, and four or five public houſes. The inhabitants of theſe ſeemed to poſſeſs a ſecret, which muſt aſtoniſh the moſt expert chemiſt,—the ſecret of extracting no inconſiderable portion of the precious metal, from earth that appeared to the eye as impoveriſhed as a *caput mortuum!*

We were not advanced far on our journey before the clouds began to collect, and menace heavy ſhowers. We were now upon an elevated down, opening an extenſive and majeſtic proſpect. The ſublimity of the view was enhanced by the variegated ſcenery which an intermixture of

of ſunſhine and rain, gloomy clouds, and chearful ſkies, exhibited on every part. Elevated as we were, and commanding an extenſive horizon, encircling cities, villages, and hamlets, woods, hills, vales, paſturage, fallow lands, cultivated grounds, rivers and rivulets; all conſpiring to form a whole:—It was pleaſant to contemplate nature thus buſied in diſpenſing her bounties over all; alternately diffuſing the kindly rays of the ſun, and the refreſhing ſhowers: ſo that each ſpot in its turn, was obſcured by the thick deſcending rain, and brightened by the darting beams. We felt as if we were in the ſecret councils of nature. We found ourſelves qualified to pronounce, to this ſmiling diſtrict, the chearfulneſs of thy day ſhall ſoon be overſhadowed: and to another, be not diſmayed, thy gloom is but for a moment!

As we approached near to *Cologne*, the beauty of the proſpect increaſed. This extenſive city, with its numerous towers, preſented itſelf on the right hand: on the left was the city of *Mulheim*, with the ſilver-ſheeted *Rhine* flowing between them. But on a ſudden the clouds we had hitherto contemplated as parts of a diſtant proſpect, aſſembled around ourſelves. The thick falling ſhower, drew an impenetrable veil

between us and every pleaſing object, and thus cloſed the ſcene.

If it be lawful to judge of the degree of fear *within*, by the plan of the fortification *without*, the inhabitants of *Cologne*, inſtead of poſſeſſing the courage of *Sparta*, and conſidering their own proweſs as a wall around them, may be ſuſpected of a double portion of trepidation, as their city is defended by a double wall with a moat between.

And yet this pompous enclosure, forming a ſemicircle ſeveral miles in extent, with its hundred turrets, and twenty-four principal ports, is in ſuch a ſtate of dilapidation, that I am apprehenſive it would tremble and fall at the very report of the beſieging cannon, as effectually as the walls of *Jericho*, yielded to the ſound of rams horns.

I muſt acknowledge, good Sir, that a ſpirit of reſentment, if it did not ſuggeſt, gives a certain edge to my remarks. For in conſequence of this plan of fortification, we were obliged in the midſt of a very heavy ſtorm, to turn about a quarter of a mile to the *left* hand, in order to paſs through the outward gate, and gain the road within by the ſide of the moat, which was to conduct us more than half a mile to the *right*,

in

in order to enter the city, in a part neareſt to our inn, by a ſecond gate.

As we were paſſing through the outward gate, a centinel ſtept from his box in a dark corner, and cried out, *halt*, in a tone of authority, perfectly conſonant with the formidable appearance of his enormous whiſkers.

Our coachman and his horſes immediately ſtopt, as if their limbs had been rendered paralytic, by a ſhock from the electric eel.

Advancing to the door of our poſt-chaiſe, with his firelock duely poiſed, our man of momentary importance, enquired, in the German language, with that well-modulated accent that indicated a mixture of ſelf-importance, and reſpect for the ſuppoſed quality of the ſtrangers,

"*Wer ſind ſie meine herren?* Who are you, gentlemen?"

Anſwer, "Travellers."

"*Welche ſind ihre naamen?*" What are your names?

Theſe were given up.

"*Was vor ein caracter haben ſie?*" What is your character?

We anſwered, that we hoped a tolerable good one.

" *Darvan zwiffle ich nich meine herren. Aber was vor ein ampt, oder bedienung, oder ehrenſelle haben ſie? Sind ſie vom hofe, oder geſanter die nach Francfort geben wollen? Edelleute, Graafen, oder Vryherren? Vergeben ſie, meine Herren, ſie wiſſen wohl daſs ich meinem Commandanten raport davon thun muſs.*"

" That I doubt not, gentlemen. But what is your office, or profeſſion, or rank? Are you from the Court, or deputies to *Franckfort*, Noblemen, Counts, or Barons? Pardon me, gentlemen, you well know that I muſt report every thing to the commanding officer."

Whoever pays the attention to etymology it deſerves, will be ſhocked with the idea of ſlavery, or ſervile dependence, that one word *Vryherr* recalls to mind. *Vryherr* literally ſignifies a *free* gentleman, and being analogous to *Baron*, points out the deplorable ſtate of all below this title.

We anſwered, that we were neither the one nor the other,—that we came from *Holland*, and were taking a journey for health and pleaſure:—that we had been at *Duſſeldorff*, and were going to *Bonn*, *Coblentz*, and perhaps farther, as inclination and circumſtances might dictate.

" *Oh, oh, Die Herren ſind Hollander, und vielleicht* BOURGOMEISTER?"

"So the gentlemen are Dutchmen, and probably Burgomaſters?"

My friend anſwered with ſome warmth, at our being ſo long interrogated. "*Nein, nein, ich bin allein ein Kaufmann.*"

Now a tradeſman or a merchant are one and the ſame, in the German language, and as I have already obſerved, they are both much under par, in moſt parts of Germany, and particularly, where either the Nobility, or Eccleſiaſtics, have monopolized all power and authority. Our centinel, therefore, having drank deep of theſe national prejudices, entertaining no higher eſteem for a merchant, than we for a pedlar; and probably, his eyes having never beheld a merchant in a poſt-chariot, with four horſes, was *erſtaunet* at the information, and exclaims, with every mark of ſurpriſe, "Ein KAU——————FMANN!!!"

If it were poſſible to meaſure ſound by inches, this muſt have been at leaſt three inches and a half long, *Rhinland* meaſure. The *K* was ſtruck as with the ſtrong accent of an Iriſh chairman; the *Kauf* was puſhed out by the ſlow, but powerful action of the *Buccinator* muſcles, in conjunction with the conſtrictores oris, which projected his lips about an inch and a half from his teeth. The *mann* was pronounced with a

quick and violent percuſſion. His eye-brows were expanded, and his eyes became prominent. As ſoon as the word was *ex-preſſed*, his mouth ſeemed to ſuffer a ſpaſmodic contraction, forcing the chink of the lips into a ſemicircle, which elevated his cheeks higher than the *pinnæ* of the noſe. A long *hum-m-m* was expreſſed through the noſtrils, full in our faces:—the whiſkers aſcended above the cheek-bones, and his eye-brows were loſt under the edges of his fur cap. "*Ein Kau-f-mann!—hum-m-m!*"

Every mark of profound reſpect was immediately omitted. He took out a ſmall greaſy pocket-book, and preſenting it to the *Kaufmann*, "*Er muſs ihre Naamen und profeſſion in deſes buch ſchriben.*" "You muſt write your name and character in this book." Which being done, he told my companion, "*Er darf gehen,*" "You may go," and he returned to his ſtand, without a military ſalute, or even *ein guten dag*, a good morrow.

Fully to comprehend the delicacy of this man's mental tact, you ſhould know ſomething of the idiom of the German language; which, as it was in this inſtance formed by the national character, will be explanatory of it; and will prove that our centinel was maſter of its nice diſtinctions. The

The Germans have three different modes of addreſs, correſpondent to the ſtation or rank of the perſon addreſſed. A ſuperior is always ſpoken to in the third perſon plural. So that in accoſting an individual, they will aſk the gentleman, How do *they* do? Where are *they* going? A perſon of medium rank, is intitled to the third perſon *ſingular*. How does *he* do? Where is *he* going? While the lower claſs, as ſervants and dependants, are ſtigmatiſed with a *thou*. Our centinel, of conſequence, while in the delirium of his imagination he took us to be perſons of conſiderable importance, gave us, as in duty bound, the higher diſtinctions of grammar. But finding that my friend was *nur ein Kaufmann*, ſimply a merchant, and I was his aſſociate, he ſunk us both down to the ſecond ſtory, and diſmiſſed each of us, with an *er darf gehen*. He may go.

It is cuſtomary in moſt countries upon the continent, for travellers either to give their names up to the centinel, as they enter a city, or to inſert them in a book upon their arrival at the inn. Theſe are communicated every evening to the ruling Burgomaſter, or to the perſon firſt in authority for the night. Thus no ſtranger can paſs or repaſs perfectly *incog.*

The

The police muſt be made acquainted with his courſe.

Moſt of you ſons of liberty, I well know, revolt at theſe precautions, deeming them injurious to perſonal freedom. But ſurely an honeſt man cannot feel it a great hardſhip to be obliged to tell who he is, whence he cometh, and whither he goeth? And theſe regulations are very conducive both to public and perſonal ſecurity; which are the very objects that juſtify theſe reſtraints, which the moſt approved and ſalutary laws, muſt ſometimes lay upon natural freedom.

But you will object that it is great folly to demand the name of a ſtranger, when he may give up what name he pleaſes, without the poſſibility of detection?

True, you may ſtile yourſelf, Monſieur le *Comte*, Monſieur le *Baron*, or plain *Aminadab*, juſt as you pleaſe; but the name written in the book at your inn, muſt correſpond with that announced at the city-gates. It will alſo be prudent to retain, during the whole of your journey, the name aſſumed at the firſt place of enquiry. Whatever be your *Appellation*, your *Perſon* is thus identified. If you behave diſorderly, a ready method is open for detection and complaint. Sober and quiet inhabitants,

are

are not ſo eaſily the prey, or the dupes, of a worthleſs ſtranger. On the other hand, if you receive inſults or injuries, the way is immediately open to redreſs. By being recognized and enrolled as an occaſional citizen, you are entitled to the protection of the magiſtrates.

Although I am a warm admirer of your Engliſh ſpirit, yet I am convinced, that it ſometimes carries you much too far, and degenerates into a pernicious enthuſiaſm. By your ſpurning at wiſe regulations, you inceſſantly become the prey of violence and rapine. Both you and your legiſlators appear to me to be more ſolicitous about *public* than *private* ſecurity, and about *external ſplendour*, than *domeſtic felicity*. You remind me of a farmer in my quondam neighbourhood, who, while he was moſt eagerly proſecuting every farmer around him, for the ſmalleſt encroachment, and ſometimes from the mere ſuſpicion of an encroachment, ſuffered his barns to be devoured with rats.—Your police is wretchedly defective, more ſo than in many countries you are apt to deſpiſe. You openly encourage many vices, becauſe they are advantageous to the revenue. You licence, in every part of your metropolis, receptacles for villains, where they aſſemble, where they are formed and trained, whence they ſally to commit depre-

depredations, and where they return to ſhare the ſpoils: you licence in cool blood, theſe acknowledged nurſeries of vice, which bring thouſands to ignominy; and yet think that you have compaſſion, becauſe you make a very affecting ſpeech to a poor condemned criminal. You encourage and promote gaming through the minuteſt and moſt impoveriſhed ramifications of the ſtate, by your public lotteries, to the ruin of thouſands, and the prejudice of tens of thouſands; and applaud your own virtuous zeal againſt a pitiful E O table, where the effects are infinitely more circumſcribed; as this ſimply affords an opportunity to a few ſharpers to pluck a few pidgeons of a richer plumage.—You reſpect the ground you tread upon more than your very ſelves. You glory that a ſlave regains his freedom the moment he ſets his foot on your happy iſle; but you drag freemen from their peaceful abodes, and compel them, by brutal violence, to fight for your liberties. I will not add, that you drag freemen from their native ſoil, and ſtimulate them by the laſh, to exhauſt their ſtrength in ſupplying your luxuries, as you ſeem induced by ſhame and remorſe to deſiſt from thoſe deeds of inhumanity.—You permit the frequent exhibition of the *Beggar's Opera*, to empoiſon the m rals of thouſands, by

by deſtroying horror at both crime and puniſhment, and you expect that the annual exhibition of a *George Barnwell*, will prove a competent antidote.—You perceive, that your public executions, are occaſions and ſchools of theft; and that the only leſſon they teach, is to deſpiſe an ignominious exit; and yet you continue them.—The ſeverity of your penal laws, united with the benevolence of your diſpoſitions, gives to every depredator the advantage over every honeſt man. Your compaſſion, nay, your *conſciences*, juſtly recoil at the idea of extinguiſhing life for the ſake of a watch, or of a few guineas, and of conſequence, you let the offender looſe upon the public, until he becomes a general terror.—You are impatient of the ſlighteſt inſult from your ſuperiors, and you are certainly in the right, but you ſuffer yourſelves to be robbed and murdered by your inferiors, every day of your lives, (if you will permit an Iriſhiſm of expreſſion, to which your conduct ſo nearly approaches;) and in this you are certainly in the wrong.—Inſtead of deſtroying the ſources of depravity, inſtead of affording opportunities of reform to the ſeduced, or to leſſer offenders, you ſerve them as a fiſherman ſerves ſmall fiſh, and let them eſcape into the general

general pool, until they ſhall become culprits of a larger ſize!

My good Sir, how melancholy is the thought, that, although you execute ſuch numbers annually, as to be reproached by foreigners, for a ſanguinary diſpoſition, yet theſe public examples are merely a ſmall ſelection from thoſe multitudes who have offended your laws, by annoying your fellow-citizens. They are a few whoſe indictment happens to be without a flaw, who have not the means or the opportunity of purchaſing a witneſs who might ſwear to an *alibi*, and who have not intereſt to procure pardon, from the abuſed clemency of his majeſty.

Notwithſtanding theſe ſtrictures, be aſſured, Sir, that to hear you cenſured by others, is by no means pleaſing to myſelf. Of this, a very recent example has convinced me. I was the other day in company with ſome gentlemen, where the penal laws of England became the ſubject of animadverſion. After a general comment upon their ſeverity, inequality, and inefficacy, one of the company turning to me, obſerved, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, "You Engliſh are reputed to be a wiſe people, but in my opinion, your *Minerva* ſtill deſerves the emblem of the *Owl*."

When

When a man is *piqued*, he is tempted to expreſs his ideas in too ſtrong terms; and I anſwered, under the firſt impulſe of reſentment, "If the emblem continues with Minerva, it is a proof that Minerva continues with the emblem. But there are ſome countries which Minerva has forſaken, and has left the Owl behind her."

LETTER XXIII.

Cologne.

HAVING thus paſſed a ſevere examination at the outward gate, we were permitted by the guardian genius of the ſecond encloſure, to enter the holy city, without any official enquiries. The continuation of the ſhower induced our charioteer to drive as expeditiouſly as poſſible to the *New Market*, and, in obedience to our orders, to ſtop at the *City of Prague*, with the utmoſt punctuality.

This hotel was recommended to us by our friend the wine merchant of *Duſſeldorff*, as being equally good with others of higher renown, and having a great advantage in point of ſituation; which to a traveller, is an object worthy of ſome attention.

As *ſuperſtition*, under the venerable name of *Religion*, is the ſtaple commodity of this city; and as Sundays are the chief market-days of thoſe who make gain of this ſpecies of godlineſs, we were ſolicitous not to let the opportunity of

The City of Cologne.

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of viſiting ſome of the churches to paſs unimproved. The moment we had taken poſſeſſion of our apartment, we ordered breakfaſt—ſent for an operator *pour rajeunir nos viſages*,—hired a *valet de place*,—ſent him to hire a *fiacre*,—and found ourſelves, before eleven o'clock, amidſt the crowd of worſhippers in the *Dome*, or *Cathedral* Church.

This building remains in an unfiniſhed ſtate; but the preſent pile manifeſts, that it would have been a moſt ſtupendous fabrick, if it had been completed. Although there are few external marks of grandeur to arreſt the eye, upon your firſt entrance, as is the caſe with moſt of the churches in the Auſtrian Netherlands, yet it is the repoſitory of immenſe treaſures.

Since this building is deemed one of the greateſt curioſities of *Cologne*, and as infinite pains have been taken to render it worthy of notice, I ſhall give you ſome particulars concerning it.

We are told that it was the pious deſign of the Elector and Biſhop of *Hockſteden*, to erect a temple, that ſhould ſurpaſs every other among the Chriſtian Churches, in majeſty and ſplendour. It was begun in the year 1248; and his ſucceſſors continued to build till the year 1499. No leſs a ſpace

than 251 years! They now found that their reſources, which were thought to be inexhauſtible, were much too circumſcribed for the extent of the deſign. It was left therefore incomplete; and while one part of it was ſo far finiſhed as to be appropriated to religious uſes, the other was ſuffered to moulder in ruins.

According to the original plan, the two towers at the weſtern front, would have had *five hundred feet* in elevation; whereas the one which contains the chimes, is only *one hundred and fifty feet*; and its more mutilated companion but *twenty*. The nave or body of the church, forms an area ſo vaſt and extenſive, that four rows of maſſy pillars, about one hundred in number, do not ſeem to croud it. But as the original deſign could not be accompliſhed, the roof has not the requiſite proportion; nor is it ſufficiently lofty to complete the idea of *ſublime*.

Some articles in the above account may appear exaggerated; yet if you had ſeen and contemplated with me the plan in which it was to have been finiſhed, your ſurpriſe would conſiderably diminiſh. It was deſigned that the building ſhould not only exceed in *ſize*, but excel every other in *profuſion of ornaments*. Almoſt every ſtone, to the very pinnacle, was to have

been decorated with thoſe minuter carvings, that kind of *filigree work*, which Gothic architecture ſometimes affects, although it is, in my opinion, deſtructive of that venerable character, which conſtitutes the chief excellence of the Gothic.

The Choir is finiſhed, and ornamented in ſo expenſive a manner, that there could not have been great apprehenſions of want at the period it was completing. The grand Altar is magnificent. It is formed out of a ſingle piece of black marble, of the fineſt ſpecies, about ſixteen feet in length, and eight in breadth. This is placed in the centre of a flight of ſteps, which give acceſs to it on every ſide, and is embelliſhed with a ſumptuous tabernacle, as it is termed, or a kind of dome, ſupported by nine ſmall pillars. It is alſo protected by the ſtatue of the Holy Virgin on the one ſide, and of St. Peter on the other.

In this Choir are depoſited the remains of St. *Englebert*, formerly Archbiſhop of *Cologne*, who ſuffered martyrdom under *Diocleſian*. His ſucceſſors, in addition to the honours he is to receive in the other world, have treated theſe ſacred remains with a ſilver coffin, which, as the Chronicles of the Church aſſert, weighs no leſs than one hundred and forty-nine pounds, *avoir-du-pois*. His ſtatue alſo, which is of fine *white*

marble, is placed upon a baſis, of jet *black*, and angels, with palms in their hands, are about to encircle his brow with a celeſtial crown.

The rich Mauſoleums of *Conrad*, the founder, of the *Elector*, of *Adolphus* the Third, and his ſucceſſor *Antony*, Counts of *Schauenbourg*, and ſeveral others, ornament this Choir alſo; but I will not detain you with a particular deſcription of them.

On the left hand of the Choir, by the ſide of a pillar, are the ſtairs which aſcend to the library, and the *golden chamber*, or treaſury. The library contains little more than ſchool divinity, eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, lives of ſaints and martyrs, and popiſh legends. The golden chamber is much more valuable. Its treaſures are ſubſtantial. They will be reſpected when holy relicts ſhall be deſpiſed, and legends ſhall be read no more. The chamber obtains its name from being the grand repoſitory of the various ornaments belonging to the Choir, the ſacred veſtments, conſecrated vaſes of ſilver and gold, buſts of ſaints and martyrs, Croſſes of various ſizes, of the ſame precious metals, and enriched with a profuſion of precious ſtones. Among theſe I ſhall ſpecify only the following: A golden croſs, about a foot and half in height, and three inches in breadth, ornamented with pearls and diamonds.

This

This expence of wealth, is in compliment to a ſmall piece of black wood, placed in the centre, which is a ſplinter of the real croſs.—A golden chalice, alſo ſet with pearls and diamonds. A Biſhop's mitre, ſo laden with pearls, that "the head muſt have ached that wore it."—The twelve apoſtles, in maſſive ſilver.

But the greateſt curioſity of all, is the Chapel of the three *Magi*, or Wiſe Men of the Eaſt; and as, according to the maxim which has uniformly directed the Holy Catholick Church, *Wiſdom* without *Power*, is not worth poſſeſſing, the Romiſh hiſtorians have made them three *Kings* or *Sovereigns*. You will doubtleſs enquire how came theſe three Kings of the Eaſt to take it into their heads to lay their bones at *Cologne?* Why the caſe was this: Theſe bones were formerly depoſited at *Milan*. Nay, the Milaneſe declare, that they have them ſtill in their poſſeſſion. But the Colognians maintain, that when the Emperor *Frederick Barbaroſſa*, took and plundered *Milan*, in a moſt deplorable manner, as a juſt puniſhment for their rebellion, yet though he ſlew the living by thouſands, he reſpected the dead; he paid the moſt pious attention to the relicks of ſaints and martyrs, and he generouſly made a preſent of the bones of the three Kings, with many other relicks, to

Archbiſhop *Renauld*, of *Daſſelde*, who had accompanied him in this expedition, as a moſt acceptable recompence for his important ſervices. They were firſt tranſported to *Rheinmage*, near *Bonn*; but *Philip* of *Heinſberg*, Grand Provoſt of the ancient Cathedral, in the year 1170, had them depoſited in the very ſpot where the preſent Dome is erected. Few perſons have travelled farther, or in a more reſpectable manner, after death. They were conveyed from the Holy Land by *Helen*, mother of *Conſtantine the Great*, to *Conſtantinople*. How theſe Worthies came to pay a viſit to *Milan*, I know not; but that they are at preſent at *Cologne*, is very certain; for their bones performed numberleſs miracles upon their firſt arrival; which is as indubitable a criterion of *terra ſanctificata*, as fermentation with an acid is of *terra calcaria*.

This famous Chapel is behind the grand Altar, towards the Eaſt. The bodies of theſe Magi, together with thoſe of the Martyrs *Felix Nabor*, and *Gregory* of *Spoleto*, are placed in a Shrine, inlaid with gold; and upon a large plate of gilt ſilver are emboſſed various Gothic figures, the ſignification of which is unknown. The heads of the Magi are viſible, through an aperture defended by rails, curiouſly wrought; and over theſe heads are ſuſpended three crowns

of

of maſſive gold; each of them is ſix pounds in weight, and enriched with a number of diamonds. Above this aperture, through which admiring ſpectators may take a peep at ſepulchred treaſures, are three other openings, or rather one divided into three compartments, in the ſhape of a Gothic window. Before the centre opening is the Image of the Virgin, ſeated on a throne. On the left-hand is ſeen the Baptiſm of our Saviour; and, on the right, the Wiſe Men preſenting their Offerings. The covering of theſe openings is a plate of pure gold, ſet with pearls and precious ſtones. Among others, ſhines a *Topaz*, of an oval form, and about three inches in length; and a *Jaſper*, of ſtill greater value. The various ornaments of this Shrine, and the different inſcriptions, are enriched with precious ſtones, of an *incalculable* value. This Monument is farther adorned with two hundred and twenty-ſix Greek and Roman Antiques, of exquiſite workmanſhip.

If you wiſh for a more circumſtantial detail, give me leave to refer you to a work publiſhed at *Bonn*, in the year 1781, by order of the Elector *Maximilian Frederick*, entitled, *Collection des Pierres Antiques dont la Caiſſe des Saints Trois Rois Mages eſt enrichie, dans l'Egliſe Metro-*

politaine à Cologne, gravées d'aprés leurs empreintes, avec un Diſcours Hiſtorique Analogue, par I. P. N. M. N.—By which you will be convinced that theſe ornaments are *genuine, worthy* of the Kings, who were not to be put off with the mock-majeſty of gilded copper and falſe ſtones, and other pious frauds, with which, they tell me, demure-looking Prieſts ſometimes amuſe the gaping crowd. Beſides, when dead men give themſelves the trouble to work miracles, we muſt ſuppoſe that they know what they are about; and it is natural to ſuppoſe, that they know alſo what their votaries are about, and that they will ſeverely reſent every impoſition dictated by either œconomy or avarice,—unleſs, indeed, we imagine that they all reſemble Saint *Anthony* of *Padua*, who, after he had aſſiſted a Thief in carrying off a conſiderable booty, upon the promiſe of receiving a pair of *ſilver* candleſticks for his Altar, ſuffered himſelf to be impoſed upon by a pair of *plated tin!*

LETTER XXIV.

Cologne.

FROM the Cathedral, we drove to St. *Peter's Church*, as being the next in the rank of *Merkwurdigheden*. As we were paſſing through the Cloyſters, the firſt object that attracted our notice, was the regular arrangement of a large collection of human ſkulls, which were divorced from their trunks, to preach a ſilent lecture on mortality, in the corner of the Cloyſter that leads immediately to the principal door.

Theſe Preachers may have had ſome influence the firſt week of their arrangement; but all mechanic means of exciting emotions are not merely tranſient in their effects; they generally, if not always, leave the mind in a worſe ſtate than that in which they found it. Every *continued* exhibition of human diſgrace, or of human miſery, after the firſt effect is over, has a tendency to render the heart obdurate, and more inſenſible to ſubſequent impreſſions of a ſimilar nature,—as the

the moſt powerful medicaments become inert by continuance, or too frequent repetition. For this reaſon, it has always ſtruck me as a moſt pernicious policy, to let publick executions be frequent, or malefactors continue ſuſpended on a gibbet. I knew a man who ordered his own coffin to be made during his life, ſtretched himſelf in it every day, for about a month, that he might contemplate mortality with the greater effect, and uſed it for his bread and cheeſe cupboard the reſt of his days. *Gellert* tells us, in his Fables, of an affectionate, mournful Widow, who threw the wooden Image of her much-loved Huſband upon the fire, to warm her Paramour, who came to viſit her in a cold winter evening. This example, you will ſay, is like the Athenian Matron, a ſatirical Fable; but, if it be founded in human nature, it illuſtrates the force of my propoſition. Convinced of its truth, I muſt deem the modern taſte as depraved and pernicious, when it familiarizes ſuch great and ſtriking events as the death of *General Wolf*, the Wreck of the *Groſvenor*, the Diſtreſs of the *Halswell*, and of the *Centaur*, on *tea-boards* and *ſalvers*. I am authorized to conclude, that the Gentleman or Lady who purchaſes one of theſe, is in a fair way to imitate my fact, or realize

Gellert's

Gellert's Fable. In a word, the genuine impreſſion ſuch repreſentations ought to make, would be thought moſt impertinent in the circles where they are introduced; and, if they make no impreſſion, the proof is clear, that they have rendered the mind indifferent to diſtreſs.

I muſt, however, confeſs, that appearances of decency and order, in the placing of theſe *Mementos Mori*, if they muſt be expoſed, is far preferable to the indignity with which the wrecks of mortality are treated in many places, and particularly in *Proteſtant* countries. I could mention to you many towns and villages, where I might collect, in the face of the ſun, a quantity of human bones ſufficient to form a number of complete ſkeletons from detached parts of different perſons. Perhaps I may undertake this, ſome time or other, were it merely for the pleaſure of bringing together thoſe who, during life, kept at a diſtance; uniting thoſe who were ever at variance, and making man and wife one appendage of bones, when they can no longer be one fleſh. Are you not apprehenſive, that, in ſome inſtances, a remaining acrimony may create a *caries oſſium?*

At *Bremin* particularly, the indelicacy of expoſing human bones is exceſſive. I remember, in paſſing through a church-yard, I unintentionally

tionally broke three ribs, and kicked an *os ſacrum* ſeveral paces before me. I could not help expreſſing to a Gentleman of the Regency, who happened to be with me, my cordial wiſh that it might be the rump of a *Burgomaſter* I had the honour to treat with that indignity. He anſwered me, ſmiling, "Their *oſſa ſacra* are perfectly ſecure, as they are ſnugly lodged in family vaults." Thus it is Plebeians alone, who are treated with as little ceremony after death, as when alive.

The next objects that ſtruck us, were, the ſwarms of Mendicants, of each ſex, and of every age, who formed a circle around us, as we ſtopt to contemplate the above collection,—whoſe abject countenances, extenuated limbs, and ſqualid garb, were ſo conſonant with the plaintive voice of diſtreſs, that we were compelled to believe they felt the wretchedneſs they deplored. How humiliating the reflections which the ſcenes about us inſpired! Deſtruction, in its moſt ghaſtly forms, before us, and living miſery ſurrounding us! It was, however, a lucky moment for theſe ſupplicants; for the emotions excited, induced us to purchaſe our paſſage through the miſerable groupe, at a higher price than we might have paid upon a common occaſion;

ſion; and we haſtened to the Church with the utmoſt ſpeed.

In the Church we wandered about ſome conſiderable time, with that vacant curioſity which manifeſted an appetite for ſomething new, without being able to find it. The Paintings, Statues, and Crucifixes, were numerous; but they poſſeſſed no peculiar excellencies. It is true, there were ſome good Saints among them, and two very decent Mary Magdalens; yet, as we had, upon other occaſions, ſeen others much their ſuperiors, they ſcarcely attracted our notice.

But, there was one Painting which muſt not be omitted, both on account of its worth and its hiſtory. It invites attention, by affecting concealment; being hid from vulgar and unappreciating eyes, by a curtain, which is never removed without paying a gratuity to the attendant.

This is a celebrated performance of *Rubens*. It was, in his own eſtimation, one of his beſt pieces, which he painted with peculiar care and exertion, in compliment to the Church where he received baptiſm, and which he preſented at the time he claimed a Copy or Certificate from the Baptiſmal

tiſmal Regiſter. It repreſents the Crucifixion of *Saint Peter*, to whom the Church was dedicated, and is much admired, both for its expreſſion and colouring. The body of the Apoſtle is in an inverted direction. The tenſion and relaxed ſtate of the different abdominal muſcles, which are delineated, in order to expreſs, if I may uſe the phraſe, a languid curvature, are worthy the pencil of this Maſter. Anguiſh is ſtrongly marked in every feature, and particularly by the mouth; yet it is admirably blended with firmneſs, and pious reſignation. It was painted in year 1642, and yet the colours are freſh and vivid.

The mercenary Directors of the Church, at that period, ſo far from accepting this ſplendid gift with the gratitude it merited, manifeſted a diſcontent, that the donation was not of a pecuniary nature. Propoſals were made by ſome of the more ſordid, to return a preſent that was of perſonal advantage to no one. But this motion was over-ruled. *Rubens*, being informed of the conteſt, offered them ſeveral thouſand crowns, if they would return it: it is ſaid, no leſs a ſum than *twenty-eight* thouſand. The poſſeſſors, ſtill conſiſtent with themſelves, concluded immediately, that the Artiſt muſt conſider this Piece

Piece to be inimitable, or he would have painted its fellow, rather than part with ſo large a ſum. The price offered, as is too frequently the caſe with profeſſed Connoiſſeurs, gave them more exalted ideas of its merits, than their eyes or judgments could have diſcovered. They became, at once, *Men of Taſte*; and the Painting has, ever ſince, been treated with due reſpect.

LETTER XXV.

Cologne.

THE plan I formed to myſelf, good Sir, when I promiſed to give you ſome account of this excurſion, was not to enumerate, much leſs to dwell upon every particular, within the compaſs of our obſervation,—this you muſt perceive would be impracticable;—but merely to give you ſome general account of the characteriſtic of each place, where that characteriſtic ſhould appear worthy of notice; reſerving to myſelf the right of making ſuch remarks as ſhould immediately or remotely belong to it. Yet were this plan to be ſtrictly adhered to in my account of *Cologne*, I ſhould conduct you through ſo many churches, chapels, abbeys, monaſteries, convents, &c. that you would be heartily tired of your correſpondent, and he of his labour. For example, I ſhould be obliged to take you with me to the Collegiate Church of St. *Gerion*, ſhew you the richneſs of the tapeſtry in the Choir, the heads of the *nine hundred*

dred Mooriſh champions, turned Chriſtians, and followers of *Gregory* the Ethiopian; — the ſcarlet caps, adorned with pearls, upon every head; — the blood-be-ſprinkled pillar that helped to ſupport the ſcaffold on which they all received the honours of martyrdom; this, in compliment to their rank I ſuppoſe, is of *Jaſper*. I ſhould lead you into a diſpute, whether the number of Martyrs be *nine hundred* or a *thouſand*; whether they were followers of *Gregory*, or St. *Gerion*; and whether or not they ſuffered under *Maximinus*.

I ſhould next take you to the *Jeſuits* Church; here again acting as your *Cicerone*, I ſhould point to you the ſtatues of the twelve Apoſtles; —the ſculpture that ornaments the pulpit;— the ſilver lamp ſix feet in height, on which is repreſented in *relief*, of exquiſite workmanſhip, the parable of the wiſe and fooliſh Virgins (the propriety of which deſerves commendation;) —the ſilver, the gold, the pearls, the emeralds, that adorn the different altars.

From hence I ſhould proceed to the Church of the *Maccabees*, ſhew you the place under the principal altar, where the heads of theſe worthies are depoſited, and where they are expoſed on high feſtivals, with crowns upon them ornamented with coſtly pearls and precious ſtones.

I could alſo ſhew you the head of *Joachim*, the father of the Virgin Mary; and the head of St. *Ann*, her mother,—though, were it for my life, I could not tell you how they came there.

Were we to viſit the Abbey Church of St. *Pantaleon*, I would introduce you to an acquaintance with this Saint, who, though perfectly willing to ſuffer martyrdom, was moſt tenacious of life. When thrown into a cauldron of melted lead, by the order of *Galerius*, he ſwam about the ſurface, at his eaſe, as if he was ſporting in a pleaſure bath; when precipitated from a rock, with a mill-ſtone about his neck, the mill-ſtone became as buoyant as a cork-jacket, and abſolutely preſerved him from drowning. At length, however, he was decapitated, his body was burnt, and the aſhes are contained in a veſſel of gold. I would ſhew you alſo the body, or rather the mummy of your countryman St. *Albin*, who ſuffered martyrdom fifteen hundred years ago, and has ſtill been preſerved from corruption.

In the Library of the Auguſtine Friars, you might peruſe the manuſcripts of *Scotus Subtilliſſimus*; and in the Church you might ſee his tomb, with this inſcription,

Scotia me genuit, Anglia me ſuſcepit,
Gallia me docuit; Colonia me tenet.

I ſhould

I ſhould alſo be your guide to the parochial Churches of St. *Martin*, St. *Laurent*, St. *Damien*, St. *Columbus*, St. *Loup*, &c. &c. and to the Chapels of St. *Cunibert*, St. *Cecil*, St. *Martin*, St. *Catherine*, &c. &c.

But it is time to ſtop. The above is but a ſmall ſpecimen of the buſineſs which ſuperſtition has cut out for the inquiſitive traveller in this very ſuperſtitious city. Of this you will be convinced when I tell you, that it contains within its walls not leſs than *ten* collegiate, and *nineteen* parochial Churches, *four* Abbeys, *ſeventeen* Monaſteries, *forty* Nunneries, and about *fifty* Chapels; and that all theſe are candidates for devout attention, to their treaſures and their relicks.

You perceive how much I have ſpared you reſpecting other articles; but the Church and Chapel of St. *Urſula*, muſt not be overlooked. You are not to expect an abundance of worldly treaſures, ſilver, gold, precious ſtones, and all ſuch glittering toys; but this holy fabrick poſſeſſes treaſures infinitely more valuable, which wealth cannot *always* purchaſe. In the firſt place, it has a ſmall portion of our Saviour's Croſs: ſecondly, two thorns from his crown of thorns: thirdly, a twig of the rod with which he was ſcourged: fourthly, a portion of the

purple robe with which he was arrayed in deriſion: fifthly, one of the veſſels that contained the miraculous wine at the marriage of *Cana*. All warranted genuine.

But theſe relicks, precious as they are, muſt yield the palm to the ſkulls and other bones of St. *Urſula*, and of *eleven thouſand* VIRGINS, her companions! all warranted *pure* and *immaculate!* They all came together from Britain in one *Man of War*, in the year *ſix hundred* and *forty*, in order to convert the unbelieving *Huns*, who had taken poſſeſſion of the city. But theſe barbarians, theſe worſe than ſavages, inſtead of liſtening to the perſuaſive eloquence of the fair preachers, maſſacred every ſoul of them.

However unaccountable this ſtory may appear, the evidences of its truth are irreſiſtible to minds properly diſpoſed. They will naturally conclude, that the immenſe collection itſelf is a proof of the ſaintſhip of theſe bones; for who would take the trouble to amaſs together ſuch a number of *ſinners?*—That it is quite as probable that theſe are *female* ſaints, as of our ſex;—more probable that they were *unmarried*, than that they were married;—and if unmarried, they muſt be *virgins*. Beſides, the fact is confirmed by miracles. The body of an infant that was diſturbed by the horrors of their martyrdom, roſe from the tomb, and

was beſprinkled with their blood. This is proved by an inſcription upon one of the pillars. The aſſemblage was alſo made in conſequence of a miracle. A dove, white as ſnow, appeared to St. *Cunibertus*, as he was at maſs in this very Church, that was afterwards dedicated to St. *Urſula*, and identified to him the bones, that he might ſelect them from others.—This meſſenger was a proof and an emblem of their purity and innocence. A tuft of hair alſo miraculouſly adheres to the crown of one of theſe ſkulls, as a token of incorruptibility. But there is yet a ſtronger proof extant, viz. an inſcription upon one of the monuments, aſſuring us, that an unhappy baſtard, being buried in their Church, their own Virgin bones became extremely reſtleſs at the indignity, nor would they lie compoſed until the nuiſance was removed. Finally, it is aſſerted, that every Virgin who has paid her votive offerings in this ſacred Chapel has been able to reſiſt the moſt dangerous attack upon her virtue, whether it was by violence, or by the ſofter methods of ſeduction.

But this laſt proof has been a ſubject of much diſcuſſion and doubt. It is ſaid that unbelief reſpecting it has crept into the moſt retired cells of the chaſteſt monks. It is ſaid,

that they ſmile, and chuckle, and whiſper each other in the ear, *this is impoſſible.* Some have declared to their confidential friends, that they *knew the contrary.* Others, who have no perſonal reaſons for denying the fact, acknowledge that the number of votaries has always been remarkably ſmall.

Some have even ventured to treat the whole of this hiſtory as a fable. They object, that it is very improbable that ſuch an immenſe number of virgins—*eleven thouſand!* could be collected together in any one part of England, ſuppoſe it even the *metropolis,* at a period when there was ſo very few, if *any,* boarding-ſchools for young ladies, to teach them delicacy of ſentiment, purity of manners, and fervency of zeal! They maintain, that ſhips muſt have been the largeſt when navigation was in its infancy, or a ſingle veſſel could not have held ſuch a number of paſſengers. They maintain, that the rudeſt natures could not have been ſo void of gallantry to the fair ſex as to murder them all, and that in their virgin ſtate. They aſſert, that the tuft of hair is rather injurious to the cauſe it was intended to ſupport; for as they were all virgins alike, no poſſible reaſon can be given, why the one ſhould enjoy this honourable diſtinction, more than the others, except-

excepting it were St. *Urſula* herſelf; which is not the caſe, for it is conferred alone upon her niece *Arthinia*; and that a cloſe inſpection will prove, that it has been artificially faſtened on with glue. They alledge, that among theſe bones, numbers are found to be of *infants*, who could not be ſuppoſed to have preached the Goſpel, and whoſe virginity poſſeſſed no virtue.

I ſhall only add to the above arguments, that however the minds of the preſent citizens may be concerning theſe ladies, formerly the greateſt ſecurity to the right faith was the danger of believing otherwiſe. For it is a well-known fact, that a ſurgeon of ſome eminence, having undertaken to prove that, among the collection of other bones which were ſaid to pertain to thoſe ſame heads, there were ſeveral oſſa femorum of large, *full-grown maſtiffs*, he was baniſhed the city, for permitting his anatomical knowledge to gain the aſcendancy over his faith. His cruel attack certainly deſerved the ſevereſt reprehenſion and chaſtiſement; for it not only endangered the *ſpecies*, but rendered dubious all that has been advanced concerning *immaculate virginity*.

Not a miracle received by the Catholic Church has been the ſubject of more litigation than

than this of the eleven thouſand virgins. Biſhops and other Divines, both of the Proteſtant and Romiſh perſuaſions, have canvaſſed it with unuſual learning and acumen. Several of the latter have admitted the conjecture of Archbiſhop *Uſher*, as the moſt plauſible method of getting free of the difficulty. He ſuppoſes, that the name of one of the companions of St. *Urſula*, was *Undecimilla*; and that ſome ignorant monk, in tranſcribing the records of her miſſion, had written *undecim millia*; or according to the common modes of abbreviation, had made uſe of figures, and had placed *XI mil.* which was afterwards interpreted into *eleven thouſand*.

This hypotheſis is very ingenious, I allow; but it is by no means ſatisfactory. It is ſo ungenerous in our ſex to doubt the poſſibility that a conſiderable number of female virgins can exiſt together in the ſame place, and at the ſame time; or agree in the ſame pious undertaking. Indeed, had the legend maintained, that an equal number of unmarried *young men*, pure and immaculate, had united in the benevolent plan, I ſhould renounce all faith in legends ſooner than believe it. Again, why ſhould this miraculous hiſtory be attacked with more vehemence than any other? It is no leſs

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credible than numbers that ſtill maintain their ground? To ſelect the only one as a ſubject of doubt, which does ſo much honour to the fair ſex, indicates a mean jealouſy, not to have been expected in grave divines; and one is almoſt tempted to ſuſpect, that this unuſual ſpirit of incredulity, has been excited by the envy of virtues, which they have not been able to imitate.

Beſides, what are we to think of miracles wrought in proof of a fact that never exiſted? Theſe miracles were certainly wrought perfectly ſimilar to thouſands of others received, and reſting upon evidences equally ſtrong, they cannot be denied, without ſhaking the pillars, and endangering the faith of the whole Catholic Church. But if you admit the miracles, you muſt admit the facts, or you profanely reduce us to a ſceptical uncertainty, and vague aſtoniſhment ſimilar to that of the mariners *in the Tempeſt*, when they heard the "tune of their Catch played by the Picture of Nobody."

LETTER XXVI.

Cologne.

THE account I have been giving you of the furniture of the Churches of *Cologne*, while it ſtrikes you with ſurpriſe at the immenſe quantity of uſeleſs treaſures, will lead you to conclude, that *Cologne* has been appointed the grand Charnel-houſe for the circle of the *Lower Rhine*; or that, by one of thoſe numerous miracles which have been wrought *in* and *for* this pious city, *Golgotha*, the place of ſkulls, has been removed into it.

I fear you will think me an egregious trifler, for having detained you ſo long with ſo many fabulous and frivolous circumſtances. But upon my word, Sir, *I* am not. *My* province has been merely, to give a faithful, but a very conciſe and abridged hiſtory of the frivolous character and diſpoſition of thoſe who deem themſelves the chief of *Saints*, the *excellent* ones of the earth. If the things I have ſlightly touched upon, be frivolous, woe be to the city of *Cologne*, for it is full of them!

But

But let us for a moment ſuppreſs that ſportive humour, to excite which, conſtitutes, in my opinion, the principal merit of the ſubjects we have been contemplating; and let us ſoberly enquire how came the human mind to employ itſelf in this manner?

I can only explain this upon one principle, which I have the greater confidence is the genuine one, becauſe it is univerſally applicable; which is, *whenever men forſake the cool dictates of reaſon, or give themſelves up either to paſſion or to imagination*, they are capable of every poſſible extreme! Whatever be the ſubject, they will drive it to the utmoſt extent of folly and madneſs, without a bluſh; without even the ſuſpicion of their thinking or acting improperly; and with ſuch a full confidence that they are in the right, that they ſuſpect the honeſty or the intellects of the man that attempts to prove them to be in the wrong! Nay, in ſome caſes, they will make uſe of every compulſive meaſure in their power, to force others to believe and act juſt like themſelves!

This phrenſy has induced ſome individuals to dream that the whole world was created for *them*; and, what is ſtill more ſtrange, it has induced the whole world to believe in the dream. The more a Conqueror has ſpread devaſtation

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and miſery over the face of the earth, the more he has charmed thoſe that had eſcaped from the ſlaughter;—the more he has played the *Devil*, as ſome one has obſerved, the more ſtrongly was the gaping multitude convinced that he was a *God*. Under the influence of this phrenzy, Sovereigns have propoſed their own *wills* as the ſole *law*, and ſubjects have placidly bowed their aſſent to the doctrines of *paſſive obedience*, and *non-reſiſtance*, and have declared, with ſervile, flattering accent, to the Prince who had no other ſuperiority than what has either been given or ſtolen, "*Behold, we are the breath of thy noſtrils*;" and, to devouring wolves, "*Yea, verily, we be the ſheep of thy paſture!*" Under the influence of this phrenzy, large communities have cheriſhed the idea, that a race of men were deſtined to be their ſlaves by the very texture of their ſkin!

Where men are the dupes of wild imagination, it raiſes them above the ſurface of the earth, and the intermediate region is directly filled with fancied beings. This imagination peopled the ancient world with Dæmons. In later days, it formed Hobgoblins, Sylphs, and Fairies,—ſet Witches on broomſticks, made them dart

dart through the air, ſwift as lightning, to ſtop the growth of children, blaſt cabbages, and curdle milk. It poſſeſſed men with evil ſpirits, and it exorciſed them; and it is now diſpoſing fanciful men, and fanciful women, to give credit to the reveries of a Swedenborg, and abſurd theories of Magnetiſts! In a word, imagination creates powers and principles, ſets them at work, tells you minutely what is their particular province, and points out the ſigns by which we ſhall know them: ſo that profound Legiſlators ſhall make wiſe laws againſt witchcraft; and conſcientious Jurymen ſhall ſhew their abhorrence of this craft, by condemning old women to the flames, who could not prove their innocence by drowning in a pond!

When Caprice lights upon the ſurface of things, it conſtitutes Faſhion; and Faſhion aſſumes a domination, which no one dares to oppoſe: ſhape, colour, and contexture, become omnipotent; and although, like the camelion, theſe vary with the hour, their tyranny is permanent. The ſame object becomes pleaſing, diſpleaſing, moſt elegant, moſt aukward, moſt exquiſite, moſt diſguſting, as Faſhion ſhall pleaſe to dictate. Every exertion muſt be made, every expence incurred,

incurred, every inconvenience ſuffered, every principle ſacrificed, rather than to omit a uniformity of worſhip to this ideal divinity.

If the principle happens to fix upon *dogmata*, let them be ever ſo abſurd or inſignificant in themſelves, or abſtruſe and unintelligible in their natures, they muſt be univerſally believed. The ſecular ſcourge muſt be applied to unbelieving ſhoulders! The ſecular faggot muſt be kindled to roaſt the Heretic *here*, preparatory to his broiling in fire and brimſtone *hereafter!*

This naturally brings me back to the Romiſh Church; for, although it is not *ſole*, it is *ſupreme* in perſecution, in the cauſe of abſurdity! This Church has, with wonderful dexterity, united and ſupported, for ages, all theſe aberrations from the firſt principles of common ſenſe! It has thus engrafted its worldly ambition upon a future inviſible ſtate,—made the hopes and fears of mankind concerning a future ſtate the ſources of its own wealth and grandeur in this,—cajoled men to believe, that elevation to an office communicated infallibility,—permitted infallibility to compound with iniquity; ſo that his Holineſs the Pope ſhall commence a capital Merchant in every ſpecies of depravity; and every Prieſt of the Altar become a retailer of his

his ware! It has ſo engroſſed and ſported with public credulity, that nations have fallen proſtrate at the thunders of a *Bull*; and armies, that would have ſtood undaunted before a whole artillery of cannon, have fled before a conſecrated banner. It has ſtudied to render the beſt religion in the univerſe, the moſt ridiculous;—changed its pure and ſimple principles into one large maſs of nonſenſe, which the credulous multitude have ſwallowed at a doſe! It has miſtaken the Chriſtian *Church* for a *Building*; thinks that the *glory* of the Church conſiſts in its *finery*; that to perſecute other ſects of Chriſtians manifeſts it is the Church *militant*; and to fill it with their ſpoils is to render it the Church *triumphant*. It has miſtaken the love of Paintings, Statues, and Relicts of the *pious*, for the love of *piety*. To *glory* in the *Croſs* of Chriſt, is to hold up a *toy* in the ſhape of a *Crucifix*, glittering with jewels, to gazing worſhippers; and to *bear* the Croſs, is to carry its form, richly embroidered, on the back of a ſilk veſtment!

It has been ſaid, that wiſdom is better than rubies: but the Sons of the Church are of the oppoſite opinion, and think that rubies are better than wiſdom; or, to ſpare themſelves the trouble of ſearching for wiſdom, they are contented with the *ſecond beſt*.

By the way, if it ſhould prove true, what ſome of your Divines aſſert, that we ſhall carry our diſpoſitions and propenſities with us into the other world, and that theſe will operate with unbounded force, I am under diſagreeable apprehenſions about our Chriſtian brethren of *Cologne*. Habit is a ſecond nature.—I fear that they have acquired ſuch a firm attachment to the bones of Saints, that, at the reſurrection, they will be unwilling to part with them, and not let the good ſouls have their own again; and, when they get into the New Jeruſalem, while others are ſinging anthems of praiſe, they will be undermining the city walls, to pick the *jaſper*, the *ſapphire*, the *calcedony*, the *emerald*, &c. out of the foundations!

To return to my axiom:—Such wonderful effects have extravagant propenſities, and wild imaginations produced, and will produce, till reaſon gains the aſcendancy. Gain it ſhe will, in due time, my good friend; but ſhe has many briars, and thorns, and miſts, and midnight darkneſſes, and ſloughs, and artificial fences, to remove, or to paſs through; ſo that her march is unavoidably ſlow. She has ſurmounted many difficulties within the compaſs of our recollection; and, when ſhe ſhall have conquered all, Oh, what a glorious æra! Univerſal equity, and

univerſal benevolence, ſhall prevail on the earth, together with genuine devotion, in all who believe in a Supreme Cauſe; and all will believe, when reaſon ſhall have diſcovered to man, *who* and *what he is!*—when reaſon ſhall have refined the religion of Jeſus from the worſe than arſenical droſs of falſe theology!—the exquiſite workmanſhip of God ſhall no longer be deſtroyed to feed the ambition of Princes, or to be inſulted or oppreſſed by ſupercilious Ariſtocracy, or wantonly hewn to pieces by enthuſiaſtic, half-inſtructed Democrates, in their boiſterous attempts to eſtabliſh univerſal equity! Wars ſhall ceaſe for ever!—Hatred, animoſities, injuſtice, cruelty, ſhall be no more!—Diſhoneſty itſelf ſhall be abhorred, and not merely certain modifications of it; the unfair dealer will be claſſed with the pick-pocket, the oppreſſor with the murderer; falſehood, and breach of confidence, ſhall be judged leſs manly than open violation; and the wilful blaſting of character ſhall be ranked among the worſt ſpecies of injuſtice;—humanity of diſpoſition, and a taſte for the moſt refined enjoyments, that flow from the mutual affection of worthy minds, ſhall annihilate ſeduction, and legal proſtitution, for the ſake of wealth or title. An accurate knowledge of the kind, extent, and variety of pleaſures, which perfect innocence

permits, and a conviction of their ſuperior reliſh, ſhall inſpire a diſdain for the turbid pleaſures of vice!—Even ſympathy with the diſtreſſed ſhall fail, or merely exiſt at the ſhorteſt intervals; for the wiſdom of political arrangements, united with the virtuous regularity of private conduct, ſhall render diſtreſs a ſtranger; and the promptitude of benevolence ſhall remove it upon the firſt appearance!—The prevailing faſhion will conſiſt in the univerſal attention to *propriety*;—*ſuitability* ſhall take place of *ſameneſs*, and this be productive of a captivating variety;—beauty ſhall be the *embelliſhment*, and not the *ſubſtitute* for better qualities;—elegance ſhall always have apparent utility for its aſſociate, and ſhall not be expended in ſimple and unintereſting forms;—external grandeur ſhall not be waſted upon frivolous ſubjects, but be the proper repreſentative of the dignity of the object it adorns;—ſportive ſatire ſhall decline, through the want of ſubjects; but a ſatirical diſpoſition ſhall chearfully yield to a benevolence of character, rejoicing in univerſal good; and the Critic ſhall confeſs, that to *applaud* is more delectable than to *cenſure!*

Theſe things are poſſible. Are they not probable? Can we ſuppoſe, that every *folly* ſhall, in its turn, poſſeſs full power to create its correſpondent

reſpondent *miſery*; and that *wiſdom* ſhall be for ever precluded from introducing virtue, harmony, and happineſs among the human race? It cannot be, Sir; it cannot be. Were I an Epicurean Atheiſt, I ſhould conclude, that the ſame Chance which produced phyſical order in the natural world, might finally arrange the moral. As a *Theiſt*, I am authorized to hope, that Supreme Intelligence will gradually conduct inferior intelligences to the perfection of their natures.

LETTER XXVII.

Cologne.

CHARITY, which believeth all things, and hopeth all things, will be diſpoſed to hope and believe that the original motive for erecting ſtately edifices, collecting precious relics, and amaſſing ineſtimable treaſures, was ſimply to ſupport the faith, elevate the piety, and improve the virtues of the Chriſtian world. It will candidly allow, that the uſe of the preſentation and emblem was ſuppoſed to be of the utmoſt ſervice to the converſion and edification of ſouls;—that the architect was employed purely to become a fellow worker with Chriſt and his Apoſtles, in building up of Saints in their moſt holy faith:—that by the contemplation of relics, images, and paintings, it was thought pious diſpoſitions and affections would be excited and cheriſhed:—that a profuſion of gold and coſtly veſtments, acting metaphorically, would inſpire an earneſt ſolicitude

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to obtain dignity and reſpectability of character; and that every moral excellence would ſhine moſt conſpicuouſly, when their emblems, the glowing ruby, the mild ſapphire, the ſplendid onyx, and placid pearl, were occaſionally exhibited to the admiring view of Chriſtian ſpectators. But experience has fully demonſtrated, that this mode of reaſoning was fallacious, and that theſe ingenious devices have not been attended with the expected ſucceſs. The highly privileged Colognians are not known to excel, in any one Chriſtian grace or virtue, other Chriſtians who have been deprived of their mechanico-ſpiritual advantages. Nay, they are ſadly miſrepreſented, if their general character be not worſe than that of their neighbours.

In my firſt letter, the incapacity of an haſty itinerant to form a juſt eſtimate of characters, has been ſufficiently proved. But his paſſage through a diſtrict will ſometimes enable him to collect information; and where the information given him by different perſons is uniform, it aſſumes the appearance of authenticity. Now, general report affirms, that *Cologne* is one of the moſt ignorant and bigoted cities upon the Continent. The higher circles indeed

are ſaid to entertain that polite indifference to Religion, which always characterizes the faſhionable world in every country. A ſenſe of honour, and an attention to character, are the only reſtraints they allow to be neceſſary among themſelves; while they think it abſolutely requiſite that the necks of the vulgar ſhould be rendered ſupple to the yoke of ſervile obedience, by the aids of ignorance and ſuperſtition.

In ſo delicate an article as that of character, it will be prudent to ſcreen myſelf under the beſt authority I can meet with; and therefore I ſhall give you ſome few *traits* from a recent author, whom I have conſulted, ſince I reſolved to comply with your requeſt, to whom I acknowledge myſelf under ſome obligations, for occaſional information of an hiſtorical nature, and who has in other inſtances aſſiſted my recollection.* This author ſays, that he does not know a city in *Germany*, where prejudices are

* See *Voyage ſur le Rhin depuis Mayence juſq' à Duſſeldorf*; à Neuwied, 1791. The reader will find in this work, a more circumſtantial account of ſeveral of the towns along the *Rhine*, than it would have been conſiſtent with my plan to have given; and although the publication is anonymous, it

are more deeply rooted; where they are under a geater dread of innovation; where perſecution and bigotry reign with more tyrannic ſway. "*Cologne* is more than a century behind other places: I may ſay, that in genius and manners, they reſemble the *fifteenth* century. By comparing them with the inhabitants of *Bonn* and *Duſſeldorf*, cities the moſt contiguous, the difference is aſtoniſhing; and one would be tempted to conclude, that *Cologne* is a colony of ſtrangers in the midſt of *Germany*." Again, "The man of literature, who wiſhes to reap the fruits of his labour, or to enjoy the portion of eſteem due to genius, muſt not place himſelf at *Cologne*. Here, more than in any other place, wealth is the meaſure of eſteem: Without this, diſplay your talents as much as you pleaſe, you will yet be deſpiſed." He informs us alſo, that the chief employment of the citizens, is to frequent

it contains every mark of attention and veracity. It is true, in his tour from *Mentz* to *Andernach*, the writer has tranſlated ſo many paſſages literally from a prior work, entitled *Reiſe auf dem Rhein*, 1789, that excepting both publications have iſſued from the ſame pen, under different appearances, the French editor cannot be acquitted of plagiary. It is a pity that the great *ſuperiority* of the *French* publication, ſhould confirm the ſuſpicion of *Illiberality*.

taverns

taverns and alehouſes, and to intoxicate themſelves with bad wine and bad beer:—that, the city, being deſtitute of lamps, or *patrouille*, robberies are very frequent:—that if any one be attacked in the ſtreets, and cries out for help, the inhabitants, inſtead of running to aſſiſt him, make their own doors the more ſecure:—that if any diſturbance ſhould ariſe contiguous to the guard-houſe, no aſſiſtance may be given, without an order from the chief of the police, which is ſeldom obtained before a few bones are broken, and the culprits have made their eſcape:—that if a perſon falls into the water, which frequently happens, he is taken out as quick as poſſible; but inſtead of adminiſtering ſuccour, in caſes of apparent death, they faſten his leg to a cord, attached to a boat, and throw him in again, until the tribunal of the police ſhall give orders to have the body taken up; which is frequently two or three hours after the accident.

On the ſubject of Religion, my author expreſſes himſelf in the following manner: "The number of religious eſtabliſhments at *Cologne*, have given it the title of the *Holy City*. But it is a queſtion of importance to know whether the lives and manners of the inhabitants correſpond to this title. To ſpeak the truth, I find

find more *appearance* of devotion than true piety. A *Colognian* is devout by habit, and performs all the ceremonies of Religion mechanically, without giving them life and efficacy, by the genuine fervours of devotion. To vindicate and to exemplify my aſſertion, I will aſk the fair ladies of *Cologne*, whether there be not other places where it would be more decent to make aſſignations with their lovers, than in their Churches: But it is the cuſtom; and the influence of cuſtom is very powerful at *Cologne*. However, I acknowledge this rule has exceptions."

Thus far my author. A recent incident confirms his repreſentations of the bigotry of the *Colognians*. The Emperor Joſeph, in union with the Elector of *Cologne*, had encouraged the deſires of the few Proteſtants reſident in this city, of building a Church: The edifice was not finiſhed, before the Clergy excited an alarm among the Catholic citizens, and the populace at large: With great inconſiſtency, they repreſented the holy Church, againſt which, if it be the true Church, all the powers of hell cannot prevail, in ſo feeble and tottering a ſtate, as to be expoſed to danger, by a ſingle Proteſtant conventicle! Fortunately for their cauſe, a queſtion of right and privilege was agitated, and

and is now in litigation with the Elector, which ſuſpends the fate of the Proteſtants in one ſcale, and one would imagine, from the eagerneſs of the conteſt, the fate of Mother Church in the other.

From the above ſpecimens, you will too clearly perceive, my friend, that maſons and carpenters, jewellers, ſtatuaries and painters, ſplinters of the ſuppoſed croſs, and mutilated bones, toys and gewgaws, are: not the proper ſucceſſors of Chriſt and his Apoſtles; and that they are but miſerable coadjutors to the Chriſtian miniſtry! It is a fact, which obſervation has brought to light, that genuine piety decays in proportion as theſe baubles increaſe. Every Chriſtian grace and virtue ſeems to be oozing out of the ſacred buildings, by every crevice, in proportion as ſuch rubbiſh is introduced into them. Facts uniformly juſtify the poſition, that whatever may have been the motive in the firſt attempt, nothing is ſo detrimental to virtue and piety, as the attempt to inveſt Religion with the garb of worldly grandeur. In thoſe countries where Eccleſiaſtics have the moſt power, true piety has uniformly the leaſt: Morality, induſtry, good order, and general proſperity, are the leaſt apparent. The Eccleſiaſtical eſtates in every part of Europe, are the moſt diſtinguiſhed

and

and degraded by poverry, indolence, and vices of the moſt atrocious kind. It is well known, that in Italy, the immediate ſubjects of his Holineſs the Pope, are the moſt depraved and abandoned. The Biſhopricks of *Liege* and *Munſter*, afford to every traveller, inſtances of a ſimilar nature; and *Antwerp*, which has been ſo much under the power of the Clergy, is allowed to be the moſt bigoted and unenlightened city in the Auſtrian Netherlands.

I am not conſcious of being peculiarly fond of compliments, but you will allow me to obſerve, that no ſtronger arguments can be adduced to prove that Prieſts, and Eccleſiaſtics of every gradation, are truly Children of Light, than that the children of this world are ſo much wiſer than themſelves! It is becauſe their kingdom is not of this world, that they know not how to govern and direct it in a proper manner, however ſtrange their propenſities. Hence it is that one profane king of *Pruſſia*, has been able to diffuſe more happineſs and proſperity among his ſubjects, than has ever been produced by a whole Conclave of Cardinals, with Infallibility at their head! --Really ye are not at home, good Sirs, in the vortex of worldly politics, amidſt wars and tumults, ambition of princes, and bloodſhed of their ſubjects,

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the meek profeſſors of a meek Religion, can never be at home. Leave this world to its worldings, and be ſatisfied with the ſuperior honours that await you. Indeed ye are not at home; and if ye will be conſtantly meddling, and conſtantly ſpoiling what does not properly belong to you, the true lovers of mankind will be tempted to exclaim, the ſooner ye go home the better!

The Univerſity of *Cologne* is the moſt ancient of any in *Germany*. It was founded by the magiſtracy in the year 1380. The four ſenior Burgomaſters are the *Curatores*, and the Dean of the Cathedral is the Chancellor. It conſiſts of four colleges, for teaching the principles of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philoſophy. But the prevalence of bigotry and ſuperſtition has at every period prevented it from being a diſtinguiſhed ſource of knowledge, has made it much more of a *burning* than of a *ſhining* light; and the preſent conteſt with the Elector ſeems to have given it a *coup-de-grace*, as he has eſtabliſhed a rival Univerſity at *Bonn*, that is in a very flouriſhing ſituation. The following circumſtantial account of the medical department, which is extracted from *Baldinger's* Medical Journal, may not be unacceptable to you.

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"The Academy in general, ſays my author, and particularly the Medical College, is in a wretched ſituation. The funds are ſo ſmall, that the ſalaries of the ten profeſſors do not amount to more than 2600 florins, about 230l. The common ſalary of each does not exceed 200 florins. Hence they are obliged to unite practice to their profeſſorſhips. The Colleges, according to the law of their inſtitution, are to be held in the Latin language, but the profeſſors evade this, by intermixing more than half of the German with the Latin. They have no library; the one they had is now transferred to *Bonn*. Nor have they a cabinet of natural hiſtory, or an hoſpital. The Anatomy-room contains about forty preparations. The *Hortus Medicus* has no foreign plants, and is chiefly furniſhed with vegetables for the kitchen. They lecture upon the Aphoriſms of *Boerhaave*; which is the more ſingular, as *Hoffman* was a *German*. &c."

There was a period in which *Cologne* could claim the honour of being the firſt city in Europe for commerce; when the chief continental trade centered here, and its manufactures flouriſhed, far beyond thoſe of any other city. But

But like *Babylon* the Great, it is fallen! Poverty and wretchedneſs are to be traced in almoſt every ſtreet, and deſolation is inſcribed upon almoſt every dwelling. Incredible is the number of mendicants that teaze and afflict you every ſtep you take. *Voltaire* terms beggars, (we will hope for the ſake of a pleaſant alluſion, rather than from ſentiment) *Des Vermins qui s'attachent aux Riches.* But as they were moſtly rendered vermin by the oppreſſions of the rich, and the deplorable policy of their ſuperiors, to whom ſhould they attach themſelves, but to the authors of their poverty? To bid them *go work*, unleſs you point out the work they are to perform, and provide the means, is an inſult nearly equal to ſaying, *be ye warmed*, and *be ye clothed*, without preſenting a boon, to enable them to profit by the benediction.

But the poor of *Cologne* are, generally ſpeaking, peculiarly the objects of pity. They are moſtly the deſcendants of anceſtors who once adminiſtered to the wants of the community, and to the luxuries of the great. But, upon the decline of commerce, have theſe anceſtors left a numerous race to depend upon the precarious bounty of others; and to train through a miſerable exiſtence, expoſed to the inſults of the

the hand that relieves them from periſhing. This, alas! is an inevitable conſequence reſulting from the failure of commerce and manufactures where they once had flouriſhed the moſt. To all that blaze of grandeur, ſucceeds extreme indigency, which it is not in the power of the remaining wealthy to relieve, without impoveriſhing themſelves.

The city of *Cologne* was for ſeveral centuries *one* of the firſt, perhaps *the* firſt commercial city in Europe. Principally from the beginning of the twelfth, to the commencement of the eighteenth century, riches flowed in from every ſide, and through various channels. Its trade, like hiſtory, might have been divided into *ſacred* and *profane*: that is, in ſupplying the mundane wants and carnal deſires of more than half the Continent; and in ornamenting of Churches, in the manner already deſcribed.

The article of ſacred ornaments, and particularly of *image-making*, &c. continued much the longeſt: At length, however, by their immenſe numbers, theſe *man-created* divinities became a drug, and they may now be purchaſed at a very cheap rate. Not merely the Churches, but their market-places, and the corners of their ſtreets, are crowded with them.—One is tempted to imagine, that they are placed there from œconomy,

and to ſave the expence of watchmen, as I am informed, that a Saint *Jacob*, or a Saint *Benedict*, or a Saint *Catherine*, about two guineas in value, are ſufficient to protect a large diſtrict for ſeveral years, with very little expence in repairing. You may alſo purchaſe an houſehold Saint for a trifle. A little pocket penate, about two inches in length, either in ivory or wood, may be bought for a few pence. Theſe are very convenient, as they have been known to anſwer the purpoſe of ſmelling-bottles, and are applied to with great ſucceſs under dejection of ſpirits.

The *profane commerce* is now confined to the manufacture of a few ribbands, ſtockings, lace, and ſome tobacco. A few merchants have alſo commercial intercourſe with *Francfort*, *Mentz*, *Holland*, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Cologne.

FROM appearances, as you walk by the ſide of the river, you would imagine the city to be ſtill in a flouriſhing ſtate. But theſe are merely appearances, and they ariſe from the following circumſtance:

Above *Cologne*, the *Rhine* is not navigable for larger veſſels. Higher up, navigation is impeded by water-falls, as at *Schaffhauzen*, and in many parts it abounds with rocks and ſhoals, projecting acroſs the ſtream, which render it dangerous when the water is low, for even the ſmaller craft. In conſequence of theſe impediments, the various articles of commerce are conveyed from *Mentz* to *Cologne* in barges, which contain about 2000 or 2500 quintals of lading. But from *Cologne* downwards, until the river has loſt its appellation, and its waters their diſtinction, in the all-confounding ſea, the channel is uniformly deeper, and capable of tranſporting veſſels of a much ſuperior ſize. It is, there-

therefore at *Cologne*, that merchandize is conveyed from the ſmaller to the larger veſſels. This gives ſome degree of mercantile life to the city, without being of any great advantage to it. For none of the articles are the immediate product of *Cologne*, or its environs; nor have any of them been manufactured by its inhabitants. Moſt of the proprietors of the larger veſſels, which we term in *Holland*, *Keul's Schips*, (*Cologne* Ships) are themſelves reſpectable merchants, and tranſport their own goods. And theſe, reſiding conſtantly in their veſſels, are equally at home in every port, and ſpend as much of their time in *Amſterdam*, *Rotterdam*, and other towns of their deſtination, as at *Cologne*. Nor have the *Colognians* even the advantage of building and repairing theſe veſſels. They are built or repaired at *Munheim*, contiguous to the *Roer*, which falls into the *Rhine*, at a ſmall diſtance from *Duſſeldorf*.

The conſtruction of theſe *Cologne* ſhips is very peculiar, and differs eſſentially from the conſtruction of thoſe employed in every other navigation. In length they are from an hundred to an hundred and fifty feet, and in breadth, from thirty to fifty; and will carry from two to three hundred tons burden. They are ſlightly built, being ſcarcely more than planks, cloſely jointed,

jointed, without a ſkeleton or ribs of heavy timber. The maſts are alſo proportionably ſlight. Their bottoms are perfectly flat. The quantity of their ſtowage depends chiefly upon their length, as they are not laden more than five feet deep in the water. The family occupies a ſuite of rooms proportionate to the ſize of the veſſel: Theſe are placed in the moſt central part: The floor is about three feet below the deck, and they riſe about five feet above it. Theſe apartments are neat and commodious, and ſome of them poſſeſs a conſiderable degree of elegance.

In deſcending the river, when the *Rhine* is charged, the current ſtrong, and the wind in their favour, they make their paſſage to the Dutch *Netherlands* in a few days. In calmer ſeaſons, and when they have not the aid of the wind, the ſhip lies tranſverſely where the more direct courſe of the river will admit this; and thus its greateſt extent of bulk is paſſively ſubmitted to the impelling force of the ſtream. At other times, they are obliged to lie at anchor for ſeveral days or weeks, waiting for the ſwelling of the river, as other ſailors, wait for a favourable gale. In aſcending the river, they are ſometimes obliged to employ the aid of from ten to twenty horſes; as alſo to uſe lighters

where the bed is ſhallow. When the water is low and the wind againſt them, they are ſome months in making their paſſage. They are likewiſe ſubject to a number of tolls, ſome of which are pretty heavy. I am aſſured, that there are no leſs than *twelve* of theſe oppreſſors between the cities of *Cologne* and *Amſterdam*. Theſe accumulated expences and diſadvantages, neceſſarily render the price of freight very high, and articles originally cheap, become very dear. In deſcending the *Rhine*, the articles of tranſport are chiefly glaſs, iron utenſils, and bar-iron, Rheniſh wine, Seltzer water, that ſpecies of earthen ware which is of the coarſeſt kind, which is ſeldom ſeen among you, excepting as repreſented in ancient Flemiſh paintings; though it is ſtill in uſe among us œconomiſts, from its cheapneſs. Tobacco-pipe clay, ſlate, and the tuff-ſtone, or *lapis-tophaceus*, for ſecuring the dykes, are alſo brought down in conſiderable quantities. Upon their return, they are laden with the products of the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, dried fiſh of various kinds, Dutch cheeſe, Engliſh tin and lead, fine paper, &c. &c. About twenty of theſe veſſels are deſtined for the *Amſterdam* trade, and they make two voyages within the year.

The political conſtitution of *Cologne*, is a Republic, degenerated into an Ariſtocracy. The people

people have many rights, but little power. The few merchants that remain, form however a medium between the nobility and the inferior citizens, which preſerves them from oppreſſion. The privileges and claims of the Elector, which chiefly militate againſt the Ariſtocratic luſt of power, is alſo a farther ſecurity to the citizens at large. Moderate taxes, and great plenty of proviſions, render it the reſidence of thoſe who ſeek to live comfortably upon ſmall fortunes.

Being not without apprehenſions that a religious attention to truth, has made me appear ſomewhat ſatirical in my deſcription of *Cologne*, I haſten with pleaſure to the reverſe of the medal, and to ſhew you its moſt advantageous ſide, ſincerely wiſhing that the inſcriptions were more numerous, and more extenſive.

Primo. *Cologne* is renowned and immortalized by its being the natal place of the great *Rubens*. This circumſtance has been referred to in a former letter: permit me now to ſubjoin, that the houſe of this diſtiſtinguiſhed painter, known by the appellation of *Jabach's* houſe, is ſhewn to every traveller that enquires after it, with a degree of triumph. The houſe derives its appellation from its having been the reſidence of a man of conſiderable fortune, and an encourager of the polite arts.

Secundo. In the year 1607, this city gave birth to *Anna Maria Schuurman*; a lady who was very remarkable for the early appearance and comprehenſiveneſs of her mental powers. It is ſaid, that at three years of age, ſhe was able to read books in her native language, with diſcrimination. When advanced to about her ſixth year, ſhe compoſed ſeveral pieces both in proſe and verſe, upon various ſubjects, which are deemed worthy of a place in the cabinets of the curious. It is alſo affirmed, that in the ſpace of three hours, ſhe learned the art of Embroidery, which, with no great degree of practice, ſhe carried to a great degree of perfection. She could ſpeak the French, Engliſh, Italian, and Latin languages, with conſiderable fluency, and was familiar with the Greek and Hebrew. In the midſt of her career of literary glory, ſhe became a fanatic; was a ſtrenuous diſciple of the myſtic *Labadie*; renounced human learning, and ſunk into a melancholy recluſe. As every thing that ſhe did, appears to have been in extremes, it is ſuppoſed that ſhe haſtened her death, by eating an immoderate quantity of *ſpiders*. Without being of an opinion that ſpiders afford the beſt poſſible nouriſhment to the human ſpecies, we may juſtly doubt whether

whether this part of the ſtory be not imaginary, or exaggerated.

Thus much for the departed,—now for the living.

When a ſtranger enquires of the maſter of his hotel at *La table d'Hôte*, or of his *valet de place*, what is there in *Cologne* moſt worthy of notice? the cabinet of Monſieur le *Baron de Hupſch*, and the wonderful diſcoveries, and improvements of the renowned Optician, and Mathematical Inſtrument-maker H———, are immediately announced.

The morning of our intended departure being ſomewhat advanced, and not being able to conceive that an artiſt of real eminence ſhould find encouragement enough at *Cologne*, to make it the place of his choice, we agreed to confine our viſit to *Baron de Hupſch's* cabinet of natural and artificial curioſities.

The Baron appoints certain days in the week when all ſtrangers are admitted without previous application. He uſually attends them himſelf, deſcribes, and anſwers queſtions, with great courteſy and politeneſs.

The cabinet is very extenſive and multifarious; but it is by no means diſplayed with elegance.

elegance. Several ſmall irregular apartments in an ancient irregular houſe, are crowded. The Baron's attention has not been confined to any particular objects in preference, but extended to every thing that may be deemed rare and curious in its kind, either in the three kingdoms of nature, or in the works of art. Such as quadrupeds, birds, fiſh, inſects, corals, and marine plants; minerals and precious ſtones; petrefactions; the idols, coins, garb, warlike and domeſtic inſtruments of the Chineſe, Eaſt and Weſt Indians, and people of the North; ancient arms of the European nations; veſſels of cryſtal, agate, amber; ſtatues, prints, drawings, paintings in enamel and moſaick work; Grecian and Roman medals; medals of the middle ages; muſical inſtruments of different nations; valuable manuſcripts in various languages.—You will excuſe me from particularizing; a confuſed and curſory view only permits me to deal in generals.

I have known many inſtances where large collections have been made by very ignorant perſons, who have relied entirely upon the judgment or recommendation of others, whenever they have made a purchaſe, and were obliged to have recourſe to their book of minutes whenever they were queſtioned concering any parti-

particular article. But this is not the caſe with the Baron. His converſation manifeſts a great variety and extent of knowledge. He is alſo a very voluminous writer upon ſubjects of medicine, and natural hiſtory. He preſents every viſitor with a catalogue of his works, and in return, begs the honour of your name, in a book preſented to you for the purpoſe.

The Baron appears to be far ſuperior to the general claſs of people with whom he is connected, in point of mental improvement; and a conſciouſneſs of this ſuperiority is manifeſted in his writings. A certain ſelf-ſufficiency runs thro' them, which is natural, and almoſt pardonable in a perſon ſituated as he is, precluded from the ſociety of ſenſible and learned men, and plunged in a vortex of ignorance. A man thus circumſtanced, is deprived of opportunities of correcting his errors, or of juſtly appreciating the merits of his own inveſtigations.

Reſpecting that wonder of the age, our Optician, I ſhould have been ſorry, had our indifference deprived you of an acquaintance with a man of his diſtinguiſhed talents. To compenſate for our negligence, I ſhall beg my friend *Pilatti* to introduce him to you. This author—whom I quoted in my firſt letter—in his account

of

of *Holland*, ſome how or other, lets his pen lead him to *Cologne*, and it gives us the following anecdote concerning the optician in queſtion. He tells us, that upon complaining at the public table of having loſt a glaſs out of a *Dollond's* pocket-teleſcope, he was immediately congratulated upon the loſs, by ſeveral gentlemen preſent, as it would turn conſiderably to his advantage; ſince there was an optician in the city, compared with whom *Dollond* was a mere 'prentice-boy. He ſent for the artiſt, and enquired for a glaſs adapted to a teleſcope of twelve inches.—I ſhall give you the anſwer in the words of *Pilatti*, leaſt you ſhould ſuſpect that my tranſlation has improved upon the original.

" Monſieur, je n'ai pas preciſement des verres auſſi mediocres que ceux de *Dollond*; ce ſeroit dommage de joindre un des miens, aux ſiens. Vouz feriez beaucoup mieux de laiſſer là cette lunette de *Dollond*, et d'en prendre une de celles que voici. Je vous en donne une de douze pouces, pour le double du prix de celles de l'Anglois; mais auſſi les miennes ſont bien cinquante fois mielleurs que les Angloiſes. Si vous voyez avec une lunette de *Dollond* d'ici juſqu'au bout du pont, vous pouriez voir avec une des miennes, ſi les montagnes, ne l'empêchoient d'ici juſq'au *Coblentz*. Croyez moi il n'y a nul

a nul artiſte au Monde, qu'on me puiſſe comparer. Le Roi d'Angleterre, m'a voulu avoir: mais je n'aime pas les Anglois. L'Empereur m'a fait faire des grandes offres pour m'attirer à ſon ſervice; mais ſon Excellence Monſieur le Comte de ———, qui eſt mon patron, et mon bienfaiteur, m'a inſpiré du degout pour la vie, et l'eſprit du cour. Jugez, ſi après avoir refuſé l'*Empereur*, je ſerois allé en *France*, où l'on vient de me rechercher."*

Mr. *Pilatti* adds, that his townſmen, inſtead of bluſhing at his effrontery, were proud of a man who did ſo much honour to their city.

* TRANSLATION.

Sir, I really have not glaſſes, ſo bad as thoſe of *Dollond*: it would be a pity to join one of mine to his. You would do much better to leave that of *Dollond*, and take one of theſe. I will give you one of twelve inches, for double the price of the Engliſh, but it is of fifty times the value. If you can ſee with the teleſcope of *Dollond*, to the end of yon bridge, you might ſee with one of mine, from hence to *Coblentz*, if the mountains did not prevent you. Believe me, Sir, no artiſt in the world can be compared to myſelf. The King of England wiſhed to have me; but I do not like the Engliſh. The Emperor has made large offers to invite me into his ſervice; but his Excellency the Count of ———, has given me a diſtaſte for the life and manners of a court. You may judge if, after having refuſed the *Emperor*, I would accept of propoſals from *France* which have lately been made me.

I ſhould

I ſhould perhaps have ſuſpected that the portrait was overcharged, had I not ſome years ago, met with an itinerant bookſeller of *Paris*, whoſe language was perfectly analogous. His whole converſation, during the two hours I was confined in the ſame boat with him, turned upon his own accompliſhments; the intrigues of foreign courts, to induce him to eſtabliſh himſelf among them; and the great inferiority of Le Chevalier *Buffon* to himſelf, in the knowledge of Natural Hiſtory. He maintained, that *Buffon* was a perfect *ignoramus*, and had nothing to recommend him, but an impoſing ſtile, as he ſhould ſoon make appear in an elaborate treatiſe he was preparing for the preſs.

P. S. I had almoſt forgotten to mention a circumſtance which it was the moſt natural for me to have remembered, when I was deſcribing the ſuperſtitious diſpoſition of the *Colognians*. At our hotel, the *City of Prague*, the heads of two wooden horſes are peeping out of the garret-window. Their hiſtory is as follows: This houſe was formerly the manſion of a perſon of quality, whoſe lady, being buried prematurely, returned to life, and terrified the ſexton, as he was attempting to ſteal the jewels, with which ſhe was buried.—I need not enlarge upon this

part of the ſtory, as it is preciſely the ſame with what has been aſſerted to have happened in ſeveral other places.—When the poor lady returned home, ſhivering with cold and trepidation, the huſband, from what cauſe it is unknown, was very unwilling to believe his wife was alive, declaring that it was as impoſſible, as it was for the two horſes in his ſtable to mount up into the garret. The horſes, being, as it appears, much attached to their miſtreſs, ſhewed him that nothing was more eaſy, and immediately pranced up to the top of the houſe, with the moſt compaſſionate gaiety, put their heads out of the window, and neighed triumphal approbation of their own exploits, among the gazing multitude, that was collected below. The lady lived ſeven years with him, and worked a large piece of tapeſtry, on which this event is recorded. Her workmanſhip is preſerved in the Church of the Apoſtles, where ſhe was buried, after ſhe took her final leave of the world.

LETTER XXIX.

Cologne.

WHEN a community appears to exiſt between the extremes of proſperity and wretchedneſs, the attention is ſeldom directed to the cauſes of their particular ſtate. The union of good and bad, is either aſcribed to that intermixture of wiſdom and imperfection, which compoſes the character of man, and of every thing human; or to a fortuitous combination of various and oppoſite circumſtances, which may be too numerous, or perhaps blended with too much intricacy to encourage a minute inveſtigation. But in either of the *extremes*, our curioſity is ſtrongly excited to diſcover the cauſes whoſe powerful operation has produced ſuch extraordinary effects. Where peace, harmony, induſtry, general proſperity, and ſecurity prevail—where the general energy is directed to the general good, and as large a ſhare of liberty is enjoyed by every individual, as the common bonds of advantageous union will admit; we

are

are eager to trace the ſources of theſe bleſſings, and to learn by what happy incidents, or by what plan of conduct, they have been obtained and ſecured. Nor is this merely a ſubject of curioſity. By diſcovering the track that leads to proſperity, we are certainly the more enabled, and may be rendered the more diſpoſed to walk in it. Where indigence, oppreſſion, languor, and a *vis inertiæ* prevail; where the multitude are in an abject ſtate of mind and circumſtances; where the few *lord it* over the multitude; where, from their barrenneſs of bliſs, this few enjoy no one pleaſure but from the contemplation of their own ſuperiority; and therefore direct all their plans of policy to increaſe the diſtance as much as poſſible, we are taught to deteſt, and admoniſhed to avoid the maxims and conduct that lead to ſo much wretchedneſs.

The city of *Cologne* might in former days, have furniſhed a model for imitation; its later hiſtory is that of folly. The Ruins of *Palmyra*, or of *Herculanium*, do not more conſpicuouſly prove that flouriſhing cities were once placed upon their reſpective ſpots, than the numberleſs marks of decay in this aged city, prove that it was once great and ſplendid. Nor do the ruins of the two firſt more conſpicuouſly manifeſt the horrid effects of human rage and mad ambition,

or of earthquakes and volcanic terrors, than the abject ſtate of the laſt demonſtrates the blaſting influence of bigotry and ſuperſtition.

As *Cologne* is one of the moſt ancient, ſo it was formerly one of the moſt reſpectable cities of *Germany*. Its Chronicles aſſert, that *Marcus Vipſanius Agrippa* was its founder; and that it was built in the diſtrict the Ubii inhabited, when they were tranſported beyond the *Rhine*, in honour of *Agrippa*, mother of *Nero*, and wife of *Claudius*, who was born here during the encampment of her father *Germanicus*. Ambitious to aggrandize the place of her nativity, it was erected by her into a Roman colony. Hence from being called the city of the Ubii, *(Oppidum Ubiorum)* it acquired the name of *Colonia Agrippana*, and afterwards the *Colono (Colonia)* by way of eminence. *Trajan* was governor of the colony before his advancement to the empire of Rome.

Cologne continued nearly four centuries the capital of that part of *Gaul* which bordered upon the *Rhine*, to which *Auguſtus* gave the name of *Germanica*. It was generally termed by way of preciſion, the *Second Germany*.

About the year 462, *Cologne* was wreſted out of the hands of the Romans, by the turbulent

but gallant *Franks*, and was annexed to the crown of *France*. In the tenth century, *Otto* recovered it from the French, and reſtored it to the German empire.

At the period when the government of *Germany* was forming, the high reputation of the Eccleſiaſtics, both upon account of their ſuppoſed ſanctity, and real ſuperiority in knowledge, gave them too great an influence in all civil concerns; and thus the Religion of *Jeſus* became the foundation of their ſecular power.

Bees and waſps ſwarm where there are the moſt ſweets; caterpillers multiply where there is the greateſt verdure; cantharides are peculiarly fond of the olive.—Thus Romiſh prieſts of all orders love to fix their habitations, to impoſe and diſplay their authority, where there is the moſt wealth. It is therefore no ſubject of wonder that *Cologne* ſhould become their favourite reſidence; and that magnificent Churches, Colleges, Abbeys, Monaſteries, Nunneries, ſhould be erected, eſtabliſhed, and endowed, to the apparent grandeur, but to the real detriment of the city. As few men will appear irreligious, when it is their intereſt to appear the contrary: and as the moſt worldly-minded will manifeſt the greateſt reſpect for Chriſtianity, when it poſſeſſes rich domains; thus branches of the moſt

illuſtrious families deemed it an honour to enter into holy orders. Female ſaints, and royal penitents became Abbeſſes of rich Convents, whoſe territorial poſſeſſions were connected with ſecular influence and dignity. Hence the Channoineſſes of Saint *Cecilia*, Saint *Maria*, Saint *Urſula*, and many others were of noble families, and the Lady Abbeſſes of Saint *Catherine*, belonged to the Teutonic Order.

According to the obſervation above mentioned, you may judge of the proſperity of the city, by the number of Eccleſiaſtics that choſe to honour it with their preſence. You may judge of its immenſe wealth, by its being able to ſupport ſuch a number of expenſive gueſts, in ſo much ſplendour. Indeed *Cologne* was at one period among the firſt commercial towns in Europe. *Lubeck*, *Dantzick*, *Bruges*, and *Cologne*, were the four earlieſt of the Hans Towns, and enjoyed for a long period, the excluſive privilege of ſupplying the growing wants, and adminiſtering to the riſing luxuries of our part of the globe. *Cologne* was the moſt flouriſhing of theſe. It had not only the advantage of its navigable river, but it was placed in the center of that part of *Germany* that experienced the moſt early civilization. So that wealth flowed in on every ſide.

It would be tedious to enumerate the different conteſts which took place between the citizens and their ſpiritual rulers. Theſe were kept up for near four hundred years. I ſhall only obſerve, that in the eleventh century, their Biſhop *Aimo* attempted to encroach upon their privileges. They reſiſted; he was baniſhed. He relented; they were reconciled. He became more oppreſſive, and they more ſubmiſſive. Some time after they reſiſted the tyranny of *Egelbert* van *Falkenburg*, with as much ſucceſs as could be wiſhed from carnal weapons. —They were laid under the bann and interdiction of the holy Church.—Theſe ſpiritual weapons triumphed, and they were terrified into ſubmiſſion.

The immenſe number of dignitaries of the Church; the extent and richneſs of their endowments; the multitudes of Prieſts and Seculars, of Monks and Nuns; their increaſing regard for holy relics; and the growing faſhion of adorning death's heads with crowns of jewels and pearls, and other expenſive fopperies, of which the contents of my preceding letters will enable you to form ſome ideas:—All theſe heavy burdens the influx of commerce rendered the mercantile world able to ſuſtain: as the proſperous ſtate of Great Britain renders it almoſt

inſenſible to the amazing load of your national debt.

The ruling members of the holy Church, wanton in their power; inattentive to the means by which ſhe was enriched, or attributing their abundance to the ſmilings of Providence, upon the Orthodoxy of their faith; or taking it into their heads that no man could be a good merchant, that was not a good Chriſtian, in the year 1425, publiſhed an edict of baniſhment againſt all the deſcendants of *Abraham*. The poor Jews were ordered to quit the city, and to hold no farther commerce with the faithful. This plan, however it might operate reſpecting the good cauſe, proved very detrimental to trade: a large portion of which followed and comforted the oppreſſed Iſraelites.

But the fatal ſtroke was not given until nearly two centuries after the above edict. In the year 1618, a pious hierarchy, finding other methods ineffectual, to check the growth of Proteſtantiſm, employed the pruning knife of perſecution. To profeſs Chriſtianity, was no longer ſufficient for commerce. Its profits ought alone to be divided among thoſe who profeſſed the true Catholic faith, as by law eſtabliſhed, and

and all the *Proteſtants* were expelled as dangerous innovators. About *fourteen hundred* of the moſt induſtrious and opulent families, were obliged to leave the city. Theſe planted themſelves in the adjacent cities of *Mulheim*, *Duſſeldorf*, *Elbeveld*, *Creveld*, &c. became powerful rivals, enticed thoſe lukewarm Catholics who preferred ſucceſs in buſineſs to unity of faith, and effectually ruined the city. From this period it fell into decay. It is true, the Regency perceiving their error, endeavoured afterwards to compromiſe affairs between their intereſts and their conſciences. The Proteſtants were invited to return; were promiſed perſonal ſecurity from all moleſtation on account of religious opinions. Though they were not indulged in the exerciſe of public worſhip, nor re-admitted into a ſhare of the government. This partial plan produced a very partial change. It is ſaid, that not more than *fifty* or *ſixty* individuals returned; and as if there was ſomething baneful to trade in the Catholic faith, the deſcendants of theſe individuals, now ſhare the larger portion of the ſmall remains of commerce.

Before either Jews or Proteſtants were diſturbed, the city contained upwards of *thirty thouſand* effective men, capable of bearing arms.

In the armoury of the citadel, are depoſited helmets, coats of mail, &c. for 25,000 warriors. At preſent, the total number of inhabitants does not exceed *forty thouſand*. A recent enquiry into the ſtate of population, has diſcovered to them, that of this number, *ſix thouſand* alone are Burghers or citizens, that live decently upon their fortunes, or are comfortably ſupported by commerce. Clergy of various deſcriptions, and the inhabitants of religious houſes, amount to *two thouſand five hundred*. The remaining *thirty-one thouſand five hundred*, are low mechanics, menial ſervants, or public beggars. Two-thirds of this large city are fallen into ruins. Streets and Squares are converted into kitchen-gardens and vineyards. The ſingle encloſure belonging to the Charter-houſe, comprehending its gardens and vineyards, is as large as the whole city of *Mulheim*. Theſe, O Perſution, theſe are thy triumphs!!!

A man of common underſtanding, born and educated out of the vortex of Theological diſputes and prejudices; who ſimply and coolly adverts to cauſe and effect, and immediately perceives, that the nature and complexion of the latter, is univerſally correſpondent to the nature and complexion of the former; a man of this deſcription muſt be aſtoniſhed at an infatuation that

that is not confined to the *Colognians*. The connection, for inſtance, between ſobriety, induſtry, ſkill, ingenuity, integrity, advantages of local ſituation, the prevalling faſhion, and ſpirit of the times; the intimate connection between theſe and the increaſing proſperity of a community, is eaſily diſcovered. Indeed it is ſelf-evident—*Il faut aux yeux*; as the French expreſs themſelves; *It ſprings before our eyes*. But how came it into the mind of man, that the unity of faith, in various articles of polemical divinity, could have a beneficial influence upon commerce, induſtry, and the improvement of manufactures? Are pious Prelates, and learned Caſuiſts, to be conſtantly deceived by the ſlighteſt analogies; and are they to make them, like *Gregory the Great*, the principal rule of conduct?* Surely the wiſe Regents of *Cologne* could not, at the inſtigation of their holy fathers, cheriſh the idea of a latent connection between the ordinance of circumciſion, and clipping of coin; or apprehend that the Iſraelites merely from an exceſſive attachment to the ordinance, would extend it to improper

* See HUME's *Hiſtory of England*, Vol. I. p. 32, for an example of the pious manner in which the pious *Gregory* played upon the words, *Angli Deïri*, and *Alla*.

ſubjects!

ſubjects! When they iſſued their ſevere edicts againſt the Proteſtants, was it becauſe this growing ſect, renounced certain doctrines highly neceſſary for the improvement of manufactures? Did their perſecutors conceive that a firm faith in Tranſubſtantiation was requiſite for the converſion of flax into linen thread, or aſſiſted any of the chemical changes, neceſſary for forming and fixing of colours, and that theſe articles began to degenerate in proportion as that doctrine was diſbelieved? Did they experience that extreme unction gave a finer finiſh, a ſacred ſuppleneſs to the work of a leather dreſſer? And that the doctrine of Purgatory improved the refining of ſilver? If they did, we cannot be ſurpriſed that worldly policy ſhould ſtamp a value upon tenets, ſo neceſſary for the production of good works of ſome kind. But there are no proofs upon record, that they argued in this manner. Yet, if this ſhadow of an apology be not admitted, what other can we ſubſtitute in its place? Did theſe ſons of the Church, imagine, that they could purchaſe the complacency of Heaven, by ſeverities exerciſed againſt the unhappy perſons, who were not ſo fortunate as to enjoy as large a portion of truth as themſelves? Yet ſince this ſmaller quantity of faith, was centered in perſons poſſeſſing more

ſkill

ſkill and induſtry, which way could Providence recompenſe their perſecuting piety, without miraculouſly counteracting the eſtabliſhed order of things? Providence did not think fit to pay them ſo high a compliment, and they were ruined by the experiment.

Thus, my good friend, does the hiſtory of *Cologne* prove, that of all the evils which can befall a ſtate, inordinate zeal and blind bigotry, are the moſt pernicious. Let foreign enemies commit dreadful ravages; let fires blaze in various parts; let earthquakes ſwallow up ſtately edifices; the ſpirit, the ſpring, the quickening vital principle, ſtill remaining, may ſoon repair, the injury, where the deſtruction is not at once complete. The oppreſſion exerciſed by man on man, enervates and deſtroys. This induces an *Atonia* in the conſtitution, which no remedy can poſſibly reach or repair!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ERRATA of VOL. I.

Page 16, line 11, for fœdal read feudal.
29, l. 20, dele of.
46, l. 25, f. thoſe r. that
51, l. 20, f. the labours of r. that of
111, l. 24, f. Linde and Boom r. Lindenboom
145, l. 4, r. ſentinel
149, l. 20, f. pellice r. pollice
154, l. the laſt r. Hockheïm, Rüdeſheim
160, l. 7, f. can r. may
162, l. 8, f. launching r. lancing
168, l. 26, f. Offtede r. Oſtade
226, l. 18, f. exemption r. exception
299, l. 14, f. argument r. agreement

ARRANGEMENT of PRINTS.

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